





THE 11761 e.15
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.

IN EIGHT VOLUMES.
VOLUME *the* FIRST.

CONTAINING,

The TEMPEST.

The *Two* GENTLEMEN of VERONA.

The MERRY WIVES of WINDSOR.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

The COMEDY of ERRORS.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
PROPRIETORS.

MDCXXXV.

THE

WORKS

OF

JOHN B. FARRAR



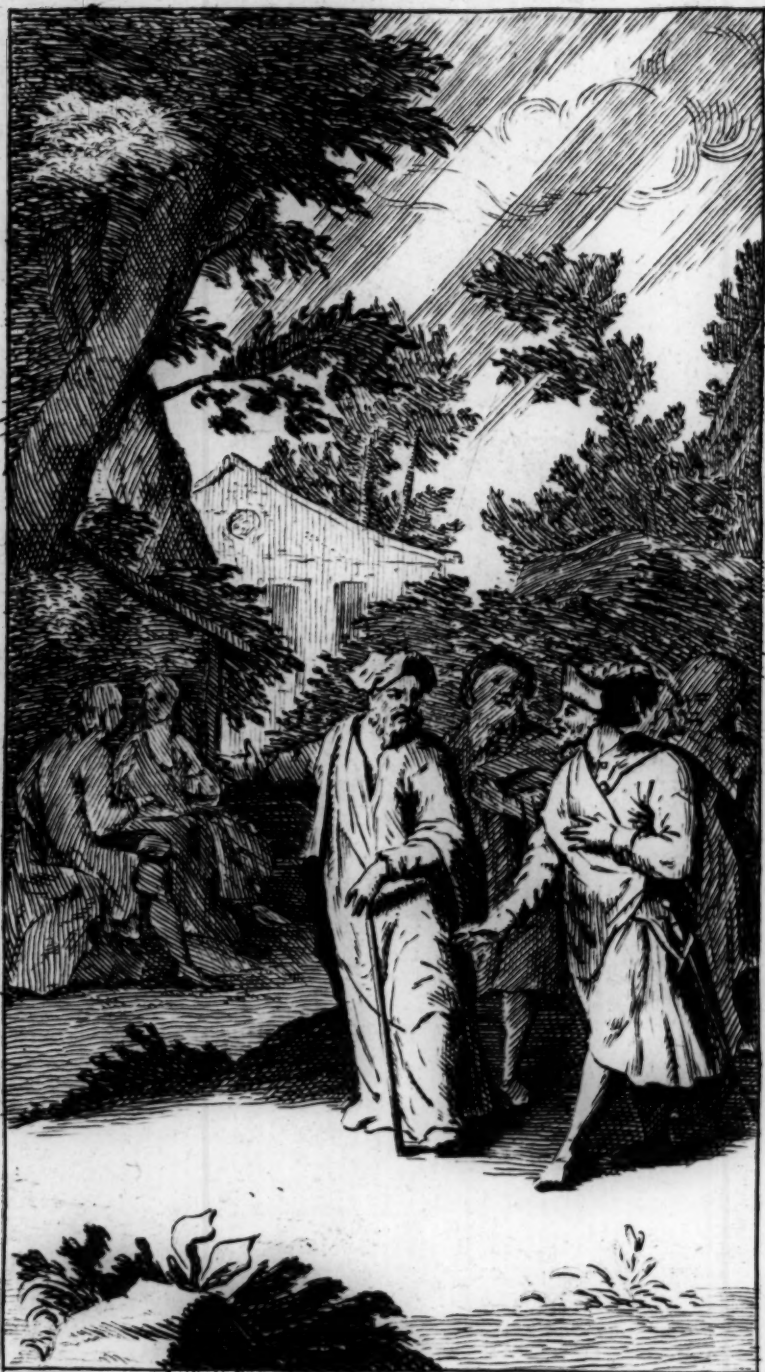
IN FIVE VOLUMES

VOLUME FIRST

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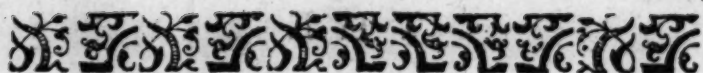
By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*



L O N D O N .:

Printed for J. T O N S O N , and the rest of the P R O -
P R I E T O R S ; and sold by the Booksellers of
London and Westminster.

M D C C X X X V I .



Dramatis Personæ.

ALONSO, *King of Naples.*

Sebastian, *his Brother.*

Prospero, *the right Duke of Milan.*

Antonio, *his Brother, the usurping Duke of Milan.*

Ferdinand, *Son to the King of Naples.*

Gonzalo, *an honest old Counsellor of Naples.*

Adrian, } *Lords.*

Francisco, }

Caliban, *a Salvage, and deformed Slave.*

Trinculo, *a Jester.*

Stephano, *a drunken Butler.*

Master of a Ship, Boatswain and Mariners.

Miranda, *Daughter to Prospero.*

Ariel, *an airy Spirit.*

Iris,

Ceres,

Juno,

Nymphs,

Reapers,

} *Spirits, employ'd in the Masque.*

Other Spirits, attending on Prospero.

SCENE, *an uninhabited Island.*



The



THE
T E M P E S T .

A C T I.

SCENE, *On a Ship at Sea.*

A tempestuous noise of thunder and lightning heard: Enter a Ship-master, and a Boatswain.

M A S T E R .



Oatswin,——

Boatsf. Here, Master: what cheer?

Maft. Good, speak to th' Mariners: fall to't yarely, or we run ourselves aground; bestir, bestir. *[Exit.]*

Enter Mariners.

Boatsf. Hey, my hearts; cheerly, my Hearts; yare, yare; take in the top-sail; tend to th' master's whistle; blow, 'till thou burst thy wind, if room enough.

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Antonio, Ferdinand.

Gonzalo, and others.

Alon. Good Boatswain, have care; where's the master? play the men.

Boatsf. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, Boatswain?

Boatsf. Do you not hear him? you mar our labour; keep your cabins; you do assist the storm.

Gonz. Nay, good, be patient.

Boatsf. When the sea is. Hence——what care these Roarers for the name of King? to cabin; silence; trouble us not.

Gonz. Good, yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boatsf. None, that I more love than myself. You are a Counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace o' the present, we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. Cheerly, good hearts: out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*]

Gonz. I have great comfort from this fellow; methinks, he hath no drowning Mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging; make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage: if he be not born to be hang'd, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Boatswain.

Boatsf. Down with the top-mast: yare, lower, lower; bring her to try with main course. A plague upon this howling!——

A cry within. Re-enter Sebastian, Anthonio, and Gonzalo.

They are louder than the weather, or our office. Yet again? what do you here? shall we give o'er, and drown? have you a mind to sink?

Sebasf. A pox o' your throat, you bawling, blasphemous, uncharitable dog.

Boatsf. Work you then.

Ant. Hang, cut, hang; you whoreson, insolent, noisemaker; we are less afraid to be drown'd, than thou art.

Gonz. I'll warrant him from drowning, tho the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanch'd wench.

Boatsf. Lay her a-hold, a-hold; set her two courses off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter mariners wet.

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! [*Exe.*]

Boatsf. What, must our Mouths be cold?

Gonz. The King and Prince at Prayers! let us assist 'em. For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I'm out of patience.

Ant. We're merely cheated of our lives by drunkards. This wide-chopt rascal would, thou might'st lie drowning,
The

The washing of ten tides !

Gonz. He'll be hang'd yet,
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'ft to glut him.

[*A confused noise within.*] Mercy on us !
We split, we split ! Farewel, my Wife and Children !
Brother, farewell ! we split, we split, we split !

Ant. Let's all sink with the King. [*Exit.*]

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [*Exit.*]

Gonz. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea,
for an acre of barren ground ; long heath, brown furze,
any thing ; --- the wills above be done, but I would
fain die a dry death !

SCENE changes to a Part of the Inhabited Island,
near the Cell of Prospero.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

Mira. If by your art (my dearest father) you have
Put the wild Waters in this roar, allay them :
The sky, it seems, would poor down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to th' welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. Oh ! I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer ; a brave vessel
(Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her)
Dash'd all to pieces. O ! the cry did knock
Against my very heart : poor souls, they perish'd !
Had I been any God of Pow'r, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth ; or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected ;
No more amazement ; tell your piteous heart,
There's no harm done.

Mira. O wo the day !

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
(Of thee my dear one, thee my daughter) who
Art ignorant of what thou art, nought knowing
Of whence I am ; nor that I am more better
Than *Prospero*, master of a full poor cell,
And thy no greater father.

Mira. More to know
Did never meddle with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time,
I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,
And pluck my magick garment from me: so!

[*Lays down his mantle.*]

Lie there my Art. Wipe thou thine eyes, have comfort.
The direful spectacle of the wrack, which touch'd
The very virtue of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no foyle,
No not so much perdition as an hair
Betide to any creature in the Vessel!
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink: sit down,
For thou must know farther,

Mira. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am, but stopt,
And left me to a bootless inquisition;
Concluding, *Stay; not yet.*—————

Pro. The hour's now come,
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time, before we came unto this cell?
I do not think, thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Mira. Certainly, Sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept in thy remembrance.

Mira. 'Tis far off:
And rather like a dream, than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women, once, that attended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, *Miranda*: but how is it,
That this lives in thy mind? what seest thou else
In the dark backward and abyssine of time?
If thou remember'st ought, ere thou cam'st here:
How thou cam'st here, thou may'st.

Mira. But that I do not.

Pro. 'Tis twelve years since, *Miranda*; twelve years since,
Thy father was the Duke of Milan, and
A Prince o' Power,

Mira.

Mira. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
She said, thou wast my daughter; and thy Father
Was Duke of *Milan*, and his only heir
A Princess, no worse issu'd.

Mira. O the heavens!
What foul play had we, that we came from thence:
Or blessed was't we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:
By foul play (as thou say'st) were we heav'd thence;
But blessedly help'd hither.

Mira. O my heart bleeds
To think o'th' teene that I have turn'd you to.
Which is from my remembrance. Please you, farther.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd *Antonio*——
I pray thee, mark me;——(that a brother should
Be so perfidious!) he whom next thyself
Of all the world I lov'd, and to him put
The manage of my state; (as, at that time,
Through all the signories it was the first;
And *Prospero* the prime Duke, being so reputed
In dignity; and for the liberal arts,
Without a parrallel; those being all my study :)
The government I cast upon my brother,
And to my state grew stranger; being transported.
And wrapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle——
(Dost thou attend me?)

Mira. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
How to deny them; whom t' advance, and whom
To trash for over-topping; new created
The creatures, that were mine; I say, or chang'd 'em,
Or else new form'd 'em; having both the key
Of officer and office, set all hearts i'th' state
To what tune pleas'd his ear, that now he was
The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
And suck'd my verdure out on't.——Thou attend'st not.

Mira. Good Sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me then.
Is thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,
With that which, but by being so retired,

O'er priz'd all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awak'd an evil nature ; and my trust
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood in its contrary, as great
 As my trust was ; which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confidence *sans* bound. He being thus lorded
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact ; like one,
 Who having into truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie, he did believe
 He was indeed the Duke ; from substitution,
 And executing th' outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative. Hence his ambition growing—
 Dost thou hear ?

Mira. Your tale, Sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he plaid,
 And him he plaid it for, he needs will be

Absolute *Milan*. Me, poor man ;—— my library
 Was Dukedom large enough ; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable : confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) with th' King of *Naples*
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;
 Subject his coronet to his crown ; and bend
 The Dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor *Milan* !)
 To most ignoble stooping.

Mira. O the heav'ns !

Pro. Mark his condition, and th' event ; then tell me,
 If this might be a Brother ?

Mira. I should sin,
 To think but nobly of my grand-mother ;
 Good wombs have bore bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition :
 This King of *Naples*, being an enemy
 To me inveterate, hears my brother's suit ;
 Which was, that he in lieu o'th' premises,
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine
 Out of the Dukedom ; and confer fair *Milan*,
 With all the honours, on my brother. Whereon
 A treacherous army levy'd, one mid-night
 Fated to th' purpose, did *Antonio* open

The gates of *Milan*; and, i'th' dead of darknes,
The ministers for th' purpose hurry'd thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mira. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cry'd out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business.
Which now's upon's, without the which this story
Were most impertinent.

Mira. Why did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not
(So dear the love my people bore me;) set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurry'd us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us
To cry to th' sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh
To th' winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mira. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you?

Pro. O! a Cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me. Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heav'n,
(When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;)
Under my burthen groan'd;) which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mira. How came we a-shore?

Pro. By providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble *Neapolitan*, *Gonzalo*,
Out of his charity (being then appointed
Master of this design) did give us, with
Rich garments, linnens, stuffs, and necessities,

Which since have fledded much. So of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my Dukedom.

Mira. Would I might
But ever see that man!

Pro. Now, I arise :——
Sit still and hear the last of our sea sorrow.
Here in this island we arriv'd, and here
Have I, thy school-master, made thee more profit
Than other Princess can, that have more time
For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mira. Heav'ns thank you for't! And now, I pray you,
Sir,

(For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
For raising this Tea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth;
By accident most strange, bountiful fortune
(Now my dear lady) hath mine enemies
Brought to this shore: and, by my prescience
I find, my *Zenith* doth depend upon
A most auspicious star; whose influence
If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
Will ever after droop—— Here cease more questions;
'Thou art inclin'd to sleep. 'Tis a good dulness,
And give it way; I know, thou canst not chuse.——

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come; I'm ready now:
Approach, my *Ariel*. Come.

Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave Sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure: Be't to fly;
To swim; to dive into the fire; to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task
Ariel, and all his qualities.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bad thee?

Ari. To every Article.
I boarded the King's ship: now on the beak,
Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement. Sometimes, I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,

The yards, and bolt-sprit, would I flame distinctly ;
 Then meet and join. *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
 Of dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
 And fight out-running were not ; the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring the most mighty *Neptune*
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble ;
 Yea, his dread trident shake.

Pro. My brave, brave spirit !
 Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
 Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul
 But felt a fever of the mind, and plaid
 Some tricks of desperation : all, but mariners,
 Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
 Then all a-fire with me : the King's son *Ferdinand*
 With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair)
 Was the first man, that leap'd ; cry'd, " hell is empty ;
 " And all the devils are here.

Pro. Why, that's my Spirit !
 But was not this nigh-shore ?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, *Ariel*, safe ?

Pro. Not a hair perish'd :
 On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
 But fresher than before. And as thou badst me,
 In troops I have dispers'd them 'bout the isle :
 The King's son have I landed by himself,
 Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
 In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
 His arms in this sad Knot.

Pro. Of the King's ship,
 The mariners, say how thou hast dispos'd,
 And all the rest o'th' fleet ?

Ari. Safely in harbour
 Is the King's ship ; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'st me up at midnight, to fetch dew
 From the still-vest *Bermudas*, there she's hid :
 The mariners are under hatches stow'd,
 Who, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labour,
 I've left asleep ; and for the rest o'th' fleet
 (Which I dispers'd) they all have met again,
 And are upon the *Mediterranean* float,

Bound sadly home for *Naples* ;
 Supposing that they saw the King's ship wrackt
 And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd ; but there's more work :
 What is the time o'th' day ?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses ; the time 'twixt six and now
 Must by us both be spent most preciouslly.

Ari. Is there more toil ? since thou dost give me pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promis'd.
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now ? Moody ?
 What is't thou can'st demand ?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out ? no more.

Ari. I pr'ythee,
 Remember, I have done thee worthy service ;
 Told thee no lies, made no mistakings, serv'd
 Without or grudge, or grumblings ; thou did'st promise
 To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
 From what a torment I did free thee ?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost, and think'st it much to tread the ooze
 Of the salt deep ?
 To run upon the sharp Wind of the North ;
 To do me business in the veins o'th' earth,
 When it is bak'd with frost.

Ari. I do not, Sir.

Pro. Thou ly'st, malignant thing : hast thou forget
 The foul witch *Sycorax*, who with age and envy
 Was grown into a hoop ? hast thou forgot her ?

Ari. No, Sir.

Pro. Thou hast : where was she born ? speak ; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in *Argier*.

Pro. Oh, was she so ? I must
 Once in a month recount what thou hast been,
 Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch *Sycorax*,
 For mischiefs manifold and scorceries terrible
 To enter human hearing, from *Argier*,
 Thou know'st, was banish'd : for one thing she did,

They

They would not take her Life. Is not this true?

Ari. Ay, Sir.

Pro. This blue-ey'd hag hither brought with Child
And here was left by th' sailors; thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant.
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests, she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine; within which rift
Impison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen Years, within which space she dy'd,
And left thee there: Where thou didst vent thy groans,
As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this Island
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honour'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes; *Caliban* her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so: He, that *Caliban*,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st,
What torment I did find thee in; thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment
To lay-upon the damn'd, which *Sycorax*
Could not again undo: It was mine art,
When I arriv'd and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an Oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, 'till
Thou'st howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master

I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sp'riting gently.

Pro. Do so; And after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master:

What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like to a nymph o'th' sea.
Be subject to no sight but mine: Invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go take this shape,

And

And hither come in it: Go hence with diligence.

[Exit Ariel.

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well:
Awake.——

Mira. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit *Caliban* my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mira. 'Tis a villain, Sir,
I do not love to look on——

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss him: He does make our fire,
Fetch in our Wood, and serves in Offices
That profit us. What ho! slave! *Caliban*!
Thou earth, thou! speak.

Cal. (*within.*) There's Wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business for thee.
Come, thou Tortoise! when?——

Enter Ariel like a Water-Nymph.

Fine apparition! my quaint *Ariel*,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done.

[Exit.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the Devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam: Come forth.

Enter Caliban.

Cal. As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to night thou shalt have cramps,
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made 'em.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

This Island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother.

Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou stroak'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st
give me

Water with berries in't; and teach me how

To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night : And then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' Isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits ; barren place, and fertile,
Curs'd be I, that I did so ! all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats light on you !
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was my own King ; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whilst you do keep from me
The rest of the Island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness ; I have us'd thee
(Filt' as thou art) with humane care, and lodg'd
In mine own Cell, 'till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.

Cal. Oh ho, oh ho ! — I wou'd, it had been done !
Thou didst prevent me, I had peopled else
This Isle with *Calibans*.

Pro. Abhorred slave ;
Which any print of goodness wilt not take.
Being capable of all ill ! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other. When thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but would'st gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile race
(Tho' thou didst learn) had that in't, which good natures
Cou'd not abide to be with ; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who hadst deserved more than a prison——

Cal. You taught me language, and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse : the red plague rid you,
For learning me your language !

Pro. Hag-seed, hence !
Fetch us in Fewel, and be quick (thou wer't best)
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice ?
If thou neglect'st or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches, make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee.
I must obey : his art is of such pow'r,

It would controul my dam's good *Setebos*,
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave, hence!

[*Exit Caliban.*

Enter Ferdinand; and Ariel invisible, playing and singing.

ARIEL's SONG.

*Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Curt'sied when you have, and kist
The wild waves whist;
Foot it featly here and there,
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.*

[*Burthen dispersedly.*

*Hark, hark, bough-wawgh: The watch dogs bark,
Bough-wagh.*

*Ari. Hark, hark, I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlere
Cry, cock-a-doodle-do.*

Fer. Where should this musick be, in air, or earth?
It sounds no more: And, sure, it waits upon
Some God o'th' Island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping against the King my father's wreck,
This musick crept by me upon the waters;
Allaying both their fury and my passion,
With its sweet air; thence I have follow'd it,
Or it hath drawn me rather—but 'tis gone.]
No, it begins again.

ARIEL's SONG.

*Full fathom five thy father lies,
Of his bones are coral made:
Those are pearls, that were his eyes;
Nothing of him, that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change,
Into something rich and strange.
Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.
*Hark, now I hear them, ding-dong, bell.**

[*Burthen: ding-dong,*

Fer. The ditty does remember my drown'd father;
This is no mortal business; nor no sound
That the earth owns; I hear it now above me.

Pro.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eyes advance,
And say, what thou seest yond.

Mira. What is't, a spirit?
Lord, how it looks about! believe me, Sir,
It carries a brave form. But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench, it eats, and sleeps, and hath such sense
As we have, such. This gallant, which thou seest,
Was in the wreck: And, but he's something stain'd
With grief, (that's beauty's canker) thou might'st call him
A goodly person. He hath lost his fellows,
And strays about to find 'em.

Mira. I might call him
A thing divine; for nothing natural
I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see. [*Aside.*]
As my soul prompts it. Spirit, fine spirit, I'll free thee
Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the Goddess
On whom these ayres attend! vouchsafe, my pray'r
May know, if you remain upon this Island;
And that you will some good instruction give,
How I may bear me here: My prime request
(Which I do last pronounce) is, O you wonder!
If you be maid or no?

Mira. No wonder, Sir,
But certainly a maid.

Fer. My language! heavens!
I am the best of them that speak this speech,
Were I but where 'tis spoken.

Pro. How? the best?
What wert thou, if the King of *Naples* heard thee?

Fer. A single thing, as I am now, that wonders
To hear thee speak of *Naples*. He does hear me;
And, that he does, I weep: myself am *Naples*,
Who, with mine eyes (ne'er since at ebb) beheld
The King my father wrackt.

Mira. Alack, for mercy!

Fer. Yes, faith, and all his lords: The Duke of *Milan*,
And his brave son, being twain.

Pro. The Duke of *Milan*,
And his more braver daughter, could controul thee,
If now 'twere fit to do't:—At the first sight,

They

They have chang'd eyes, (delicate *Ariel*
I'll set thee free for this.) A word, good Sir,
I fear you've done yourself some wrong: A word.—

Mira. Why speaks my father so ungently? this
Is the third man, that I e'er saw; the first
That e'er I sigh'd for. Pity move my father
To be inclin'd my way!

Fer. O, if a Virgin.
And your Affection not gone forth, I'll make you
The Queen of *Naples*.

Pro. Soft, Sir, one word more,——
They're both in either's power: but this swift business
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning
Make the prize light. Sir, one word more; I charge thee,
That thou attend me:——Thou dost here usurp
The name thou ow'st not, and hast put thy self
Upon this Island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I'm a man

Mira. There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple.
If the ill spirit have so fair an house,
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

Pro. Follow me——
Speak not you for him: He's a traitor. Come,
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together;
Sea-water shalt thou drink; thy food shall be
The fresh brook mussels, withered roots, and husks
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No,
I will resist such entertainment, 'till
Mine enemy has more power.

[*He draws, and is charmed from moving.*]

Mira. O dear father,
Make not too rash a tryal of him; for
He's gentle, and not fearful.

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor? put thy sword up, traitor,
Who mak'st a shew, but dar'st not strike; thy conscience
Is so possess'd with guilt: Come from thy ward,
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make weapon drop.

Mira.

Mira. Beseech you, father.

Pro. Hence: Hang not on my garment.

Mira. Sir, have pity;

I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: One word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What,]
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and *Caliban*; foolish wench!
To th' most of men this is a *Caliban*,
And they to him are Angels.

Mira. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition
To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on, obey;
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigour in them.

Fer. So they are:
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me;
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: All Corners else o'th' earth
Let liberty make use of; space enough
Have I, in such a prison.

Pro. It works: Come on
(Thou hast done well, fine *Ariel*: follow me.
Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [To *Ariel*.

Mira. Be of comfort,
My father's of a better nature, Sir,
Than he appears by speech: This is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds; but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To thy syllable.

Pro. Come, follow: Speak not for him [Ext.

A C T

A C T II.

S C E N E, *Another Part of the Island.*

Enter Alonso, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian,
Francisco, *and others.*

Gon. **B**Eseech you, Sir, be merry : You have cause
(So have we all) of joy ! for our escape
Is much beyond our loss ; our hint of woe
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife,
The masters of some merchant, and the merchant,
Have just our theam of woe : but for the miracle,
(I mean our preservation) few in millions
Can speak like us : Then wisely, good Sir, weigh
Our Sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit, by
and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir.——

Seb. One :———Tell,——

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that's offer'd ;
comes to the entertainer——

Seb. A dollar.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed ; you have spoken
truer than you proposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord.———

Ant. Fie, what a spend-thrift is he of his tongue ?

Alon. I pr'ythee, spare.———

Gon. Well, I have done : But yet———

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or *Adrian*, for a good wager,
first begins to crow ?

Seb. The old Cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done : The wager ?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert——

Seb. Ha, ha, ha.——So, you're paid——

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible——

Seb. Yet,——

Adr. Yet——

Ant. He could not mis's't.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.

Ant. *Temperance* was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly deliver'd.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Ant. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfum'd by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True, save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none or little.

Gon. How lush and lusty the grass looks? how green?

Ant. The ground indeed is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green in't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No: he does but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is, which is indeed almost beyond credit——

Seb. As many voucht rarities are.

Gon. That our garments being (as they were) drench'd in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness and glosses; being rather new dy'd, than stain'd with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in *Africk*, at the marriage of the King's fair Daughter *Clarible* to the King of *Tunis*.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet-marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

Adr. *Tunis* was never grac'd before with such a paragon to their Queen.

Gon. Not since widow *Dido's* time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o'that: how came that widow in? widow *Dido*!

Seb. What if he had said, widower *Aeneas* too?
Good lord, how you take it!

Adr.

Arđ. Widow *Dido*, said you? you make me study of that : She was of *Carthage* not of *Tunis*.

Gon. This *Tunis*, Sir, was *Carthage*.

Adr. *Carthage*?

Gon. I assure you, *Carthage*.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.

Seb. He hath rais'd the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think he will carry this Island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more Islands.

Gon. Ay.

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at *Tunis*, at the marriage of your daughter, who is now Queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. Bate, I beseech you, widow *Dido*.

Ant. O, widow *Dido*! ay, widow *Dido*!

Gon. Is not my doublet, Sir, as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a fort.

Ant. That fort was well fish'd for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage.

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears against The stomach of my sense. Would I had never Married my daughter there! for coming thence, My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too; Who is so far from *Italy* remov'd, I ne'er again shall see her: O thou mine heir Of *Naples* and of *Milan*, what strange fish Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live.

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water;
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breast'd
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To the shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,
He came alive to land.

Alon.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great loss.
That wou'd not bless our *Europe* with your Daughter,
But rather lose her to an *African* ;
Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
Who hath cause to wet the grief on't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned otherwise
By all of us ; and the fair soul herself
Weigh'd between loathness and obedience, at
Which end the beam should bow. We've lost your son,
I fear, for ever, *Milan* and *Naples* have
More widows in them of this business making,
Than we bring men to comfort them :
The fault's your own.

Alon. So is the dearest o' th' loss.

Gon. My lord *Sebastian*,
The truth you speak, doth lack some gentleness,
And time to speak it in : You rub the sore,
When you should bring the plaister,

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good Sir,
When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather ?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I the plantation of this isle, my lord—

Ant. He'd sow't with nettle seed.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the King on't, what would I do ?

Seb. Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I'th' commonwealth, I would by contraries
Execute all things ; for no kind of traffick
Would I admit ; no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; wealth, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession ;
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none ;
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oyl ;
No occupation, all men idle, all,
And women too ; but innocent and pure :
No Sovereignty.

Seb. And yet he would be King on't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should produce,
Without sweat or endeavour, treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,
Would I not have, but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foyson, all abundance
To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects?

Ant. None, man; all idle; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, Sir,
T' excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his Majesty!

Ant. Long live Gonzalo!

Gon. And, do you mark me, Sir?

Alon. Pr'ythee no more; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your Highness; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laugh'd at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you: So you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given?

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave metal; you would jift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five Weeks without changing.

Enter Ariel, playing solemn Musick.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.

Ant. Nay, my good lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you, I will not adventure my discretion so weakly: Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy?

Ant. Go, sleep, and hear us.

Alon. What, all so soon asleep? I wish, mine eyes Would with themselves shut up my thoughts: I find, They are inclin'd to do so.

Seb. Please you, Sir,

Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you : wondrous heavy.——

All asleep but Seb. and Ant.

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them ?

Ant. It is the quality o'th' climate.

Seb. Why,

Doth it not then our eye-lids sink ? I find not
Myself dispos'd to sleep.

Ant. Nor I, my spirits are nimble :

They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might
Worthy *Sebastian*——O, what might——no more,
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be : th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking ?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak ?

Seb. I do ; and surely,

It is a sleepy language ; and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep ; what is it thou did'st say ?
This is a strange repose, to be asleep
With eyes wide open : standing, speaking, moving ;
And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble *Sebastian*,

Thou let'st thy fortune sleep : die rather : wink'st,
Whilst thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly ;
There's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom. You
Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do,
Trebles thee o'er.

Seb. Well : I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow,

Seb. Do so ; to ebb

Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O !

If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
Whilst thus you mock it ; how, in stripping it,
You more invest it : ebbing men, indeed,

Most often do so near the bottom run,
By their own fear or sloth.

Seb. Pr'y thee, say on;
The setting of thine eye and cheek proclaim
A matter from thee; and a birth, indeed,
Which throes thee much to yield.

Ant. Thus, Sir:

Although this lord of weak remembrance, this,
(Who shall be of as little memory,
When he's earth'd;) hath here almost persuaded
(For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
Professes to persuade) the King, his son's alive;
'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
As he, that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope,
That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
What great hope have you? no hope, that way, is
Another way so high an hope, that even
Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
But doubt discovery there. Will you grant, with me,
That *Ferdinand* is drown'd?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me
Who's the next heir of *Naples*?

Seb. *Claribel*.

Ant. She that is Queen of *Tunis*; she that dwells
Ten leagues beyond man's life; she that from *Naples*
Can have no Note, unless the sun were post,
(The man i'th' moon's too slow) 'till new-born chins
Be rough and razorable; she, from whom
We were sea-swallow'd; tho' some, cast again,
May by that destiny perform an act,
Whereof, what's past is prologue; what to come,
Is yours and my discharge——

Seb. What stuff is this? how say you?
'Tis true, my brother's daughter's Queen of *Tunis*,
So is she heir of *Naples*; 'twixt which regions
There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose ev'ry cubit
Seems to cry out, how shall that *Claribel*
Measure us back to *Naples*? Keep in *Tunis*,

And let *Sebastian* wake. Say, this were death
That now hath seiz'd them, why, they were no worse
Than now they are: there be, that can rule *Naples*,
As well as he that sleeps: lords that can prate
As amply, and unnecessarily,
As this *Gonzalo*; I my self could make
A Cough of as deep chat. O, that you bore
The mind that I do; what a sleep were this
For your advancement! do you understand me?

Seb. Methinks, I do.

Ant. And how does your content
Tender your own good fortune?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother *Prospero*.

Ant. True:

And look how well my garments fit upon me;
Much feater than before. My brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience,——

Ant. Ay, Sir; where lyes that?

If 'twere a kybe, 'twould put me to my slipper:
But I feel not this deity in my bosom.

Ten consciences, that stand 'twixt me and *Milan*,
Candy'd be they, and melt, ere they molest!

Here lyes your brother ——

No better than the earth he lyes upon,
If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;
Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,
Can lay to bed for ever: you doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for ay might put
This antient Morfel, this Sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;
They'll tell the clock to any business, that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent: as thou got'st *Milan*,
I'll come by *Naples*. Draw thy sword; one stroke
Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st;
And I the King shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together:

And when I rear my hand, do you the like
To fall it on *Gonzola*.

Seb. O, but one word.—

Enter Ariel, with Musick and Song.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the danger,
That you, his friend, are in; and sends me forth
(For else his project dies) to keep them living.

[Sings in Gonzalo's Ear.

*While you here do snoring lye,
Open-ey'd conspiracy*

His time doth take:

*If of life you keep a care,
Shake off slumber and beware:
Awake! awake!*

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels preserve the King! *[They wake.*

Alon. Why, how now, ho? awake? why are you drawn?
Wherefore this ghastly looking?

Gon. What's the matter?

Seb. While we stood here securing your repose,
Ev'n now we heard a hollow burst of bellowing
Like bulls, or rather lions; did't not wake you;
It strook mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake: sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this?

Gon. Upon my honour, Sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me.
I shak'd you, Sir, and cry'd; as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn: there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand on guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground, and let's make further search
For my poor son.

Gon. Heav'ns keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i'th' island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. *Prospero* my lord shall know what I have done.
So, King, go safely on to seek thy son.

[Exeunt.

SCENE

The TEMPEST.

29

SCENE changes to another part of the Island.

Enter Caliban with a burden of wood; a noise of thunder heard.

Col. All the infections, that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By inch-meal a disease! his spirit hear me,
And yet I needs must curse. But they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin-shews, pitch me i'th mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid 'em; but
For every trifle are they set upon me.
Sometimes like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lye tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my footfall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. Lo! now! lo!

Enter Trinculo.

Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me
For bringing wood in slowly, I'll fall flat;
Perchance, he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub to bear off any
weather at all, and another storm brewing; I hear it
sing i' th' wind: yond same black cloud, yond huge
one, looks like a foul bombard that would shed his
liquor. If it should thunder as it did before, I know
not where to hide my head: yond same cloud cannot
chuse but fall by pailfuls—What have we here, a
man or a fish? dead or alive? A fish, he smells like
a fish; a very antient and fish-like smell. A kind of,
not of the newest, *Poor John*: a strange fish! Were
I in *England* now, as once I was, and had but this fish
painted, not an holyday-fool there but would give a
piece of Silver. There would this monster make a
man; any strange beast there makes a man; when
they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar;
they will lay out ten to see a dead *Indian*. Legg'd like
a man; and his fins like arms! warm, o' my troth! I
do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer, this
is no fish, but an *Islander*, that hath lately suffer'd by
a thunder bolt. Alas! the storm is come again. My

best way is to creep under his gaberdine: there is no other shelter hereabout; misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows: I will here shrowd, 'till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter Stephano, singing.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea, here shall I die ashore.
This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral; well, here's my comfort. [Drinks.]

*Sings. The master, the swabber, the boatswain and I,
The gunner and his mate,
Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marrian, and Margery,
But none of us car'd for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, go hang:
She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
Yet a taylor might scratch her, where-e'er she did itch.
Then to sea, Boys, and let her go hang.*
This is a scurvy tune too: but here's my comfort.

[Drinks.]

Cal. Do not torment me, oh!

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon's with salvages, and men of Inde? ha? I have not scap'd drowning, to be afraid now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went upon four legs, cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at his nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me; oh!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs, who has got, as I take it, an ague: where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any Emperor that ever trod on neats-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, Pr'ythee; I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest: he shall taste of my bottle. If he never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit; if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him; he shall pay for him, that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt ; thou wilt anon, I know it, by thy trembling : now *Prosper* works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways ; open your mouth ; here is that which will give language to you, *Cat* : open your mouth ; this will shake your shaking, I can tell you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend ; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice : it should be. — but he's drown'd ; and these are devils ; O defend me —

Ste. Four legs and two voices ? a most delicate monster ! his forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague : come ! *Amen* ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano. —

Ste. Dost thou other mouth call me ? mercy ! mercy ! this is a devil and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.

Trin. Stephano ! If thou bee'st *Stephano*, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am *Trinculo* ; be not afraid, thy good friend *Trinculo*.

Ste. If thou bee'st *Trinculo*, come forth, I'll pull thee by the lesser legs : if any be *Trinculo*'s legs, these are they. Thou art very *Trinculo*, indeed : how cam'st thou to be the siege of this moon-calf ? can he vent *Trinculos* !

Trin. I took him to be kill'd with a thunder-stroke : but art thou not drown'd, *Stephano* ? I hope now thou art not drown'd : is the storm over-blown ? I hid me under the dead moon calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm : and art thou living, *Stephano* ? O *Stephano*, two *Neapolitans* escap'd !

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about, my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprights that's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor : I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou scape ? how cam'st thou hither ? swear, by this bottle, how thou cam'st hither : I escap'd upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heav'd over-board, by this bottle ! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here: swear then, how escap'dst thou?

Trin. Swom a-shore, man, like a duck; I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou can'st swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O *Stephano*, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by th' sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf, how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropt from heav'n?

Ste. Out o' th' moon, I do assure thee, I was the man in th' moon, when time was.

Cal. I have seen thee in her; and I do adore thee: my mistress shew'd me thee, and thy dog and thy bush.

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster: I afraid of him? a very shallow monster: the man i' th' moon?——a most poor credulous monster: well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll shew thee every fertile inch o' th' Isle, and I will kiss thy foot: I'll pr'ythee be my god.

Trin. By this good light, a most perfidious and drunken monster; when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot. I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster: a most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him——

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin.——But that the poor monster's in drink: an abominable monster!

Cal. I'll shew thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries,

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.

A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!

I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee, Thou wond'rous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow,

The TEMPEST.

33

And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet ; I'll bring thee
To clust'ring filberds, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young Shamois from the rock. Wilt thou go with me ?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way without any more
talking. *Trinculo*, the King and all our company else
being drown'd, we will inherit here. Here, bear my
bottle ; fellow *Trinculo*, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. [*Sings drunkenly.*] Farewel, master ; farewel, farewel.

Trin. A howling monster ; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams, I'll make for fish,

Nor fetch in firing as requiring,

Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish,

Ban' Ban, Cacalyban

Has a new master, get a new man.

Freedom, hey-day ! hey-day, freedom ! freedom, hey-
day, freedom !

Ste. O brave monster, lead the way.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE, before Prospero's Cell.

Enter Ferdinand, bearing a log.

Fer. **T**HERE be some sports are painful, but their
labour

Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone, and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious : but
The mistress which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her Father's crabbed ;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must move
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps, when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor ; I forget ;
But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
Most busie-less, when I do it.

B 5.

Enter

Enter Miranda; and Prospero at a distance unseen.

Mira. Alas, now pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that thou'rt enjoyn'd to pile:
Pray, set it down and rest you; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you: my father
Is hard at study; pray now, rest yourself;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress,
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mira. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while. Pray give me that,
I'll carry't to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature,
I'd rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonour undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mira. It would become me,
As well as it does you; and I should do it,
With much more ease; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm! thou art infected;
This visitation shews it.

Mira. You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress; 'tis fresh morning with me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name?

Mira. Miranda. O my father,
I've broke your hest to say so.

Fer. Admir'd *Miranda*!

Indeed, the top of admiration; worth
What's dearest to the world! full many a lady
I've ey'd with best regard, and many a time
Th' harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear! for several virtues
Have I lik'd sev'ral women, never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she ow'd,
And put it to the foil. But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless are created

Of every creature's best.

Mira. I do not know

One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save from the glass my own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father ; how features are abroad,
I'm skilless of ; but, by my modesty,
(The jewel in my dower) I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination from a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of. But I prattle
Something wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

Far. I am, in my condition,
A Prince, *Mirando* ; I do think, a King ;
(I would, not so !) and would no more endure
This wooden slavery, than I would suffer
The flesh-flie blow my mouth. Hear my soul speak ;
The very instant that I saw you, did
My heart fly to your service, there resides
To make me slave to it, and for your sake
Am I this patient long-man.

Mira. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heav'n, O earth, bear witness to this sound,
And crown what I profess with kind event,
If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
What best is boaded me, to mischief ! I,
Beyond all limit of what else i'th' world,
Do love, prize, honour you.

Mira. I am a fool,
To weep at what I'm glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter
Of two most rare affections ! heav'n's rain grace,
On that which breeds between 'em !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mira. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer,
What I do desire to give ; and much less take,
What I shall die to want : but this is trifling ;
And all the more it seeks to hide itself,
The bigger bulk it shews. Hence, bashful cunning,
And prompt me plain and holy innocence.
I am your wife, if you will marry me ;

If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me ; but I'll be your servant,
Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, my dearest,
And I thus humble ever.

Mira. My husband then ?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
As bondage e'er of freedom ; here's my hand.

Mira. And mine, with my heart in't ; and now, farewell,
'Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand, thousand.

[*Exeunt*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
Who are surpriz'd withal ; but my rejoicing
At nothing can be more. I'll to my book ;
For yet, ere supper-time must I perform
Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to another part of the Island.*

Enter Caliban, Stephano and Trinculo.

Ste. Tell not me ; when the butt is out, we will drink
water, not a drop before ; therefore bear up, and board
'em, servant-monster ; drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster ! the folly of this Island ! they
say, there's but five upon this Isle ; we are three of them,
if the other two be brain'd like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee ; thy
eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else ? he were a brave
monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drown'd his tongue in
sack : for my part, the sea cannot drown me. I swam,
ere I could recover the shore, five and thirty leagues,
off and on ; by this light, thou shalt be my lieutenant,
monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list ; he's no standard.

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither : but you'll lie like dogs, and
yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a
good moon calf.

Cal. How does thy honour ? let me lick thy shoe ;
I'll

I'll not serve him, he's not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster, I am in case to juggle a constable ; why, thou debosh'd fish thou, was there ever man a coward that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day ? wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, bring but half a fish, and half a monster ?

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me : Wilt thou let him, my lord ?

Trim. Lord, quoth he ! that a monster should be such a natural !

Cal. Lo, lo, again ; bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head ; if you prove a mutineer, the next tree — the poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleas'd to hearken once again to the suit I made to thee ?

Ste. Marry, will I ; kneel and repeat it ; I will stand, and so shall *Trinculo*.

Enter Ariel invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant, a forcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of the Island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou ; I would, my valiant master would destroy thee ; I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in's tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more ; proceed.

Cal. I say, by forcery he got this isle ; From me he got it. If thy greatness will Revenges it on him, (for, I know, thou dar'st, But this thing dare not.) —

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now, shall this be compass'd ? canst thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord, I'll yield him thee asleep, Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a py'd ninny's this ? thou scurvy patch ! I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows, And take his bottle from him, when that's gone. He

He shall drink nought but brine, for I'll not shew him
Where the quick freshes are.

Ste. Triuculo, run into no further danger : Interrupt the
monster one word further, and, by this hand, I'll turn my
mercy out of doors, and make a stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing ; I'll go fur-
ther off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he ly'd ?

Ari. Thou liest.

Ste. Do I so ? take you that.

[*Beats him.*]

As you like this, give me the lye another time.

Trin. I did not give thee the lye ; out o' your wits.
And hearing too ? A pox o' your bottle ! this can sack
and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the
devil take your fingers.

Cal. Ha, ha, ha.

Ste. Now forward with your tale ; pr'ythee, stand
further off.

Cal. Beat him enough ; after a little time
I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him-
I'th' afternoon to sleep ; there thou may'st brain him,
Having first seiz'd his books : Or with a log
Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
Or cut his wezand with thy Knife. Remember,
First to possess his books ; for without them
He's but a sot, as I am ; nor hath not
One spirit to command. They all do hate him,
As rootedly as I. Burn but his books ;
He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them,)
Which, when he has an house, he'll deck withal,
And that most deeply to consider, is
The beauty of his Daughter ; he himself
Calls her a non-pariel : I ne'er saw woman,
But only *Sycorax* my dam, and she :
But she as far surpasses *Sycorax*,
As greatest does the least.

Ste. Is it so, brave a lass ?

Cal. Ay, lord ; she will become thy bed, I warrant,
And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man : his daughter and

I will be King and Queen, save our Graces : And *Trinculo* and thyself shall be Vice-Roys. Dost thou like the plot, *Trinculo* ?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand ; I am sorry, I beat thee : But, while thou liv'st, keep a good tongue in thy head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep ; Will he destroy him then ?

Ste. Ay, on my honour.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou mak'st me merry ; I am full of pleasure ; Let us be jocund. Will you troul the catch, You taught me but while-ere ?

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any reason : Come on, *Trinculo*, let us sing. [*Sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em ; and skout 'em, and flout 'em ; thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a Tabor and Pipe.*

Ste. What is this fame ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, plaid by the picture of no-body.

Ste. If thou be'st a man, shew thyself in thy likeness ; if thou be'st a devil, take't as thou list.

Trim. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies pays all debts, I desire thee. Mercy upon us !

Cal. Art thou afraid ?

Ste. No, monster, not I.

Cal. Be not afraid ; the isle is full of noises, Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not. Sometimes a thousand twanging instruments Will hum about mine ears, and sometimes voices ; That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, Will make me sleep again ; and then in dreaming, The Clouds, methought, would open, and shew riches Ready to drop upon me ; that when I wak'd, I cry'd to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me, where I shall have my musick for nothing.

Cal. When *Prospero* is destroy'd.

Ste. That shall be by and by : I remember the story.
Trin.

Erin. The sound is going away ; let's follow it, and after do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we'll follow. I would I could see this taborer. He lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I'll follow *Stephano*. [Exe.

SCENE *changes to another part of the Island.*

Enter Alonzo, Sebastian, Anthonio, Gonzalo, Adrian, Francisco, &c.

Gon. By'r lakin, I can go no farther, Sir,
My old bones ake : here's a maze trod indeed,
Through forth-rights and meanders ! by your patience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To th' dulling of my spirits ; sit down and rest.
Ev'n here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find, and the Sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he's so out of hope.
Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose.
That you resolv'd t'effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to night ;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not, nor cannot use such vigilance,
As when they're fresh.

Seb. I say, to night : no more.

Solemn and strange musick ; and Prospero on the top, invisible.
Enter several strange Shapes, bringing in a banquet ; and dance about it with gentle actions of salutation ; and inviting the King, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this ? my good friends, hark !
Gon. Marvellous sweet musick :

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heaven ; what were these ?

Seb. A living drollery. Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns ; that, in *Arabia*
There is one tree, phoenix' throne ; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Att.

Ant. I'll believe both :

And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn 'em.

Gon. If in *Naples*

I should report this now, would they believe me ?
If I should say, I saw such islanders :
(For, certes, these are people of this island)
Who tho they are of monstrous shape, yet, note,
Their manners are more gentle-kind than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many ; nay, almost any.

Pro. Honest lord,

Thou hast said well ; for some of you there present
Are worse than devils.

Alon. I cannot too much muse,
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, expressing
(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing.——

Fran. They vanquish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since

They've left their viands behind ; for we have stomachs.
Will't please you taste of what is here ?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, Sir, you need not fear. When we were boys,
Who would belie that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapt like bulls, whose throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of flesh, or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breast ? which now we find
Each putter out on five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Altho my last ; no matter, since I feel
The best is past. Brother, my lord the Duke,
Stand to, and do as we.

Thunder and lightning. Enter *Ariel* like a harpy, claps his
wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the banquet
vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny,
(That hath to instrument this lower world,

And

And what is in't) the never-surfeited sea
 Hath caused to belch up; and on this Island
 Where man doth not inhabit, you 'mongst men
 Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
 And ev'n with such like valour men hang and drown
 Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
 Are ministers of fate; the elements,
 Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemockt-at-stabs
 Kill the still-closing-waters, as diminish
 One down that's in my plume: My fellow-ministers
 Are like invulnerable. If you could hurt,
 Your swords are now too massie for your strengths,
 And will not be up-lifted. But remember,
 (For that my business to you) that you three
 From *Milan* did supplant good *Prospero*:
 Expos'd unto the sea (which hath requit it)
 Him, and this innocent child: For which foul deed
 The powers delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incens'd the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
 Against your peace: Thee of thy son, *Alonso*,
 They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
 Ling'ring perdition, worse than any death
 Can be at once, shall step by step attend
 You and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from,
 (Which here in this most desolate Isle else falls
 Upon your heads,) is nothing but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder: Then, to soft musick, Enter the
 shapes again, and dance with mopps and mowes, and
 carrying out the table.*

Pro. Bravely the figure of this harpy hast thou
 Perform'd, my *Ariel*; a grace it had devouring:
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing bated,
 In what thou hadst to say: So with good life,
 And observation strange, my meaner minsters
 Their several kinds have done; my high charms work,
 And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions: They are in my power;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit
 Young *Ferdinand*, (whom they suppose is drown'd,)

And

And his and my lov'd darling. [*Exit Prospero from above.*]

Gon. I' th' name of something holy, Sir, why stand you
In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methoughts, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The Name of *Prosper*: It did bafe my trespass.
Therefore, my son-i'th' ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lye mudded. [*Exit.*]

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second. [*Exe.*]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,
Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you,
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly;
And hinder them from what this ecstasie
May now provoke them to.

Adri. Follow, I pray you. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV.

SCENE, Prospero's Cell.

Enter Prospero, Ferdinand, and Miranda.

Pro. IF I have too austere-ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends; for I
Have giv'n you here a thread of mine own life;
Or that, for which I live; whom once again
I tender to thy hand: All thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely stood the test. Here, afore heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift: O *Ferdinand*,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off;
For thou shalt find, she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro.

Pro. Then as my gift, and thine own acquisition
 Worthily purchas'd, take my daughter. But
 If thou dost break her virgin-knot, before
 All sanctimonious ceremonies may
 With full and holy rite be minister'd,
 No sweet aspersions shall the heav'ns let fall
 To make this contract grow: But barren hate,
 Sore-ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
 The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
 That you shall hate it both: Therefore take heed,
 As *Hymen's* lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strongest suggestion
 Our worser *Genus* can, shall never melt
 Mine honour into lust; to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think or *Phæbus'* steeds are founderd,
 Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke.
 Sit then, and talk with her, she is thine own.
 What, *Ariel*; my industrious servant, *Ariel*——

Enter Ariel.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last service
 Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick; go, bring the rabble,
 O'er whom I give thee power, here to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion, for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come, and go,
 And breathe twice; and cry, so, so;
 Each one, tripping on his toe
 Will be here with mop and mow.
 Do you love me, master? no?

Pro. Dearly, my delicate *Ariel*, do not approach,
 'Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari.

Ari. Well, I conceive.

[*Exit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true ; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein ; the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i'th' blood : Be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow !——

Fer. I warrant you, Sir ;
The white, cold, virgin-snow upon my heart
Abates the ardour of my liver.

Pro. Well.
Now, come, my *Ariel* ; bring a corollary,
Rather than want a spirit ; appear, and perty.——
No tongue ; all eyes ; be silent. [To Ferdinand.
[*Soft Musick.*

A MASQUE, Enter Iris.

Iris. *Ceres*, most bounteous lady, thy rich lees
Of wheat, rye, barley, fetches, oats, and pease ;
Thy turfey mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with flower, them to keep ;
Thy banks with pioned, and tulip'd brims,
Which spongy *April* at thy heft betrim's,
To make cold nymphs chaste crowns ; and thy broom-
groves,
Whose shadow the dismissed batchelor loves,
Being lass-lorn ; thy pole-clipt vineyard,
And thy sea-marge steril, and rocky hard,
Where thou thyself do'st air ; the Queen o'th' sky,
Whose wat'ry arch and messenger am I,
Bids thee leave these ; and with her Sov'reign Grace,
Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
To come and sport ; her peacocks fly amain :
Approach, rich *Ceres*, her to entertain.

Enter Ceres.

Cer. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er
Do'st disobey the wife of *Jupiter* :
Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers.
Diffusest honey drops, refreshing showers ;
And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,
Rich scarf to my proud earth ; why hath thy Queen
Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass green ?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate,
And some donation freely to estate
On the blest'd lovers.

Cer.

Cer. Tell me heav'nly bow,
If *Venus* or her son, as thou do'st know,
Do now attend the Queen: Since they did plot
The means, that dusky *Dis* my daughter got;
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company.
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid; I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards *Paphos*, and her son
Dove-drawn with her; here thought they to have done,
Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-right shall be paid
'Till *Hymen's* torch be lighted; but in vain
Mars's hot minion is return'd again:
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows;
Swears, he will shoot no more, but play with sparrows,
And be a boy right out.

Cer. High Queen of state,
Great *Juno*, comes; I know her by her gate.

[*Juno descends, and enters.*]

Jun. How does my bounteous sister? go with me
To bless this twain, that they may prosp'rous be.
And honour'd in their issue.

Jun. Honour, riches, marriage blessing.
Long continuance and increasing,
Hourly joys be still upon you;
Juno sings her blessings on you:

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison-plenty,
Barns and garners never empty,
Vines, with clustring bunches growing,
Plants, with goodly burthen bowing;
Spring come to you, at the farthest.
In the very end of harvest:
Scarcity and want shall shun you;
Ceres's blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestick vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.

Pro. Sweet now, silence :

Juno and *Ceres* whisper seriously ;
There's something else to do ; hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.

[*Juno* and *Ceres* whisper, and send *Iris* on employment.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd *Nayads*, of the winding brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this greenland
Answer your summons, *Juno* does command :
Come temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love ; be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen of *August* weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry ;
Make holy-day ; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited ; they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance ; towards the end whereof, Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks, after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they vanish heavily.

Pro. I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast *Caliban*, and his confederates
Against my life ; the minute of their plot
Is almost come. Well done, avoid ; no more.

Fer. This is strange, your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day
Saw I him touch'd with anger, so distemper'd.

Pro. You look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd ; be chearful, Sir :
Our revels now are ended : These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air ;
And, like the baseless fabrick of this vision,
The cloud clapt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all, which it inherits, shall dissolve ;

And,

And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind ! we are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep—— Sir, I am vext ;
 Bear with my weakness, my old brain is troubled :
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity ;
 If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
 And there repose ; a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace. [*Exe. Fer. and Mir.*]

Pro. Come with a thought ;—— I thank you :——

Ariel, come,

Prospero comes forward from the Cell ; Enter Ariel to him.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to ; what's thy pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,

We must prepare to meet with *Caliban*.

Ari. Ay, my commander ; when I presented *Ceres*,
 I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,
 Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets.

Ari. I told you, Sir, they were red hot with drinking ;
 So full of valour, that they smote the air
 For breathing in their faces ; beat the ground
 For kissing of their feet ; yet always bending
 Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
 At which like unbackt colts, they prickt their ears,
 Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
 As they smelt musick ; so I charm'd their ears,
 That calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through
 Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
 Which enter'd their frail shins : at last I left them
 I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
 There dancing up to th' chins, that the foul lake
 O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird ;
 Thy shape invisible retain thou still ;
 The trumpery in my house ; go bring it hither,
 For stale to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go.

[*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
 Nurture can never stick ; on whom my pains,
 Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost ;

And, as with Age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers ; I will plague them all,
Even to roaring : Come, hang them on this line.

[Prospero remains invisible.]

Enter Ariel loaden with glistering apparel, &c. Enter Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, all wet.

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole may not Hear a foot fall ; we now are near his Cell.

Ste. Monster, your *Fairy*, which you say is harmless *Fairy*, has done little better than plaid the *Jack* with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse pifs, at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine ; do you hear, monster ? If I should take a displeasure against you : Look you——

Trin. Thou wert but a lost Monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favour still :
Be patient for the prize, I'll bring thee to,
Shall hood-wink this mischance ; therefore speak softly
All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,——

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonour in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : Yet this is your harmless *Fairy* Monster.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labour.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my King, be quiet : seest thou here,
This is the mouth o' th' cell ; no noise, and enter ;
Do that good Mischief, which may make this Island
Thine own for ever ; and I, thy *Caliban*,
For ay thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand ; I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king *Stephano* ! O Peer ! O worthy *Stephano* !
Look, what a wardrobe here is for thee !

Cal. Let it alone, thou Fool, it is but trash.

Trin. Oh, oh, monster ; we know what belongs to a frippery ;—— O, King *Stephano* !

Ste. Put off that gown, *Trinculo* ; by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsie drown this fool ! what do you mean,

To doat thus on such luggage? let's along,
And do the Murder first: if he awake,
From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches;
Make us strange Stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster. Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? now is the jerkin under the line: now jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.

Trin. Do, do; we steal by line and level, and't like your Grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest, here's a garment for't: Wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am King of this country; steal by line and level, is an excellent pass of pate; there's another garment for't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on't; we shall lose our time, And all be turn'd to barnacles, or apes With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hoghead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom; go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits in shape of hounds, hunting them about; Prospero and Ariel setting them on. Calib. Steph. and Trinc. driven out, roaring.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey.

Ari. Silver; there it goes, *Silver.*

Pro. Fury, Fury; there, Tyrant, there; hark, hark; Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints With dry Convulsions; shorten up their sinews With aged cramps; and more pinch spotted make them, Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour Lie at my mercy all mine-enemies: Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou Shalt have the air at freedom; for a little, Follow, and do me service.

[*Exe.*

A C T

ACT V.

SCENE *before the Cell.*

Enter Prospero in his magick robes, and Ariel.

Pro. **N**OW does my project gather to a head ; [time
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey, and
Goes upright with his carriage : How's the Day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour. at which time, my lord,
You said, our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I rais'd the tempest ; say, my spirit,
How fares the King and's followers ?

Ari. Confin'd
In the same fashion as you gave in charge ;
Just as you left them, all your prisoners, Sir,
In the *Lime Grove* which weather-fends your Cell.
They cannot budge, 'till you release. The King,
His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted,
And the remainder mourning over them,
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay ; but, chiefly,
Him that you term'd the good old lord *Gonzalo*.
His Tears run down his beard, like winter-drops
From Eaves of reeds ; your charm so strongly works 'em,
That if you now beheld them, your affections
Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, Sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art ?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
Do I take part ; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance ; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown further ; go, release them, *Ariel* ;

My Charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,
And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, Sir.

[*Exit*

Pro. Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*; and do fly him,
When he comes back; you demy puppets, that,
By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make.
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have be-dimm'd
'The noon tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and risted *Jove's* stout oak
With his own bolt. The strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar: Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magick
I here abjure; and when I have requir'd
Some heav'nly musick, which ev'n now I do,
(To work mine end upon their senses, that
'This airy charm is for;) I'll break my staff;
Bury it certain fadoms in the earth;
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

[*Solemn musick.*

Here enters Ariel before; then Alonso with a frantick Gesture, attended by Gonzalo, Sebastian and Anthonio in like manner, attended by Adrian and Francisco. They all enter the circle which Prospero had made, and there stand charm'd; which Prospero observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains
Now useless boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell stopt. —
Holy *Gonzalo*, honourable man,
Mine eyes, ev'n sociable to th' shew of thine,
Fall fellow drops. — The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,

Melting

Melting the darkness; so their rising senses
 Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes that mantle
 Their clearer reason. O my good *Gonzalo*,
 My true preserver, and a loyal Sir
 To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
 Home both in word and deed——Most cruelly
 Didst thou, *Alonso*, use me and my daughter:
 Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;
 Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, *Sebastian*, flesh and blood.
 You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
 Expell'd remorse and nature; who with *Sebastian*
 (Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Wou'd here have kill'd your King; I do forgive thee,
 Unnat'ral though thou art. Their understanding
 Begins to swell, and the approaching tide,
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shore.

That now lies foul and muddy. Not one of them,
 That yet looks on me, or would know me.—*Ariel*,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my Cell;
 I will discase me, and myself present,

[*Exit Ariel, and returns immediately.*]

As I was sometime *Milan*: quickly, Spirit!
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

[*Ariel sings, and helps to attire him.*]

Where the bee sucks, there lurk I;

In a cowslip's bell I lie:

There I couch, when owls do cry.

On the bat's back I do fly,

After Sunset, merrily.

Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,

Under the blossom, that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why that's my dainty *Ariel*; I shall miss thee;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom. So, so, so.
 To the King's ship, invisible as thou art;
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master and the boatswain,
 Being awake, enforce them to this place;
 And presently, I pry'thee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
 Or e'er you pulse twice beat.

[*Exit.*]

Gem.

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement
Inhabits here; some heav'nly power guide us
Out of this fearful country!

Pro. Behold, Sir King,
The wronged Duke of *Milan*, *Prospero*:
For more assurance that a living Prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body;
And to thee and thy company I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Be'st thou he or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know; thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood; and since I saw thee,
Th' affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear a Madness held me; this must crave
(And if this be at all) a most strange story:
Thy Dukedom I resign, and do intreat,
Thou pardon me my wrongs; but how should *Prospero*
Be living, and be here?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age, whose honour cannot
Be measur'd or confin'd.

Gon. Whether this be,
Or he not, I'll not swear

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o'th' Isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain: Welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,
I here could pluck his Highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors; at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him.

Pro. No: ———

For you, most wicked Sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest faults; all of them; and require
My Dukedom of thee, which perforce I know,
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou be'st *Prospero*,
Give us particulars of thy preservation,
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wrackt upon this shore; where I have lost

(How

(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son *Ferdinand*.

Pro. I'm woe for't, Sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss, and patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think,
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,
For the like loss, I have her sov'reign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; and, supportable
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter?

Alon. A daughter?

O heay'ns! that they were living both in *Naples*,
The King and Queen there; that they were, I wish,
Myself were mudded in that oozy bed,
Where my son lies. When did you lose your daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,
That they devour their reason; and scarce think,
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am *Prosp'ro*, and that very Duke
Which was thrust forth of *Milan*; who most strangely
Upon this shore, where you were wrackt, was landed
To be the lord on't. No more yet of this;
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,
Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, Sir;
This cell's my court; here have I few attendants,
And subjects none abroad; pray you, look in;
My Dukedom since you've given me again,
I will requite you with as good a thing;
At least bring forth a wonder to content ye,
As much as me my Dukedom.

SCENE opens to the Entrance of the Celb.

*Here Prospero discovers Ferdinand and Miranda
playing at Chess.*

Mira. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dear love,
I would not for the World.

Mira. Yes, for a score of kingdoms you shall wrangle,
And I would call it fair play.

Alon. If this prove
A vision of the Island, one dear son
Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle.

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful?
I've curst them without cause.

Alon. Now all the blessings [Ferd. kneels.
Of a glad father compass thee about?
Arise, and say how thou cam'st here.

Mira. O! wonder!
How many goodly creatures are there here?
How bounteous mankind is! O brave new world,
That has such people in't!

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast at play?
Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours:
Is she the goddess that hath severed us,
And brought us thus together?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal;
But by immortal providence, she's mine.
I chose her, when I could not ask my father
For his Advice: nor thought, I had one: she
Is daughter to this famous Duke of Milan,
Of whom so often I have heard renown,
But never saw before? of whom I have
Receiv'd a second life, and second father
This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers;
But, oh, how oddly will it sound that I
Must ask my child forgiveness!

Pro. There, Sir, stop;
Let us not burthen our remembrance with
An heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I've inly wept,
Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you Gods,
And on this couple drop a blessed crown :
For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way,
Which brought us hither !

Alon. I say, *Amen, Gonzalo !*

Gon. Was *Milan* thrust from *Milan*, that his issue
Should become Kings of *Naples* ! O rejoice
Beyond a common joy, and set it down
In gold on lasting pillars ! in one voyage
Did *Claribel* her husband find at *Tunis* ;
And *Ferdinand*, her brother, found a wife,
Where he himself was lost ; *Prospero* his Dukedom,
In a poor Isle ; and all of us, ourselves,
When no man was his own.

Alon. Give me your hands :
Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
That doth not wish you joy !

Gon. Be't so, *Amen !*

Enter Ariel, with the Master and Boatswain amazedly following.

O look, Sir, look, Sir, here are more of us !
I prophesy'd, if a gallows were on land,
This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
That swear'st grace o'erboard, nor an oath on shore ?
Hast thou no mouth by land ? what is the news ?

Boatsf. The best news is, that we have safely found
Our King and company ; the next our ship,
Which but three glasses since we gave out split,
Is tight and yare, and bravely rigg'd, as when
We first put out to sea.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went.

Pro. My tricksey spirit !

Alon. These are not natural events ; they strengthen,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you hither ?

Boatsf. If I did think, Sir, I were well awake
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead a-sleep,
And, how we know not, all clapt under hatches,
Where but ev'n now with strange and sev'ral noises
Of roaring, shrieking, howling, jingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,

We

We were awak'd ; straightway at liberty :
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good and gallant ship ; our master
Cap'ring to eye her ; on a trice, so please you,
Ev'n in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was't well done ?

Pro. Bravely, my diligence ; thou shalt be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod,
And there is in this business more than nature
Was ever conduct of ; some oracle
Must rectify our knowledge.

Pro. Sir, my Liege,
Do not infect your mind with beating on
The strangeness of this business ; at pickt leisure
(Which shall be shortly) single I'll resolve you,
Which to you shall seem probable, of every
These happen'd accidents ; till when be chearful,
And think of each think well. Come hither, Spirit ;
Set *Caliban* and his companions free :
Untie the spell. How fares my gracious Sir ?
There are yet missing of your company
Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

Enter Ariel, driving in Caliban, Stephano, and Trinculo, in their stolen apparel.

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no man
take care for himself ; for all is but fortune ; *Coragio*,
bully-monster, *Coragio* !

Trin. If these be true spies, which I wear in my head,
here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O *Setebos*, these be brave spirits, indeed !
How fine my master is ! I am afraid,
He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha ;
What things are these, my Lord *Antonio* ?
Will money buy 'em ?

Ant. Very like ; one of them
Is a plain fish, and no doubt marketable.

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,
Then say, if they be true : this mishap'd knave,
His mother was a witch and one so strong
That could controul the moon, make flows and ebbs,

And

And deal in her command without her power :
 These three have robb'd me ; and this demy devil
 (For he's a bastard one) had plott'd with them
 To take my life ; two of these fellows you
 Must know and own ; this thing of darknes I
 Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pincht to death

Alon. Is not this *Stephano*, my drunken butler ?

Seb. He's drunk now : where had he wine ?

Alon. And *Trinculo* is reeling ripe ; where should they
 Find this grand 'lixir, that hath gilded 'em ?
 How cam'it thou in this pick'e ?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you
 last, that I fear me, will never out of my bones : I shall
 not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, *Stephano* !

Ste. O, touch me not : I am not *Stephano*, but a cramp.

Pro. You'd be King o'th' isle, Sirrah ?

Ste. I should have been a fore one then.

Alon. 'Tis a strange thing, as e'er I look'd on.

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
 As in his shape : go, Sirrah to my cell,
 Take with you your companions ; as you look
 To have my pardon, trim it handsomly.

Cal. Ay, that I will ; and I'll be wise hereafter,
 And seek for grace. What a thrice double ass
 Was I, to take this drunkard for a god ?
 And worship this dull fool ?

Pro. Go to, away !

(it.)

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you found

Seb. Or stole it rather.

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
 To my poor cell ; where you shall take your rest
 For this one night, which (part of it) I'll waste
 With such discourse, as I not doubt, shall make it
 Go quick away ; the story of my life,
 And the particular accidents gone by,
 Since I came to this Isle : and in the morn
 I'll bring you to your ship ; and so to *Naples* :
 Where I have hope to see the nuptials
 Of these our dear beloved solemniz'd ;
 And thence retire me to my *Milan*, where

Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life, which must
Take the ear strangely.

Pro. I'll deliver all;

And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off: My *Ariel*, chick,
That is thy charge: Then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! Please you, draw near.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

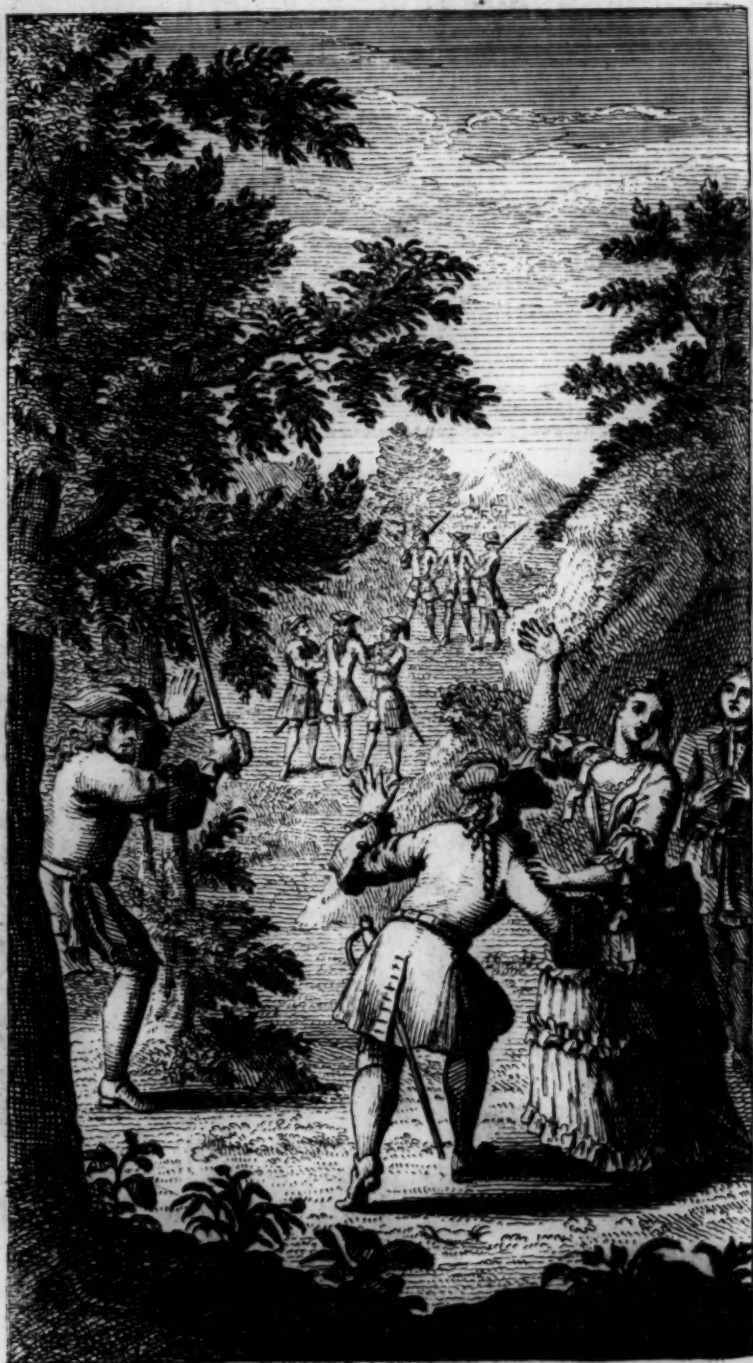
EPILOGUE,

Spoken by *Prospero*.

NOW my charms are all o'er-thrown,
And what strength I have's mine own;
Which is most faint: and now, 'tis true,
I must be here confin'd by you,
Or sent to Naples, Let me not,
Since I have my Dukedom got,
And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
In this bare island by your spell:
But release me from my bands,
With the help of your good hands
Gentle breath of yours my sails
Must fill, or else my project fails,
Which was to please. For now I want
Spirits to enforce, art to enchant;
And my ending is despair,
Unless I be reliev'd by prayer;
Which pierces so, that it assaults
Mercy itself, and frees all faults.
As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
Let your indulgence set me free.







THE TWO
GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
PROPRIETORS; and sold by the Booksellers
of *London and Westminster.*

M. DCC XXXIV.

THE TWO GENTLEMEN

70

NE R 64 N



5000

Printed for J. Thomas, and the
 Proprietors; and sold by the
 Proprietors, at the
 Proprietors, at the

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ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS *R. Walker*, with his Accomplices, have printed and publish'd several of *Shakspear's* Plays; and to screen their Innumerable Errors, advertise, That they are Printed as they are Acted, and Industriouslly report, that the said Plays are printed from Copies made use of at the Theatres. I therefore declare, in Justice to the Proprietors, whose Right is basely invaded, as well as in Defence of Myself, That no Person ever had, directly or indirectly from me, any such Copy or Copies; neither wou'd I be accessory on any Account in Imposing on the Publick such Useless, Pirated, and Maim'd Editions, as are publish'd by the said *R. Walker*.

W. CHETWOOD, Prompter to His Majesty's Company of Comedians at the Theatre Royal in Drury-Lane.

Dramatis Personæ.

DUKE of Milan, *Father to Silvia.*

Valentine, } *the two Gentlemen.*
Protheus, }

Anthonio, *Father to Protheus.*

Thurio, *a foolish Rival to Valentine.*

Eglamore, *Agent for Silvia in her Escape.*

Host, *where Julia lodges.*

Out-laws *with Valentine.*

Speed, *a clownish Servant to Valentine.*

Launce, *the like to Protheus.*

Panthion, *Servant to Anthonio.*

Julia, *beloved of Protheus.*

Silvia, *beloved of Valentine.*

Lucetta, *Waiting-woman to Julia.*

*The SCENE sometimes in Verona, and
sometimes in Milan.*

THE



†THE
TWO GENTLEMEN
OF
VERONA.

ACT I. SCENE I.

VERONA.

Enter Valentine and Protheus.

VALENTINE.



EASE to persuade, my loving *Protheus*;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely
wits;
We'r't not affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honour'd
love,

I rather would intreat thy company,

A 3

To

† It is observable (I know not for what cause) that the
Style of this Comedy is less figurative, and more natural and
unaffected than the greater Part of this Author's, though
suppos'd to be one of the first he wrote.

6 *The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.
But since thou lov'st, love still, and thrive therein,
Ev'n as I would when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet *Valentine*, adieu.
Think on thy *Protheus*, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
With me partaker in thy happiness
When thou dost meet good hap! and in thy danger,
If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayer;
For I will be thy bead's-man, *Valentine*.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success?

Pro. Upon some book I love I'll pray for thee. *

Val. To be in love where scorn is bought with groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading moment's
mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary tedious nights.

If haply won, perhaps an hapless gain:

If lost, why then a grievous labour won;

However but a folly bought with wit,

Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So by your circumstance you call me fool.

Val. So by your circumstance I fear you'll prove.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not love.

Val. Love is your master; for he masters you.

And he that is so yoked by a fool,

Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro.

* — I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young *Leander* cross'd the *Hellepont*.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love.
For he was more than over shoes in love,

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love;
And yet you never swam the *Hellepont*.

Pro. Over the boots? nay give me not the boots.

Val. No I will not; for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, &c.

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Pro. Yet writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond-desire?

Once more adieu: my father at the road
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, *Valentine*.

Val. Sweet *Protheus*, no: now let us take our leave.
At *Milan* let me hear from thee by letters
Of thy success in love; and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend:
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in *Milan*.

Val. As much to you at home; and so farewell. [*Exit*.]

Pro. He after honour hunts, I after love;
He leaves his friends to dignifie them more;
I leave my self, my friends, and all for love.
Thou *Julia*, thou hast metamorphos'd me;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at nought;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thoughts.

††† S C E N E II.

Enter Speed.

Speed. Sir *Protheus*, save you; saw you my master?

A 4

Pro.

††† This whole Scene, like many others in these Plays,
(some of which I believe were written by Shakespear, and
others interpolated by the Players) is compos'd of the lowest,
and most trifling conceits, to be accounted for only from
the gross taste of the age he liv'd in; Populor placerent.
I wish I had authority to leave them out, but I have
done all I could, set a mark of reprobation upon them,
throughout this edition.

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Pro. But now he parted hence t'embark for *Milan*.

Speed. Twenty to one then he is shipp'd already,
And I have play'd the sheep in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether
I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard but I'll prove it by another.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd; but I seek my master, and my ma-
ster seeks not me; therefore I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follows the shepherd, the
shepherd for food follows not the sheep; thou for wages
followest thy master, thy master for wages follows
not thee; therefore thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry *Baa*.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to
Julia?

Speed. Ay, Sir; I, a lost-mutton, gave your letter to
her, a lac'd-mutton; and she, a lac'd-mutton, gave me, a
lost-mutton, nothing for my labour.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of
muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharg'd, you were best
stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound
you.

Speed. Nay, Sir, less than a pound shall serve me for
carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake: I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,
'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she?

Speed.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

9

Speed. She nodded and said, I.

Pro. Nod-I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, Sir, I said she did nod:
And you ask me if she did nod, and I said ay.

Pro. And that set together, is noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well I perceive I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, Sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, Sir, the letter very orderly,
Having nothing, but the word noddy for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief; what said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money and the matter may be both deliver'd.

Pro. Well Sir, here is for your pains; what said she?

Speed. Truly, Sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? could'st thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her;
No not so much as a ducket, for delivering your letter.
And being so hard to me that brought your mind,
I fear she'll prove as hard to you in telling her mind.
Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as take this for thy pains;
To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me:

In requital whereof, henceforth carry your letter your self: and so, Sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wrack,
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destin'd to a drier death on shore.

I must go send some better messenger:

I fear my *Julia* would not deign my lines,

Receiving them from such a worthless post. [*Exeunt.*]

A 5

SCENE

SCENE II.

*Changes to JULIA's chamber.**Enter Julia, and Lucetta.*

Jul. BUT say, *Lucetta*, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, Madam, so you stumble not unheedfully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen
That ev'ry day with parle encounter me,
In thy opinion which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you repeat their names, I'll shew my
mind,

According to my shallow simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair Sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a Knight well spoken, neat and fine,
But were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich *Mercutio*?

Luc. Well of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle *Protheus*?

Luc. Lord, lord! to see what folly reigns in us!

Jul. How now? what means this passion at his name?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam, 'tis a passing shame
That I, unworthy body as I am,
Should censure thus a lovely gentleman.

Jul. Why not on *Protheus* as of all the rest?

Luc. Then thus, of many good, I think him best.

Jul. Your reason?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason;
I think him so because I think him so.

Jul. And would'st thou have me cast my love on him?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away.

Jul. Why he of all the rest hath never loved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest I think best loves yet.

Jul. His little speaking shews his love but small.

Luc. The fire that's closest kept burns most of all.

Jul.

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Jul. They do not love that do not shew their love.

Luc. Oh, they love ~~least~~ that let men know their love.

Jul. I would I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. To *Julia*; say from whom?

Luc. That the contents will shew.

Jul. Say, say; who gave it thee?

Luc. Sir *Valentine's* page; and sent, I think, from
Protheus.

He would have giv'n it you, but I being by
Did in your name receive it; pardon me.

Jul. Now by my modesty a goodly broker!

Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?

To whisper and conspire against my youth?

Now trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There take the paper; see it be return'd,

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.

Jul. Will ye be gone?

Luc. That you may ruminste. [Exit.]

Jul. And yet I would I had o'er-look'd the letter.

It were a shame to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault, for which I chid her.

What fool is she that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view?

Since maids in modesty say no to that:

Which they would have the proff'rer construe ay.

Fie, fie; how way-ward is this foolish love,

That like a testy babe will scratch the nurse,

And presently all humbled kiss the rod?

How churlishly I chid *Lucetta* hence,

When willingly I would have had her here?

How angerly I taught my brow to frown,

When inward joy enforc'd my heart to smile?

My penance is to call *Lucetta* back,

And ask remission for my folly past.

What ho! *Lucetta*!

Re enter

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Re-enter Lucetta.

Luc. What would your ladyship?

Jul. Is't near dinner-time?

Luc. I would it were,

That you might kill your stomach on your meat,
And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is't that you
Took up so gingerly?

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lye for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lye where it concerns,
Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune;
Give me a note; your ladyship can set.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible;
Best sing it to the tune of *Light O love*.

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy? belike it hath some burthen then.

Luc. Ay; and melodious were it, you would sing it.

Jul. And why not you?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song:
How now, minion?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out:
And yet methinks I do not like the tune.

Jul. You do not?

Luc. Mo, madam, 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too sawcy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,
And mar the concord with too harsh a discent:
There wanteth but a mean to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed I bid the base for *Prothens*.

Jul.

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Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me:
Here is a coil with protestation! [*Tears in.*]

Go, get you gone; and let the papers lye:
You would be fingring them to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange, but she would be best
pleas'd

To be so anger'd with another letter. [*Exit.*]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same!

Oh hateful hands to tear such loving words;
Injurious wasps, to feed on such sweet honey,
And kill the bees that yield it with your stings!
I'll kiss each several paper for amends:

Look, here is writ *kind Julia*; unkind *Julia*!

As in revenge of thy ingratitude;

I throw thy name against the bruising stones,

Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.

Look here is writ, *Love-wounded Protheus*.

Poor wounded name! my bosom, as a bed,

Shall lodge thee 'till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd;

And thus I search it with a sov'rain kiss.

But twice or thrice was *Protheus* written down:

Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,

'Till I have found each letter in the letter,

Except mine own name: That some whirl-wind bear

Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,

And throw it thence into the raging sea.

Lo here in one line is his name twice writ:

Poor forlorn Protheus, passionate Protheus,

To the sweet Julia: that I'll tear away;

And yet I will not, sith so prettily

He couples it to his complaining names:

Thus will I fold them one upon another;

Now kiss, embrace, contend; do what you will.

Enter Lucetta;

Luc. Madam, dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lye like tell-tales here?

Jul. If thou respect them, best to take them up.

Exit.

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Luc. Nay I was taken up for laying them down:
Yet here they shall not lie for catching cold.

Jul. I see you have a month's mind to them.

Luc. Ay madam, you may say what fights you see:
I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will't please you go? *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.

Enter Anthonio and Panthion.

Ant. TELL me, *Panthion*, what sad talk was that
Wherewith my brother held you in the
cloister?

Pant. 'Twas of his nephew *Protheus*, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him?

Pant. He wonder'd that your lordship
Would suffer him to spend his youth at home;
While other men of slender reputation
Put forth their sons to seek preferment out:
Some to the wars to try their fortune there,
Some to discover Islands far away;
Some to the studious universities,
For any, or for all these exercises,
He said, that *Protheus* your son was meet;
And did request me to importune you
To let him spend his time no more at home;
Which would be great impeachment to his age,
In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
Whereon this month I have been hammering.
I have consider'd well his loss of time;
And how he cannot be a perfect man,
Nor being try'd, nor tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry achiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.
Then tell me, whether were I best to send him?

Pant. I think your lordship is not ignorant.

How

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How his companion, youthful *Valentine*,
Attends the Emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pant. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent him
thither;

There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
Hear sweet discourses, converse with noblemen;
And be in eye of every exercise •
Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advis'd;
And that thou may'st perceive how well I like it,
The execution of it shall make known;
Ev'n with the speediest expedition
I will dispatch him to the Emperor's court.

Pant. To-morrow, may it please you, *Don Alphonso*,
With other gentlemen of good esteem,
Are journeying to salute the Emperor,
And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company: with them shall *Protheus* go
And in good time, how will we break with him.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life;
Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
Here is her oath for love, her honour's pawn.
O that our fathers would applaud our loves,
To seal our happiness with their consents,
Oh heav'nly *Julia*!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
Of commendation sent from *Valentine*;
Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter; let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord, but that he writes
How happily he lives, how well belov'd,
And daily graced by the Emperor;
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,

And

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And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted with his wish:
Mute not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will; and there's an end.
I am resolv'd that thou shalt spend some time
With *Valentine* in the Emp'r's court:
What maintenance he from his friend receives,
Like exhibition thou shalt have from me:
To-morrow be in readiness to go.
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please to deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look what thou want'st shall be sent after thee:
No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.
Come on *Panthion*; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exe. Ant. and Pant.*]

Pro. Thus have I shun'd the fire for fear of burning,
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to shew my father *Julia's* letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love;
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.
Oh how this spring of love resembleth well
Th' uncertain glory of an *April* day;
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. Sir *Protheus*, your father calls for you;
He is in haste, therefore I pray you go.

Pro. Why this it is! my heart accords thereto,
And yet a thousand times it answers no. [*Exeunt.*]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to* Milan.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

Speed. SIR, your glove.

Val. Not mine, my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is but one.

Val. Ha! let me see: ay, give it me, it's mine: Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine,

Ah Silvia! Silvia!

Speed. Madam Silvia! Madam Silvia!

Val. How now Sirrah?

Speed. She is not within hearing, Sir.

Val. Why Sir, who bad you call her?

Speed. Your worship, Sir, or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too-forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being so slow.

Val. Go too Sir, tell me, do you know Madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: first, you have learn'd, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a male-content, to relish a love-song like a *Robin-red-breast*, to walk alone like one that had the pestilence, to sigh like a school-boy that had lost his *A B C*, to weep like a young wench that had lost her grandam, to fast like one that takes diet, to watch like one that fears robbing, to speak puling like a beggar at *Hallowmas*. You were wont, when you laugh'd, to

crow

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crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphos'd with a mistress, that when I look on you I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceiv'd in me?

Speed. They are all perceiv'd without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay that's certain; for without you were so simple, none else would: But you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But tell me, dost thou know my lady *Silvia*?

Speed. She that you gaze on so as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observ'd that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, Sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by gazing on her, and yet know'st her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favour'd, Sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favour'd.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as of you well favour'd.

Val. I mean that her beauty is exquisite,
But her favour infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry Sir, so painted to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteem'st thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deform'd.

Val. How long hath she been deform'd?

Speed. Ever since you lov'd her.

Val.

Val. I have lov'd her ever since I saw her,
And still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O that you had mine eyes, or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at Sir *Protheus* for going ungarter'd.

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity: for he being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love: for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, Sir, I was in love with my bed; I thank you, you swing'd me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set, so your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoin'd me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:
Peace, here she comes.

Enter Silvia.

Speed. Oh excellent motion! oh exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

Val. Madam and Mistress, a thousand good-morrrows.

Speed. Oh! 'give ye good-even; here's a million of manners.

Sil. Sir *Valentine* and servant, to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you injoin'd me, I have writ your letter,

Unto

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Unto the secret, nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant, 'tis very clerkly done.

Val. Now trust me, Madam, it came hardly
For being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, Madam, so it steed you, I will write,
Please you command; a thousand times as much
And yet——

Sil. A pretty period; well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it, yet I care not,
And yet take this again, and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet, another yet. [*Aside.*

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes, the lines are very quaintly writ;
But since unwillingly, take them again;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay; you writ them, Sir, at my request;
But I will none of them; they are for you:
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And when it's writ, for my sake read it over;
And if it please you, so; if not, why so.

Val. If it please me, Madam, what then?

Sil. Why if it please you, take it for your labour;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit.*

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible, as a nose
On a man's face, or a weathercock on a steeple!
My master sues to her, and she hath taught her suitor,
He being her pupil, to become her tutor:
O excellent device! was there ever heard a better?
That my master being the scribe, to himself should write
the letter?

Val. How now, Sir? what are you reasoning with
your self?

Speed.

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Speed. Nay, I was riming; 'tis you have the reason.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokes-man from Madam *Silvia*.

Val. To whom?

Speed. To your self; why, the woes you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she,

When she hath made you write to your self:

Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, Sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she deliver'd, and there's an end.

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her, and she in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger that might her mind
discover,

Her self hath taught her love himself to write unto her
lover.

All this I speak in print; for in print I found it.

Why muse you, Sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have din'd.

Speed. Ay, but hearken Sir; tho' the *Cameleon* love
can feed on the air, I am one that am nourish'd by
my victuals; and would fain have meat: oh be not
like your mistress; be moved, be moved. [Exeunt.]

SCENE

SCENE II.

Changes to Verona.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. HAVE patience, gentle *Julia*.

Ful. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Ful. If you return not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy *Julia's* sake.

Pro. Why then we'll make exchange; here, take
you this. [Giving a ring.]

Ful. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy:
And when that hour o'ersteps me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, *Julia*, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me, for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not:
The tide is now; nay, not the tide of tears;
That tide will stay me longer than I should: [Exit Julia.]
Julia, farewell. What! gone without a word?
Ay, so true love should do; it cannot speak;
For truth hath better deeds than words to grace it.

Enter Panthion.

Pan. Sir *Protheus*, you are staid for.

Pro. Go, I come.

Alas! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb. [Exit.]

SCENE III.

Enter Launce, with his dog Crab.

Laun. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done
weeping; all the kind of the *Launces* have this very
fault;

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fault: I have receiv'd my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with Sir *Protheus* to the Imperial's court. I think *Crab* my dog be the sowrest-natur'd dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear! he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: this shoe is my father; no this left shoe is my father; no, no, this left shoe is my mother; nay, that cannot be so neither; yes it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; this shoe with the hole in it is my mother, and this my father; a vengeance on't, there 'tis: now Sir, this staff is my sister; for look you, she is as white as a lilly, and as small as a wand; this hat is *Nan* our maid; I am the dog; no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog: oh, the dog is me, and I am my self; ay, so so; now come I to my father; father, your blessing; now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well he weeps on: now come I to my mother; oh that he could speak now like * an ould woman! well I kiss her; why there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down: now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter Panthion.

Pant. *Launce*, away, away, aboard; thy master is shipp'd and thou art to post after with oars: what's the matter? why weep'st thou, man? away ass, you will lose the tide, if you tarry any longer.

Laun. It is no matter if the tide were lost, for it is the unkindest tide that ever any man ty'd.

Pant.

* a would woman.

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Pant. What's the unkindest tide?

Laun. Why, he that's ty'd here; *Crab*, my dog.

Pant. Tut, man; I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and in losing thy master, lose thy service; and in losing thy service, — why dost thou stop my mouth?

Laun. For fear thou should'st lose thy tongue.

Pant. Where should I lose my tongue?

Laun. In thy tale.

Pant. In thy tail.

Laun. Lose the flood, and the voyage, and the master, and the service, and the tide; why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears; if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pant. Come, come, away, man, I was sent to call thee.

Laun. Sir, call me what thou dar'st.

Pant. Wilt thou go?

Laun. Well I will go.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Changes to Milan.

Enter Valentine, Silvia, Thurio and Speed.

Sil. **S**ervant.

Val. Mistress.

Speed. Master, Sir *Thurio* frowns on you.

Val. Ay boy it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good you knockt him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val.

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Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I that I am not?

Val. Wife.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your Folly.

Thu. And how quote you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What angry, Sir *Thurio*? do you change colour?

Val. Give him leave, Madam; he is a kind of *Camelion*.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.

Val. You have said, Sir.

Thu. Ay Sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

Val. 'Tis indeed, Madam; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady, for you gave the fire: Sir *Thurio* borrows his wit from your ladyship's looks, and spends what he borrows kindly in your company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, Sir; you have an exchequer of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your followers: for it appears, by their bare liveries, that they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more: Here comes my father.

SCENE V.

Enter the Duke.

Duke. Now, daughter *Silvia*, you are hard beset;
Sir *Valentine*, your father's in good health:

B

What

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What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you *Don Antonio*, your countryman?

Val. Ah, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth and worthy estimation;
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son?

Val. Ay, my good lord, a son that well deserves
The honour and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well?

Val. I knew him as myself, for from our infancy
We have convers'd and spent our hours together:
And tho' myself have been an idle truant,
Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
To cloth mine eyes with angel-like perfection;
Yet hath Sir *Protheus*, for that's his name,
Made use and fair advantage of his days;
His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Bestrew me, Sir, but if he make this good,
He is as worthy for an empress's love,
As meet to be an Emperor's counsellor,
Well, Sir, this gentleman is come to me,
With commendations from great potentates;
And here he means to spend his time a while.
I think 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth:

Silvia, I speak to you; and you, Sir *Thurio*;

For *Valentine*, I need not cite him to it:

I'll send him hither to you presently.

[*Exit. Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman I told your ladyship
Had come along with me, but that his mistress
Did hold his eyes lockt in her crystal looks.

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Sil. Belike that now she hath enfranchis'd them
Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay sure I think she holds them pris'ners still.

Sil. Nay then he should be blind; and being blind,
How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, *Thurio*, as yourself:
Upon a homely object love can wink.

S C E N E VI.

Enter Protheus.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear *Protheus*: mistress, I beseech you
Confirm this welcome with some special favour.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither,
If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: Sweet lady, entertain him
To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant
To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability:
Sweet lady entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:
Servant, you're welcome to a worthless mistress.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so but yourself.

Sil. That you're welcome?

Pro. That you are worthless.

Thu. Madam, my lord your father would speak with
you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure; come, Sir *Thurio*,
Go with me. Once more my new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home affairs;
When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[*Ex. Sil. and Thu.*

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S C E N E VII.

Val. Now tell me how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you; I know you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, *Protheus*, but that life is alter'd now; I have done penance for contemning love, Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me With bitter fasts, with penitential groans, With nightly tears and daily heart-fore sighs. For in revenge of my contempt of love, Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes, And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow. O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord, And hath so humbled me, as I confess There is no woe to his correction; Nor to his service, no such joy on earth. Now no 'discourse, except it be of love; Now can I break my fast, dine, sup and sleep Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough: I read your fortune in your eye. Was this the idol that you worship so?

Val. Even she; and is she not a heav'nly saint?

Pro. No: but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O flatter me; for love delights in praise.

Pro. When I was sick you gave me bitter pills, And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her, if not divine, Yet let her be a principality, Sov'reign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro.

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Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any,
Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer my own?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too:
She shall be dignify'd with this high honour,
To bear my lady's train, lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss;
And of so great a favour growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why *Valentine*, what bragadism is this?

Val. Pardon me, *Protheus*; all I can is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world: why man, she is mine own,
And I as rich in having such a Jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rock pure gold.
Forgive me that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me doat upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along, and I must after;
For love thou know'st is full of Jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you?

Val. Ay, and we are betroth'd; nay more, our marriage,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determin'd of; how I must climb her window,
The ladder made of cords, and all the means
Plotted and 'greed on for my happiness.
Good *Protheus*, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before; I shall enquire you forth.
I must unto the road, to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste?

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Pro. I will.

[*Exit Val.*

Ev'n as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another;
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it mine then, or *Valentino's* praise?
Her true perfection or my false transgression,
That makes me reasonless to reason thus?
She's fair; and so is *Julia* that I love;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd;
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks my zeal to *Valentine* is cold,
And that I love him not as I was wont.
Oh! but I love his lady too too much;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I doat on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazled so my reason's light:
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Speed and Launce.

Speed. *Launce*, by mine honesty welcome to † *Milan*.

Laun. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome: I reckon this always, that a man is never undone 'till he be hang'd, nor never welcome to a place 'till some certain shot be paid, and the hostess say welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap; I'll to the ale-house with you presently, where, for one shot of five-pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But Sirrah, how

† ——— It is Padua in the former editions. See the note on *Act* 3. *Scene* 2.

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how did thy master part with Madam *Julia*?

Laun. Marry, after they clos'd in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Laun. No.

Speed. How then? shall he marry her?

Laun. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Laun. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

Speed. Why then how stands the matter with them?

Laun. Marry thus, when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.*

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Laun. Ask my dog: if he say ay, it will; if he say no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Laun. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so: but *Launce*, how say'st thou that my master is become a notable lover?

Laun. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Laun. A notable Lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistak'st me.

Laun. Why fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover.

B 4

Laun.

* ——— it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou? I understand thee not.

Laun. What a block art thou, that thou canst not? My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Laun. Ay, and what I do too; look thee, I'll but lean and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee indeed.

Laun. Why, stand-under, and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, &c.

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Lann. Why, I tell thee, I care not tho' he burn himself in love: If thou wilt go with me to the ale-house, so; if not, thou art an *Hebrew*, a *Jew*, and not worth the name of a *Christian*.

Speed. Why?

Lann. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee as to go to the ale-house with a *Christian*: wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IX.

Enter Protheus solus.

Pro. To leave my *Julia*; shall I be forsworn?
To love fair *Silvia*; shall I be forsworn?
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn:
And ev'n that pow'r which gave me first my oath
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bad me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet suggestion love, if thou hast sinn'd,
Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it.
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken;
And he wants wit that wants resolved will,
To learn his wit t'exchange the bad for better,
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue, to call her bad,
Whose Sov'raignty so oft thou hast preferr'd
With twenty thousand soul-confirmed oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do:
But there I leave to love where I should love:
Julia I lose, and *Valentine* I lose:
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself:
If I lose them, thus find I but their loss;
For *Valentine*, myself; for *Julia*, *Silvia*:
I to myself am dearer than a friend;
For love is still most precious in itself:
And *Silvia*, witness heav'n that made her fair,
Shews *Julia* but a swarthy *Ethiope*.

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I will forget that *Julia* is alive,
 Remembring that my love to her is dead:
 And *Valentine* I'll hold an enemy,
 Aiming at *Silvia* as a sweeter friend.
 I cannot now prove constant to my self,
 Without some treachery us'd to *Valentine*:
 This night he meaneth with a corded ladder
 To climb celestial *Silvia*'s chamber window,
 My self in council his competitor.
 Now presently I'll give her farther notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended flight:
 Who, all enrag'd, will banish *Valentine*:
 For *Thurio* he intends shall wed his daughter.
 But *Valentine* being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some fly trick, blunt *Thurio*'s dull proceeding.
 Love lend me wings, to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot his drift. [Exit.

SCENE X.

VERONA.

Enter Julia and Lucetta.

Jul. COUNSEL, *Lucetta*; gentle girl, assist me,
 And even in kind love I do conjure thee;
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engrav'd,
 To lesson me, and tell me some good mean,
 How with my honour I may undertake
 A journey to my loving *Protheus*.

Luc. Alas, the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure Kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection as Sir *Protheus*.

Luc. Better forbear 'till *Protheus* make return.

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Jul. Oh, know'st thou not his looks are my soul's food?

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualifie the fire's extreamest rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up, the more it burns:

- ' The current that with gentle murmur glides,
- ' Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
- ' But when his fair course is not hindered,
- ' He makes sweet musick with th' enameled stones,
- ' Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
- ' He overtaketh in his pilgrimage:
- ' And so by many winding nooks he strays,
- ' With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
- ' Then let me go, and hinder not my course;
- ' I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
- ' And make a pastime of each weary step,
- ' 'Till the last step have brought me to my love;
- ' And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
- ' A blessed soul doth in *Elizium*.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along?

Jul. Not like a woman; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men:
Gentle *Lucetta*, fit me with such weeds
As may bescem some well reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl; I'll knit it up in silken strings,
With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots:
To be fantastick may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall shew to be.

Luc. What fashion, Madam, shall I make your breeches?

Jul. That fits as well, as tell me, good my lord.
What compass will you wear your farthingale?

Why,

Why, even what fashion thou best like'st, *Lucetta*.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece, Madam.

Jul. Out, out, *Lucetta*, that will be ill-favour'd.

Luc. A round hose, Madam, now's not worth a pin, Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. *Lucetta*, as thou lov'st me, let me have What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly: But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me For undertaking so unsta'd a journey?

I fear me it will make me scandaliz'd.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go. If *Protheus* like your journey when you come, No matter who's displeas'd when you are gone: I fear me he will scarce be pleas'd with all.

Jul. That is the least, *Lucetta*, of my fear: A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears, And instances as infinite of love, Warrant me welcome to my *Protheus*.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men that use them to so base effect: But truer stars did govern *Protheus* birth; His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles, His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate, His tears pure messengers sent from his heart, His heart as far from fraud as heav'n from earth.

Luc. Pray heav'n he prove so when you come to him.

Jul. Now as thou lov'st me, do him not that wrong, To bear a hard opinion of his truth; Only deserve my love by loving him, And presently go with me to my chamber, To take a note of what I stand in need of, To furnish me upon my longing journey: All that is mine I leave at thy dispose, My goods, my lands, my reputation, Only in lieu thereof dispatch me hence, Come, answer not; but to it presently: I am impatient of my tarriance.



ACT III. SCENE I.

SCENE *changes to Milan.**Enter Duke, Thurio and Protheus.*

DUKE.



IR *Thurio*, give us leave, I pray, a while;
We have some secrets to confer about.
[*Exit Thurio.*]

Now tell me, *Protheus*, what's your will
with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I
would discover

The law of friendship bids me to conceal;
But when I call to mind your gracious favours
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that,
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy Prince, Sir *Valentine* my friend
This night intends to steal away your daughter:
My self am one made privy to the plot.
I know you have determin'd to bestow her
On *Thurio* whom your gentle daughter hates:
And should she thus be stol'n away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than by concealing it heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
If unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. *Protheus*, I thank thee for thine honest care;
Which to requite, command me while I live.
This love of theirs my self have often seen,

Haply

Haply when they have judg'd me fast asleep;
 And oftentimes have purpos'd to forbid
 Sir *Valentine* her company, and my court:
 But fearing lest my jealous aim might err,
 And so unworthily disgrace the man,
 (A rashness that I ever yet have shun'd;)
 I gave him gentle looks, thereby to find
 That which thy self hath now disclos'd to me.
 And that thou may'st perceive my fear of this,
 Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,
 I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
 The key whereof my self hath ever kept;
 And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble Lord, they have devis'd a mean
 How he her chamber-window will ascend,
 And with a corded ladder fetch her down;
 For which the youthful lover now is gone,
 And this way comes he with it presently:
 Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
 But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
 That my discov'ry be not aimed at;
 For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
 Hath made me publisher of this pretence.

Duke. Upon mine honour, he shall never know
 That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord: Sir *Valentine* is coming.

[*Ex. Pro.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Valentine.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*, whither away so fast?

Val. Please it your Grace, there is a messenger
 That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
 And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signifie
 My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay then no matter; stay with me a while;

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I am to break with thee of some affairs
That touch me near; wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, Sir *Thurio*, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord, and sure the match
Were rich and honourable; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth and qualities,
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your Grace win her to fancy him?

Duke. No, trust me, she is peevish, fullen, froward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father:
And may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her;
And where I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty;
I now am full resolv'd to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in:
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dowre;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your Grace have me to do in this?

Duke. There is a lady * Sir, in *Milan* here,
Whom I affect; but she is nice and coy,
And nought esteems my aged eloquence:
Now therefore would I have thee to my tutor;
(For long ago I have forgot to court;
Besides, the fashion of the time is chang'd.)
How and which way I may bestow my self,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

Val. Win her with gifts, if she respects not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val.

* Sir in *Milan* here. It ought to be thus, instead of—in *Verona* here—for the Scene apparently is in *Milan*, as is clear from several passages in the first *Act*, and in the beginning of the first Scene of the fourth *Act*. A like mistake has crept into the eighth Scene of *Act* II. where Speed bids his fellow-servant *Launce*, welcome to *Padua*.

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Val. A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her;

Send her another; never give her o'er;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you:
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone;
For why, the fools are mad if left alone.
Take no repulse, whatever she doth say;
For, get you gone, she doth not mean away:
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces;
Tho' ne'er so black, say they have angels faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promis'd by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth,
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lockt, and keys kept safe,
That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets but one may enter at her window?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft far from the ground,
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then a ladder quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another *Hera's* tower,
So bold *Leander* would adventure it.

Duke. Now as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it? pray, Sir, tell me that.

Duke. This very night; for love is like a child,
That longs for ev'ry thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven a clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee: I will go to her alone;
How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it
Under a cloak that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn.

Val.

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Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;
I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?
I pray thee let me feel thy cloak upon me.
What letter is this same? what's here? To *Silvia*?
And here an engine fit for my proceeding?
I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*Duke Reads.*

*My thoughts do harbour with my Silvia nightly,
And slaves they are to me that send them flying:
Oh, could their master come and go as lightly,
Himself would lodge where senseless they are lying:
My herald thoughts in thy pure bosom rest them,
While I, their King, that thither them importune,
Do curse the grace that with such grace hath blest them,
Because my self do want my servants fortune:
I curse my self, for they are sent by me,
That they should harbour where their lord would be.*

What's here? *Silvia*, this night will I infranchise thee:

'Tis so; and here's the ladder for the purpose.

Why *Phaeton*, for thou art *Merop's* son,

Wilt thou aspire to guide the heav'nly car,

And with thy daring folly burn the world?

Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee?

Go, base intruder! over-weening slave!

Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates,

And think my patience, more than thy desert,

Is privilege for thy departure hence:

Thank me for this, more than for all the favours

Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.

But if thou linger in my territories,

Longer than swiftest expedition

Will give thee time to leave our royal court,

By heav'n, my wrath shall far exceed the love

I ever bore my daughter or thy self:

Be gone, I will not hear thy vain excuse,

But as thou lov'st thy life, make speed from hence. [*Exit*

S C E N E

SCENE III.

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment?
' To die, is to be banish'd from my self,
' And *Silvia* is my self; banish'd from her
' Is self from self: a deadly banishment!
' What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
' What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?
' Unless it be to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
' Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
' There is no musick in the nightingale:
' Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,
' There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence, and I leave to be
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumin'd, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death to fly his deadly doom:
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter Protheus and Launce.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Laun. So-ho-so, ho! ———

Pro. What see'st thou?

Laun. Him we go to find:

There's not an hair on's head but 'tis a *Valentine*.

Pro. *Valentine*.

Val. No.

Pro. Who then; his spirit?

Val. Neither.

Pro. What then?

Val. Nothing.

Laun. Can nothing speak? Master, shall I strike?

Pro. Whom wouldst thou strike?

Laun. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Laun. Why, Sir, I'll strike nothing; I pray you

Pro.

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Pro. I say forbear: friend *Valentine*, a word.

Val. My ears are stopt, and cannot hear good news,
So much of bad already hath possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine;
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is *Silvia* dead?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, indeed, for sacred *Silvia*:
Hath she forsworn me?

Pro. No, *Valentine*.

Val. No *Valentine*, if *Silvia* have forsworn me:
What is your news?

Laun. Sir, there's a proclamation you are vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd; oh, that is the news,
From hence, from *Silvia*, and from me thy friend.

Val. Oh, I have fed upon this woe already;
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth *Silvia* know that I am banished?

Pro. Ay, ay; and she hath offered to the doom
Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears:
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
With them, upon her knees, her humble self;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire;
But *Valentine*, if he be ta'en must die;
Besides, her intercession chaf'd him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of biding there.

Val. No more, unless the next word that thou speak'st
Have some malignant power upon my life:
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolour.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help,
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good:

Here

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Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff, walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, tho' thou art hence,
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Ev'n in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate;
Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate
And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
Of all that may concern thy love-affairs:
As thou lov'st *Silvia*, tho' not for thy self,
Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, *Launce*, and if thou see'st my boy,
Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north-gate.

Pro. Go Sirrah, find him out: come *Valentine*.

Val. O my dear *Silvia*! hapless *Valentine*! [Exeunt.]

S C E N E IV.

Laun. I am but a fool, look you, and yet I have
the wit to think my master is a kind of a knave: but
that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not
now that knows me to be in love, yet I am in love;
but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me,
nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman; but what
woman I will not tell my self; and yet 'tis a milk-
maid; yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips;
yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid and
serves for wages: she hath more qualities than a wa-
ter-spaniel, which is much in a bare christian. Here
is the cat-log [*Pulling out a Paper*] of her conditions;
Imprimis, she can fetch and carry; why a horse can
do no more, nay a horse cannot fetch, but only car-
ry; therefore is she better than a jade. *Item*, she
can milk; look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with
clean hands.

Enter

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Enter Speed.

Speed. How now signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Laun. With my mastership? why, it is at sea.

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word: what news then in your paper?

Laun. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why man, how black?

Laun. Why as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Laun. Fie on thee, jolthead, thou can'st not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can,

Laun. I will try thee; tell me this, who begot thee?

Speed. Marry the son of my grand-father.

Laun. O illiterate loiterer, it was the son of thy grand-mother; this proves that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come fool, come, try me in thy paper.

Laun. There, and S. Nicholas be thy speed.

Speed. *Imprimis*, she can milk.

Laun. Ay that she can.

Speed. *Item*, she brews good ale.

Laun. And thereof comes the proverb, *Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.*

Speed. *Item*, she can sewe.

Laun. That's as much as to say, *can she so?*

Speed. *Item*, she can knit.

Laun. What need a man care for a stock with a wench, when she can knit him a stock!

Speed. *Item*, she can wash and scour.

Laun. A special virtue, for then she need not to be wash'd and scour'd.

Speed. *Item*, she can spin.

Laun. Then may I set the world on wheels, when she can spin for her living.

Speed. *Item*, she hath many nameless virtues.

Laun. That's as much as to say *Bastard Virtues*, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed,

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Speed. Here follow her vices.

Laun. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, she is not to be kist fasting, in respect of her breath.

Laun. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast: read on.

Speed. Item, she hath a sweet mouth.

Laun. That makes amends for her four breath.

Speed. Item, she doth talk in her sleep.

Laun. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, she is slow in words.

Laun. Oh villain! that set down among her vices! to be slow in words is a woman's only virtue: I pray thee out with't, and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, she is proud.

Laun. Out with that too: it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, she hath no teeth.

Laun. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, she is curst.

Laun. Well, the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, she will often praise her liquor.

Laun. If her liquor be good, she shall; if she will not, I will, for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, she is too liberal.

Laun. Of her tongue she cannot, for that's writ down she is slow of; of her purse she shall not, for that I'll keep shut; now of another thing she may, and that cannot I help. Well, proceed,

Speed. Item, she hath more hairs than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.

Laun. Stop here; I'll have her; she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, she hath more hair than wit.

Laun. More hair than wit; it may be, I'll prove it: the cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore it is more than the salt; the hair that covers the wit is

more

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more than the wit; for the greater hides the less.
What's next?

Speed. And more faults than hairs.

Laun. That's monstrous: oh that that were out.

Speed. And more wealth than faults.

Launc. Why, that word makes the faults gracious: well, I'll have her; and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible——

Speed. What then?

Laun. Why then will I tell thee, that thy master stays for thee at the north-gate.

Speed. For me?

Laun. For thee? ay, who art thou? he hath staid for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Laun. Thou must run to him; for thou hast staid so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? pox on your love-letters.

Laun. Now will he be swing'd for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets. I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E V.

Enter Duke and Thurio.

Duke. Sir *Thurio*, fear not, but that she will love you, Now *Valentine* is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despis'd me most, Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me, That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love, is as a figure Trenched in ice, which within an hour's heat Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form. A little time will melt her frozen thoughts, And worthless *Valentine* shall be forgot.

Enter

Enter Protheus.

How now, Sir *Protheus*; is your countreyman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going heavily.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but *Thurio* thinks not so.

Protheus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your Grace,
Let me not live to look upon your Grace.

Duke. Thou know'st how willingly I would effect
The match between Sir *Thurio* and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also I do think thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did my lord, when *Valentine* was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do to make the girl forget
The love of *Valentine*, and love Sir *Thurio*?

Pro. The best way is to slander *Valentine*
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent:
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think that it is spoke in hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must with circumstance be spoken
By one whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loth to do;
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman,
Especially against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being intreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By ought that I can speak in his dispraise,

She

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She shall not long continue love to him.

But say this wean her love from *Valentine*,

It follows not that she will love Sir *Thurio*.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,

Lest it should ravel and be good to none,

You must provide to bottom it on me :

Which must be done by praising me as much

As you in worth dispraise Sir *Valentine*.

Duke. And, *Protheus*, we dare trust you in this kind,

Because we know, on *Valentine's* report,

You are already love's firm votary,

And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.

Upon this warrant shall you have access,

Where you with *Silvia* may confer at large :

For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,

And for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;

Where you may temper her, by your persuasion,

To hate young *Valentine*, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect.

But you Sir *Thurio* are not sharp enough ;

You must lay lime, to tangle her desires

By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhimes

Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Much is the force of heav'n-bred poesie.

Pro. Say that upon the altar of her beauty

You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :

Write 'till your ink be dry, and with your tears

Moist it again, and frame some feeling line

That may discover such integrity :

For *Orpheus'* lute was strung with poets sinews,

Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,

Make tygers tame, and huge *Leviathans*

Forfake unfounded deeps, and dance on sands.

After your dire-lamenting elegies

Visit by night your lady's chamber-window

With some sweet consort : to their instruments

Tune a deploring dump ; the 'night's dead silence

Will well become such sweet complaining grievance :

This, or else nothing, will inherit her.

Duke. This discipline shews thou hast been in love.

Thu.

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Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in practice;
Therefore, sweet *Protheus*, my direction-giver,
Let us into the city presently
To sort some Gentlemen well skill'd in Musick;
I have a sonner that will serve the turn
To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, Gentlemen.

Pro. We'll wait upon your Grace till after supper,
And afterwards determine our proceedings.

Duke. Ev'n now about it. I will pardon you.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

SCENE *A Forest.*

Enter certain Out-laws.

1 OUT-LAW.



ELLOWS, stand fast: I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but
down with 'em.

Enter Valentine and Speed.

3 *Out.* Stand, Sir, and throw us what
you have about you; if not, we'll make you, Sir, and
rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone; these are the Villains
that all the travellers fear so much.

Val. My friends.

1 *Out.* That's not so, Sir; we are your Enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard will we; for he is a proper
man.

C

Val.

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Val. Then know that I have little to lose:
A man I am, cross'd with adversity;
My riches are these poor habiliments,
Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 Out. Whither travel you?

Val. To *Verona*.

1 Out. Whence came you?

Val. From *Milan*.

3 Out. Have you long sojourn'd there?

Val. Some sixteen months, and longer might have
staid,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

1 Out. What were you banish'd thence?

Val. I was.

2 Out. For what offence?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse:
I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent;
But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
Without false vantage or base treachery.

1 Out. Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so,
But were you banish'd for so small a fault?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 Out. Have you the tongues?

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy,
Or else I often had been miserable.

3 Out. By the bare scalp of *Robin Hood's* fat friar,
This fellow were a King for our wild faction.

1 Out. We'll have him. Sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them: it's an honourable
kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, Villain.

2 Out. Tell us this; have you any thing to take to?

Val. Nothing but my fortune.

3 Out. Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful men:
My self was from *Verona* banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir and neice ally'd unto the Duke.

2 Out.

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2 *Out.* And I from *Mantua*, for a gentleman
Whom in my mood I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I for such like petty crimes as these,
But to the purpose; for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excus'd our lawless lives;
And partly seeing you are beautify'd
With goodly shape, and by your own report
A linguist, and a man of such perfection
As we do in our quality much want.

2 *Out.* Indeed because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore above the rest we parley to you;
Are you content to be our general?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live as we do in the wilderness?

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our con-
sort?
Say ay, and be the Captain of us all:
We'll do thee homage and be rul'd by thee,
Love thee as our commander and our King,

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesie, thou dy'st.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have
offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you,
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And shew thee all the treasure we have got;
Which with our selves shall rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]



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SCENE II.

Changes to Milan.

Enter Protheus.

Pro. **A**lready I've been false to *Valentine*,
And now I must be as unjust to *Thurio*.
Under the colour of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But *Silvia* is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falsehood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think how I have been forsworn
In breaking faith with *Julia* whom I lov'd.
And notwithstanding all her sudden quips,
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows and fawneth on her still.
But here comes *Thurio*: now must we to her window,
And give some evening musick to her ear.

Enter Thurio and Musicians.

Thu. How now, Sir *Protheus*, are you crept before us?

Pro. Ay, gentle *Thurio*; for you know that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay but I hope, Sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Whom, *Silvia*?

Pro. Ay, *Silvia*, for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own: now gentlemen
Let's turn, and to it lustily a while.

SCENE

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SCENE III.

Enter Host, and Julia in boy's cloaths.

Host. Now my young guest, methinks you're melancholy: I pray what is it?

Jul. Marry, mine Host, because I cannot be merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry: I'll bring you where you shall hear musick, and see the gentleman that you ask'd for.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be musick.

Host. Hark, hark.

Jul. Is he among these?

Host. Ay; but peace, let's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia? what is she?

That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair and wise is she,

The heav'n such grace did lend her,

That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty lives with kindness.

Love doth to her eyes repair,

To help him of his blindness:

And being help'd inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling;

She excels each mortal thing

Upon the dull earth dwelling:

To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now? are you sadder than you were before? how do you, man? the musick likes you not.

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Jul. You mistake ; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth ?

Jul. He plays false, father.

Host. How, out of tune on the strings ?

Jul. Not so ; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings.

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf ; it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive you delight not in musick.

Jul. Not a whit when it jars so.

Host. Hark what fine change is in the musick.

Jul. Ay ; that change is the spight.

Host. You would have them always play but one thing ?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, *Host.* doth this Sir *Protheus* that we talk on, Often resort unto this gentlewoman ?

Host. I tell you what *Launce* his man told me, he lov'd her out of all nick.

Jul. Where is *Launce* ?

Host. Gone to seek his dog, which to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace, stand aside, the company parts.

Pro. Sir *Thurio*, fear not ; I will so plead, That you shall say my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we ?

Pro. At Saint *Gregory's* well.

Thu. Farewel.

[*Ex. Thu. and Musick.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Silvia above.

Pro. Madam, good even to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your musick, gentlemen: Who is that that spake ?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's truth, You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil.

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Sil. Sir *Protheus*, as I take it.

Pro. Sir *Protheus*; gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish; my will is ever this,
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjur'd, false, disloyal man!

Think'st thou I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me, by this pale Queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;

And by and by intend to chide my self,

Ev'n for this time I spend in talking to thee:

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady,
But she is dead.

Ful. [*Aside.*] 'Twere false if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried.

Sil. Say that be; yet *Valentine* thy friend

Survives, to whom thy self art witness,

I am betroth'd: and art thou not asham'd

To wrong him with thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear that *Valentine* is dead.

Sil. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thy self, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave and call her thence,
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.

Ful. [*Aside.*] He heard not that.

Pro. Madam if your heart be so obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,

The picture that is hanging in your chamber:

To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:

For since the substance of your perfect self

Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;

And to your shadow will I make true love.

Ful. [*Aside.*] If 'twere a substance you would sure
deceive it.

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And make it but a shadow as I am.

Silv. I'm very loth to be your idol, Sir;
But since your falshood shall become you well,
To worship shadows and adore false shapes,
Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
And so good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Pro. and Sil.*]

Jul. Host, will you go?

Host. By my hallidom I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you where lies Sir *Protheus*?

Host. Marry at my house: trust me I think 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so; but it hath been the longest night
That e'er I watch'd, and the most heavy one.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Eglamour.

Egl. This is the hour that madam *Silvia*
Entreated me to call and know her mind:
There's some great matter she'd employ me in.
Madam, madam!

Enter Silvia above.

Sil. Who calls?

Egl. Your servant and your friend;
One that attends your Ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir *Eglamour*, a thousand times good-morrow.

Egl. As many, worthy lady, to your self:
According to your ladyship's impose,
I am thus early come, to know what service
It is your pleasure to command me in.

Sil. Oh *Eglamour*, thou art a gentleman,

(*Think*

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(Think not I flatter, for I swear I do not.)
Valiant and wise, remorseful, well accomplish'd;
Thou art not ignorant what dear good-will
I bear unto the banish'd *Valentine*;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain *Thurio*, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
Thy self hast lov'd, and I have heard thee say
No grief did come so near unto thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love dy'd;
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir *Eglamour*, I would to *Valentine*
To *Mantua*, where I hear he makes abode:
And for the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company;
Upon whose faith and honour I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, *Eglamour*;
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief,
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heav'n and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of Sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company and go with me:
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Egl. Madam, I pity much your grievances;
Which, since I know they virtuously are plac'd,
I give consent to go along with you,
Recking as little what beideth me,
As much I wish all good befortune you.
When will you go?

Sil. This Evening coming.

Egl. Where shall I meet you?

Sil. At friar *Patrick's* cell;

Where I intend holy confession.

Egl. I will not fail your ladyship:

Good-morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good-morrow, kind Sir *Eglamour*. [Exeunt.]

C 5

SCENE

S C E N E VI.

Enter Launce, with his dog.

• **W**HEN a man's servant shall play the cur with
• him, look you, it goes hard : one that I
• brought up of a puppy, one that I sav'd from
• drowning, when three or four of his blind bro-
• thers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him,
• even as one would say precisely, thus I would
• teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him as a pre-
• sent to mistress *Silvia*, from my master ; and I
• came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he
• steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg.
• O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep him-
• self in all companies ! I would have, as one should
• say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to
• be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had
• more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he
• did, I think verily he had been hang'd for't ; sure
• as I live he had suffer'd for't ; you shall judge. He
• thrusts me himself into the company of three or
• four gentleman-like dogs, under the Duke's table ;
• he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing-while,
• but all the chamber smelt him. Out with the dog,
• says one ; what cur is that ? says another ; whip him
• out, says the third ; hang him up, says the Duke. I
• having been acquaint'd with the smell before, knew
• it was *Crab*, and goes me to the fellow that whips
• the dogs ; Friend, quoth I, you mean to whip the
• dog ? Ay marry do I, quoth he. You do him the
• more wrong, quoth I ; 'twas I did the thing you
• wor of. He makes no more ado, but whips me
• out of the chamber. How many masters would do
• this for their servant ? nay, I'll be sworn I have sat
• in the stocks for puddings he hath stoll'n, otherwise
• he had been executed ; I have stood on the pillory
• for

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for geese he hath kill'd, otherwise he had suffer'd
for't. Thou think'st not of this now. Nay, I re-
member the trick you serv'd me when I took my
leave of Madam *Silvia*; did not I bid thee still mark
me, and do as I do? when didst thou see me heave
up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's
farthingale? didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

S C E N E VII.

Enter Protheus and Julia.

Pro. *Sebastian* is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please: I'll do, Sir, what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.——How now, you whore-
son peasant,

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Laun. Marry, Sir, I carried mistress *Silvia* the dog
you bad me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Laun. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur, and
tells you, currish thanks are good enough for such a
present.

Pro. But she receiv'd my dog?

Laun. No indeed she did not; here have I brought
him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Laun. Ay Sir; the other squirrel was stoll'n from me
by the Hangman's boy in the market-place; and then
I offer'd her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of
yours, and therefore the gift the greater.

Pro. Go get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight:

Away, I say; stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that ev'ry day turns me to shame. [*Ex. Laun.*
Sebastian, I have entertained thee,

Pacely that I have need of such a youth.

That can with some discretion do my business;

(For 'tis no trusting to you foolish lowt:)

But

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But chiefly for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which if my augury deceive me not,
Witness good bringing up, fortune and truth:
Therefore know thou, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee;
Deliver it to Madam *Silvia*.
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

Jul. It seems you lov'd not her, to leave her token;
She's dead belike.

Pro. Not so: I think she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry alas?

Jul. I cannot chuse but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because methinks that she lov'd you as well
As you do love your lady *Silvia*:

She dreams on him that has forgot her love;

You doat on her that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and give therewithal
This Letter; that's her chamber: tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.

Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,

Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. [*Exit Pro.*]

SCENE VIII.

Jul. How many Women would do such a message!
Alas, poor *Protheus*, thou hast entertain'd
A fox to be the Shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool, why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will.
And now I am, unhappy messenger,
To plead for that which I would not obtain;
To carry that which I would have refus'd;

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To praise his faith, which I wou'd have disprais'd:
I am my master's true confirmed love,
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to my self.
Yet will I woo for him, but yet so coldly,
As, heav'n it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter Silvia.

Lady, good day: I pray you be my mean
To bring me where to speak with Madam *Silvia*.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Ful. If you be she, I do intreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom?

Ful. From my master Sir *Protheus*, Madam.

Sil. Oh! he sends you for a picture?

Ful. Ay, Madam.

Sil. *Ursula*, bring my picture there.

Go, give your master this: tell him from me,
One *Julia*; that his changing thoughts forget
Would better fit his Chamber than this shadow.

Ful. Madam, may't please you to peruse this letter;
Pardon me, Madam, I have unadvis'd
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee let me look on that again.

Ful. It may not be, good Madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold:

I will not look upon your master's lines,
I know they're stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths, which he will break
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Ful. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him, that he sends it me;
For I have heard him say a thousand times,
His *Julia* gave it him at his departure:
Tho' his false finger have prophan'd the ring,
Mine shall not do his *Julia* so much wrong.

Ful. She thanks you.

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Sil. What say'st thou?

Jul. I thank you, Madam, that you tender her; Poor gentlewoman, my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know my self. To think upon her woes, I do protest That I have wept an hundred several times.

Sil. Belike she thinks that *Protheus* hath forsok her.

Jul. I think she doth; and that's her cause of sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair?

Jul. She hath been fairer, Madam, than she is: When she did think my master lov'd her well, She, in my judgment, was as fair as you. But since she did neglect her looking-glass, And threw her sun-expelling mask away, The air hath starv'd the roses in her cheeks, And pinch'd the lilly-tincture of her face, That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she?

Jul. About my stature: for at *Pentecost*, When all our pageants of delight were plaid, Our youth got me to play the woman's part, And I was trim'd in Madam *Julia's* gown, Which served me as fit, by all mens judgments, As if the garment had been made for me; Therefore I know she is about my height, And at that time I made her weep agoon, For I did play a lamentable part. Madam, 'twas *Ariadne* passioning For *Theseus'* perjury and unjust flight, Which I so lively acted with my tears, That my poor mistress, moved therewithal, Wept bitterly; and would I might me dead, If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth. Alas, poor lady! desolate and left! I weep my self to think upon thy words. Here youth, there is a purse; I give thee this For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lov'st her.

Exit Silvia.

Jul.

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Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you know her.

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild and beautiful.
I hope my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas! how love can trifle with it self!
Here is her picture; let me see; I think,
If I had such a tire, this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers.
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with my self too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow.
If that be all the diff'rence in his love,
I'll get me such a colour'd perriwig.
Her eyes are grey as grass, and so are mine;
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine is high.
What should it be that she respects in her,
But I can make respect in my self,
If this fond love were not a blinded god?
Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up;
For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
Thou shalt be worshipp'd, kiss'd, lov'd and ador'd;
And were there sense in his idolatry,
My substance should be statue in thy stead.
I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
That us'd me so; or else, by *Jove* I vow,
I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes,
To make my master out of love with thee. *[Exit.]*



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ACT V. SCENE I.

SCENE *continues in Milan.*

Enter Eglamour.

EGLAMOUR.

THE sun begins to gild the western sky,
And now it is about the very hour
Silvia, at Friar *Patrick's* cell, should meet
me.

She will not fail; for lovers break not
hours,

Unless it be to come before their time:
So much they spur their expedition,
See where she comes. Lady, a happy evening.

Enter Silvia.

Sil. Amen, Amen: Go on, good Eglamour,
Out at the postern by the abbey-wall:

I fear I am attended by some spies.

Egl. Fear not; the forest is not three leagues off;
If we recover that, we're sure enough. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

Enter Thurio, Protheus and Julia.

Thu. Sir *Protheus*, what says *Silvia* to my suit?

Pro. Oh Sir, I find her milder than she was,
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my Leg is too long?

Pro. No; that it is too little.

Thu.

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Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat rounder.

Pro. But love will not be spurr'd to what it loaths.

Thu. What says she to my face?

Pro. She says it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lyes; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put our ladies eyes;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*Aside.*]

Thu. How likes she my discourse?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well when I discourse of love and peace?

Jul. But better indeed when you hold your peace.

Thu. What says she to my valour?

Pro. Oh, Sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardise.

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well deriv'd.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool.

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. Oh, ay, and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should own them.

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the Duke.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now, Sir *Protheus*? how now, *Thurio*?
Which of you saw Sir *Eglamour* of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why then

She's fled unto the peasant *Valentine*;
And *Eglamour* is in her company.

'Tis true; for Friar *Laurence* met them both,
As he in penance wander'd through the forest:
Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But

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But being mask'd, he was not sure of it.
 Besides, she did intend confession
 At *Patrick's* cell this ev'n, and there she was not:
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
 Therefore I pray you stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently, and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain foot
 That leads towards *Mantua*, whither they are fled.
 Dispatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit Duke.*]

Thu. Why this it is to be a peevish girl,
 That flies her fortune where it follows her:
 I'll after, more to be reveng'd of *Eglamour*,
 Than for the love of wreckless *Silvia*.

Pro. And I will follow, more for *Silvia's* love,
 Than hate of *Eglamour* that goes with her.

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
 Than hate for *Silvia*, that is gone for love. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

The Forest.

Enter Silvia and Outlaws.

Out. COME, come, be patient; we must bring
 you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
 Have learnt me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath out-run us;
 But *Moyse* and *Valerius* follow him.

Go thou with her to th' west end of the wood;

There is our captain: follow him that's fled.

The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 Out. Come, I must bring you to our captain's cave;
 Fear not; he bears an honourable mind,
 And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O *Valentine*! thus I endure for thee. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E

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SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here I can sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes,
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.
What hollowing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates that make their wills their laws;
Have some unhappy passenger in chase.
They love me well, yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, *Valentine*: who's this comes here?

Enter Protheus, Silvia and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you;
(Tho' you respect not aught your servant doth).
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That wou'd have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed but one fair look:
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
And less than this I'm sure you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this? I see and hear:
Love lend me patience to forbear a while.

Sil. O miserable unhappy that I am!

Pro. Unhappy were you, Madam, ere I came;
But by my coming I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.

Jul.

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Jul. And me when he approacheth to your presence.
[*Aside.*]

Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false *Protheus* rescue me.
Oh heav'n be judge, how I love *Valentine*,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much, for more there cannot be,
I do detest false perjur'd *Protheus*,
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dang'rous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look?
Oh, 'tis the curse in love, for ever prov'd,
When women cannot love where they're belov'd.

Sil. When *Protheus* cannot love where he's belov'd,
Read over *Julia's* heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou then didst rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury to deceive me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou'dst two,
And that's far worse than none: better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one.
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend.

Pro. In love
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but *Protheus*.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form;
I'll move you like a soldier, at arm's end,
And love you 'gainst the nature of Love; force ye.

Sil. Oh heav'n!

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch,
Thou friend of an ill fashion.

Pro. Valentine!

Val. Thou common friend, that's without faith or love;
For such is a friend now: thou treach'rous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me. I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou wouldst disprove me.

Who

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Who should be trusted now, when the right Hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Protheus*,
I'm sorry I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest. Oh time, most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

Pro. My shame and guilt confound me;
Forgive me, *Valentine*; if hearty sorrow
Be a sufficient ransom for offence,
I tender't here; I do as truly suffer,
As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid:
And once again I do receive thee honest.
Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
Is nor of heav'n nor earth, for these are pleas'd;
By penitence th'Eternal's wrath's appeas'd.
And that my love may appear plain and free,
All that was mine in *Silvia* I give thee. †

Jul. Oh me unhappy!

[Swoons.]

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy? how now? what's the matter?
look up; speak.

Jul. O good Sir, my master charg'd me to deliver
a ring to Madam *Silvia*, which, out of my neglect,
was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it.

Pro. How? let me see:

This is the ring I gave to *Julia*.

Jul. Oh, cry you mercy, Sir, I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to *Silvia*.

Pro. How cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto *Julia*.

Jul. And *Julia* her self did give it me,
And *Julia* her self hath brought it hither.

Pro. How *Julia*?

Jul.

† It is (I think) very odd to give up his mistress thus
at once, without any reason alledg'd. But our author
probably followed the stories just as he found them, in
his Novels, as well as in his Histories.

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Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd 'em deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
Oh *Protheus*, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd that I have took upon me
Such an immodest rayment. If shame live
In a disguise of love,

It is the lesser blot modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

Pro. Than men their minds? 'tis true, oh heav'n,
were man

But constant, he were perfect; that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run through all sins:
Inconstancy falls off ere it begins.

What is in *Silvia's* face, but I may spy
More fresh in *Julia's* with a constant eye?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either:
Let me be blest to make this happy close;
'Twere pity two such friends should long be foes.

Pro. Bear witness, heav'n, I have my wish for ever.

Jul. And I mine.

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, Thurio, and Out-laws.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize!

Val. Forbear, forbear, it is my lord the *Duke*.
Your Grace is welcome to a man disgrac'd,
The banish'd *Valentine*.

Duke. Sir *Valentine*?

Thu. Yonder is *Silvia*: and *Silvia's* mine.

Val. *Thurio*, give back; or else embrace thy death:
Come not within the measure of my wrath.
Do not name *Silvia* thine; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands,
Take but possession of her with a touch;
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir *Valentine*, I care not for her, I.
I hold him but a fool that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not;

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I claim her not; and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.
Now, by the honour of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, *Valentine*,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love:
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again,
Plead a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe: Sir *Valentine*,
Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd,
Take thou thy *Silvia*, for thou hast deserv'd her.

Val. I thank your Grace; the gift hath made me happy.
I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men that I have kept withal,
Are men endu'd with worthy qualities:
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile.
They are reformed, civil, full of good,
And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd, I pardon them and thee;
Dispose of them as thou know'st their deserts.
Come, let us go; we will include all jars
With triumphs, mirth, and all solemnity.

Val. And as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your Grace to smile.
What think you of this Page, my lord?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him, he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord, more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder what hath fortun'd.
Come *Protheus*, 'tis your penance but to hear
The story of your love discovered:
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours,
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

F I N I S.

I shall not; and therefore I do choose
 To make such answer for him as I can
 And leave not on such light conditions
 More, by the honour of my society.
 I do suspect thy spirit, Valentine,
 And think thee worthy of an answer; even
 Now when I have forgot all things,
 I grant all good of which thou shalt be
 That a new face in the universal world
 To which I thus minister the elements
 Thou art a gentleman, and well known
 To me thou knowest, for thou wast
 I do thank you, Claudio; the gentleman is happy
 I know between you, for your day's sake,
 To give me such a fall as of you.
 I grant it for mine own sake; it be
 I shall be glad to see that I have



And men ended with worthy
 And let them be recalled from
 They are returned, civil, full of
 And at the great employment
 Duke, Thou hast given me
 Dispose of me as thou knowest
 Come, let us go; we will not
 With this, I am content; I have
 Yes, And as we walk along, I have
 Will not doubt to make you
 What think you of this, my lord?
 Duke, I think the dog has given
 Yes, I warrant you, my lord, more
 Duke, What mean you by that
 Yes, Please you, I'll tell you as we
 That you will wonder what hath
 Come, please you, your presence
 The story of your love discovered
 The door, and let me tell you
 One last, one honest, one

[Exeunt omnes]





Lud. Du Guernier inv.

THE
Merry Wives
OF
WINDSOR.
A
COMEDY.

By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*



LONDON:

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MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

SIR John Falstaff.
Fenton, *a young Gentleman of small Fortune, in Love with Mrs. Anne Page.*

Shallow, *a Country Justice.*

Slender, *Cousin to Shallow, a foolish Country Squire.*

Mr. Page, } *two Gentlemen, dwelling at Wind-*
Mr. Ford, } *for.*

Sir Hugh Evans, *a Welch Parson.*

Dr. Caius, *a French Doctor.*

Host of the Garter, *a merry talking Fellow.*

Bardolph,

Pistol, } *Sharpers attending on Falstaff.*

Nym,

Robin, *Page to Falstaff.*

William Page, *a Boy, Son to Mr. Page.*

Simple, *Servant to Slender.*

Rugby, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Mrs. Page, *Wife to Mr. Page.*

Mrs. Ford, *Wife to Mr. Ford.*

Mrs. Anne Page, *Daughter to Mr. Page,*
in Love with Fenton,

Mrs. Quickly, *Servant to Dr. Caius.*

Servants to Page, Ford, &c.

S C E N E *Windsor.*

T H E



T H E

Merry Wives of *Windsor*.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Justice Shallow, Slender, and Sir Hugh Evans.

S H A L L O W.



I R *Hugh*, persuade me not; I will make a *Star-Chamber* Matter of it: If he were twenty Sir *John Falstaff*, he shall not abuse *Robert Shallow*, Esq;

Slender. In the County of *Gloucester*, Justice of Peace, and *Coram*.

Shallow. Ay, Cousin *Slender*, and *Cassidore*.

Slender. Ay, and *Roto-lorum* too; and a Gentleman born, Master Parson, who writes himself *Armigero*, in any Bill, Warrant, Quittance, or Obligation, *Armigero*.

Shallow. Ay, that I do, and have done, any time these three hundred Years.

Slender. All his Successors, gone before him, have don't; and all his Ancestors, that come after him, may; they may give the dozen white Lutes in their Coat.

Shallow. It is an old Coat.

Eva. The dozen white Lowfes to become an old Coat well; it agrees well Passant; it is a familiar Beast to Man, and signifies Love.

Shallow. The Luce is the Fresh-fish, the Salt-fish is an old Coat.

Slen. I may quarter, Coz,

Shal. You may, by marrying.

Eva. It is marring indeed, if he quarter it.

Shal. Not a whit.

Eva. Yes, per Lady ; if he has a quarter of your Coat, there is but three Skirts for your self, in my simple Conjectures ; but that is all one : If Sir *John Falstaff* have committed Disparagements upon you, I am of the Church, and will be glad to do my Benevolence, to make Atone-ments and Compromises between you.

Shal. The Council shall hear it ; it is a Riot.

Eva. It is not meet the Council hear of a Riot ; there is no Fear of Got in a Riot : The Council, look you, shall desire to hear the Fear of Got, and not to hear a Riot ; take your viza-ments in that.

Shal. Ha ! o' my Life, if I were young again, the Sword should end it.

Eva. It is petter that Friends is the Sword, and end it ; and there is also another Device in my Prain, which peradventure prings good Discretions with it : There is *Anne Page*, which is Daughter to Master *George Page*, which is pretty Virginity.

Slen. Mrs. *Anne Page* ? she has brown Hair and speaks small like a Woman.

Eva. It is that ferry Person for all the Orld, as just as you will desire : and seven hundred Pounds of Monies, and Gold, and Silver, is her Grandfire upon his Death bed (Got deliver to a joyful Resurrections) give, when she is able to overtake seventeen Years old : It were a good motion, if we leave our pribbles and prabbles, and desire a Marriage between Master *Abraham* and Mistris *Anne Page*.

Slen. Did her Grandfire leave her seven hundred Pounds !

Evn. Ay, and her Father is make her a petter Penny.

Slen. I know the young Gentlëwoman : she has good Gifts.

Eva. Seven hundred Pounds and Possibilities is goot Gifts.

Shal. Well ; let us see honest Mr. *Page* ; Is *Falstaff* there ?

Eva. Shall I tell you a Lye ? I do despise a Lyar as I do despise one that is false ; or as I despise one that is not true. The Knight, Sir *John*, is there ? and I beseech you be ruled by your Well wishers. I will peat the Door.

[*Knocks.*]

[*Knecks*] for Master *Page*. What hoa? Got blefs your House here.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Who's there?

Eva. Here's Got's plessing and your Friend, and Justice *Shallow*; and here's young Master *Slender*, that per-adventures shall tell you another Tale, if matters grow to your likings.

Page. I am glad to see your Worship's well: I thank you for my Venison, Master *Shallow*.

Shal. Master *Page*, I am glad to see you; much good do it your good Heart: I wish'd your Venison better; it was ill kill'd. How doth good Mistress *Page*? And I thank you always with my Heart, la; with my Heart.

Page. Sir, I thank you.

Shal. Sir, I thank you; by yea and no I, do

Page. I am glad to see you, good Master *Slender*.

Slen. How does your fallow Greyhound, Sir? I heard say, he was outrun on *Cotfale*.

Page. It could not be judg'd, Sir.

Slen. You'll not confels, you'll not confels.

Shal. That he will not; 'tis your Fault, 'tis your Fault, 'tis a good Dog.

Page. A Cur, Sir,

Shal. Sir, he's a good Dog, and a fair Dog; can there be more said? He is good and fair. Is Sir *John Falstaff* here?

Page. Sir, he's within; and I would I could do a good Office between you.

Eva. It is spoke as a Christians ought to speak.

Shal. He hath wrong'd me, Master *Page*.

Page. Sir, he doth in some sort confels it.

Shal. If it be confels'd, it is not redress'd; is not that so, Master *Page*? He hath wrong'd me, indeed he hath, at a word he hath, believe me, *Robert Shallow*, Esquire, faith, he is wrong'd.

Page. Here comes Sir *John*.

Enter Sir John Falstaff, Bardolph, Nym, and Pistol.

Fal. Now, Master *Shallow*, you'll complain of me to the King?

Shal. Knight, you have beaten my Men, kill'd my Deer, and broke open my Lodge.

Fal. But not kiss'd your Keeper's Daughter.

Shal. Tut, a pin; this shall be answer'd.

Fal. I will answer it straight; I have done all this. That is now answer'd.

Shal. The Council shall know this.

Fal. 'Twere better for you, if it were known in Council; You'll be laugh'd at.

Eva. *Pauca verba*, Sir *John*, good Words.

Fal. Good Words? Good Cabbage. *Slender*, I broke your Head: what Matter have you against me?

Slen. Marry, Sir, I have Matter in my Head against you, and against your Cony-catching Rascals, *Bardolph*, *Nym*, and *Pistol*.

Bar. You *Banbury* Cheese.

Slen. Ay, it is no matter,

Pist. How now, *Mephostophilus*?

Slen. Ay, it is no matter.

Nym. Slice, I say, *pauca*, *pauca*: Slice, that's my Humour.

Slen. Where's *Simple*, my Man? Can you tell, Cousin?

Eva. Peace, I pray you; Now let us understand; there is three Umpires in this matter, as I understand; that is, Master *Page*, *fdelicet*, Master *Page*; and there is my self, *fdelicet*, my self; and the three Party is, lastly, and finally, mine Host of the Garter.

Mr. *Page*, We three to hear it, and end it between them.

Eva. Ferry goot; I will make a Prief of it in my Note book, and we will afterwards ork upon the Cause with as great discretly as we can.

Fal. *Pistol*.

Pist. He hears with Ears,

Eva. The Tevil and his Tam; what Phrase is this, he hears with Ear? Why it is Affectations.

Fal. *Pistol*, did you pick Master *Slender*'s Purse?

Slen. Ay, by these Gloves, did he, or I would I might never come in mine own great Chamber again else, of seven Groats in Mill-sixpences, and two *Edward* Shovel-boards, that cost me two Shilling and two Pence a-piece, of *Yead Miller*; by these Gloves.

Fal. Is this true *Pistol*?

Eva. No; it is false, if it is a Pick-purse.

Pist.

Pist. Ha! thou Mountain Foreigner; Sir *John*, and Master mine, I Combat challenge of this *Latin* Bilboe; Word of denial in thy *Labras* here; word of Denial; Froth and Scum, thou ly't.

Slén. By these Gloves, then 'twas he.

Nym. Be advis'd, Sir, and pass good Humours: I will say marry trap with you, if you run the base Humour on me; that is the very Note of it.

Slén. By this Hat, then he in the red Face had it; for tho' I cannot remember what I did when you made me drunk, yet I am not altogether an Ass.

Fal. What say you, *Scarlet* and *John*?

Bard. Why, Sir, for my part, I say, the Gentlemen had drunk himself out of his five Sentences.

Eva. It is his five Senses: Fy, what the Ignorance is;

Bard. And being say, Sir, was, as they say, cashier'd, and so Conclusions pass the Car-cires.

Slén. Ay, you speak in *Latin* then too; but 'tis no matter; I'll ne'er be drunk whilst I live again, but in honest, civil, godly Company for this Trick; if I be drunk I'll be drunk with those that have the Fear of God, and not with drunken Knaves.

Eva. So Got udge me, that is a virtuous Mind.

Fal. You hear all these Matters deny'd, Gentlemen, you hear it.

Enter Mrs. Anne Page, with Wine.

Page. Nay, Daughter, carry the Wine in; we'll drink within. *[Exit Anne Page.]*

Slén. On Heaven! this is Mistress *Anne Page*.

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Page. How now, Mistress *Ford*?

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, by my Troth, you are very well met; by your leave, good Mistress.

Page. Wife, bid these Gentlemen welcome; Come, we have a hot Venison Pasty to dinner: Come, Gentlemen, I hope we shall drink down all Unkindness.

[Ex. Fal. Page, &c.]

Manent Shallow, Evans and Slender.

Slén. I had rather than forty Shilling, I had my Book of Songs and Sonnets here.

Enter Simple.

How now, *Simple*, where have you been? I must wait

on my self, must I? you have not the Book of Riddles about you, have you?

Simp. Book of Riddles! Why, did you not lend it to *Alice Short-cake* upon *Alhallowmas* last, a Fortnight afore *Martlemas*?

Shal. Come, Coz; come, Coz; we stay for you: A word with you, Coz: Marry this, Coz? there is, as 'twere a Tender, a kind of Tender, made afar off by Sir *Hugh* here: Do you understand me?

Slen. Ay, Sir, you shall find me reasonable: If it be so, I will do that that is reason:

Shal. Nay but understand me.

Slen. So I do, Sir.

Eva. Give ear to his Motions, Mr. *Slender*: I will description the matter to you, if you be Capacity of it.

Slen. Nay, I will do as my Cousin *Shallow* says: I pray you, pardon me: he's a Justice of Peace in his Country, simple tho' I stand here.

Eva. But that is not the Question: The Question is concerning your Marriage.

Shal. Ay, there's the point, Sir.

Eva. Marry is it; the very point of it, to Mrs. *Anne Page*.

Slen. Why, if it be so, I will marry her upon any reasonable Demands.

Eva. But can you affection the 'oman? Let us command to know that of your Mouth, or of your Lips: For divers Philosophers hold that the Lips is Parcel of the Mind: Therefore precisely, can you carry your good Will to the Maid?

Shal. Cousin *Abraham Slender*, can you love her?

Slen. I hope, Sir; I will do as it shall become one that would do Reason.

Eva. Nay, Got's Lords and his Ladies, you must speak possitable, if you can carry her your Desires towards her.

Shal. That you must:

Will you upon good Dowry, marry her?

Slen. I will do a greater thing than that upon your Request, Cousin, in any Reason.

Shal. Nay, conceive me, conceive me, sweet Coz, what I do, is to pleasure you, Coz: Can you love the Maid?

Slen.

Slen. I will marry her, Sir, at your Request : But if there be no great Love in the beginning, yet Heaven may decrease it upon better Acquaintance, when we are marry'd, and have more occasion to know one another ; I hope upon Familiarity will grow more contempt. But if you say, marry her, I will marry her, that I am freely dissolved, and dissolutely.

Eva. It is a ferry discretion Answer ; save, the fall is in th' Ort dissolutely : The Ort is, according to our meaning, resolutely ; his Meaning is good.

Shal. Ay, I think my Cousin meant well.

Slen. Ay, or else I would I might be hang'd, la,

Enter Mistress Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair Mistress *Anne* : Would I were Young for your sake, Mistress *Anne*.

Anne. The Dinner is on the Table ; my Father desires your Worship's Company.

Shal. I will on him, fair Mistress *Anne*.

Eva. Od's pless'd Will, I will not be absence at the Grace.

[Exit Shallow and Evans.]

Anne. Will't please your Worship to come in, Sir ?

Slen. No, I thank you forsooth heatily, I am very well.

Anne. The Dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a hungry, I thank you, Forsooth : Go, Sirrah, for all you are my Man, go wait upon my Cousin *Shallow* ; *[Ex. Simple.]* A Justice of Peace sometime may be beholden to his Friend for a Man. I keep but three Men and a Boy yet, 'till my Mother be dead ; but what tho', yet I live like a poor Gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your Worship ; they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I faith, I'll eat nothing ; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you ; I bruis'd my Shin th' other Day, with playing at Sword and Dagger with a Master of Fence, three Veney's for a Dish of stew'd Prunes, and by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot Meat since. Why do your Dogs bark so ? be there Bears i' th' Town ?

Anne. I think there are, Sir, I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the Sport well, but I shall as soon quarrel

The Merry Wives

at it as any Man in *England*. You are afraid, if you see the Bear loose, are you not ?-

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That's Meat and Drink to me now ; I have seen *Sackerfon* loose twenty times, and have taken him by the Chain ; but, I warrant you, the Women have so cry'd and shriekt at it, that it past : But Women, indeed, cannot abide 'em, they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

Enter Mr. Page.

Page. Come, gentle Mr. *Slender*, come ; we stay for you.

Slen. I'll eat nothing, I thank you, Sir.

Page. By Cock and Pye you shall not choose, Sir ; come, come.

Slen. Nay, pray you lead the Way.

Page. Come on, Sir.

Slen. Mistress *Anne*, your self shall go first.

Anne. Not I, Sir ; pray you keep on.

Slen. Truly, I will not go first, truly-la : I will not do you that wrong.

Anne. I pray you, Sir.

Slen. I'll rather be unmannerly than troublesome ; you do your self wrong, indeed-la. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.

Re-Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. Go your ways, and ask of Doctor *Caius*' House which is the Way ; and there dwells one Mistress *Quickly*, which is in the manner of his Nurse, or his dry Nurse, or his Cook, or his Laundry, his Washer, and his Wringer.

Sim. Well, Sir.

Eva. Nay, it is petter yet ; give her this Letter ; for it is a woman that altogether Acquaintance with Mistress *Anne Page*, and the Letter is to desire and require her to solicit your Master's Desires to Mrs. *Anne Page* : I pray you be gone ; I will make an end of my Dinner ; there's Pippins and Cheese to come. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff, Host, Bardolph, Nym, Pistol and Robin.

Fal Mine Host of the Garter.

Host. What says my Bully rock ? speak scholarly, and wisely.

Fal.

Fal. Truly, mine Host, I must turn away some of my Followers.

Host. Discard, Bully *Hercules*, cashier; let them wag, trot, trot.

Fal. I sit at ten Pounds a Week.

Host. Thou'rt an Emperor, *Cæsar*, *Keisar* and *Pheazer*: I will entertain *Bardolph*, he shall draw, he shall tap; said I well, Bully *Hector*?

Fal. Do so, good mine Host.

Host. I have spoke, let him follow; let me see thee froth, and live: I am at a word: Follow. [*Exit Host.*]

Fal. *Bardolph*, follow him, a Tapster is a good Trade; an old Cloke makes a new Jerkin; a whither'd Serving-man, a fresh Tapster; go, adieu.

Bard. It is a Life that I have desir'd: I will thrive.

[*Exit Bard.*]

Pist. O base *Hungarian* Wight, wilt thou the Spiggot wield?

Nym. He was gotten in Drink; is not the Humour conceited? his Mind is not heroick, and there's the Humour of it.

Fal. I am glad I am so quit of this Tinderbox; his Thefts were too open, his Filching was like an unskilful Singer, he kept not Time.

Nym. The good Humour is to steal at a Minute's rest.

Pist. Convey, the Wife it call: Steal? foh, a fico for the Phrase.

Fal. Well, Sirs, I am almost out at Heels.

Pist. Why then let Kibes ensue.

Fal. There is no remedy: I must con-catch, I must shift.

Pist. Young Ravens must have Food.

Fal. Which of you know *Ford* of this Town?

Pist. I ken the Wight, he is of Substance good.

Fal. My honest Lads, I will tell you what I am about.

Pist. Two Yards and more.

Fal. No Quips now, *Pistol*: Indeed I am in the waste two Yards about; but I am now about no Waste, I am about Thrift. Briefly, I do mean to make love to *Ford's* Wife: I spy entertainment in her; she discourses, she carves, she gives the Leer of Invitation; I can construe the Action of her familiar Stile, and the hardest Voice of her Behaviour, to be english'd right, is, *I am Sir John Falstaff's*.

Pist

Pist. He hath study'd her Well and translated her Will,
out of Honesty into *Englist*.

Nym. The Anchor is deep; will that Humour pass?

Fal. Now the Report goes, she has all the Rule of her
Husband's Purse: He hath a Legion of Angels.

Pist. As many Devils entertain; and to her, Boy, say, I.

Nym. The Humour rises; it is good, humour me the
Angels.

Fal. I have writ me here a Letter to her; and here
another to *Page's* Wife, who even now gave me good
Eyes too, examin'd my Parts with most judicious *Iliads*,
sometimes the Beam of her View guilded my Foot, some-
times my portly Belly.

Pist. Then did the Sun on Dunghil shine.

Nym. I thank thee for that Humour.

Fal. O she did so course o'er my Exteriors with such
a greedy Intention, that the Appetite of her Eye did seem
to scorch me up like a Burning-glass: Here's another
Letter to her; she bears the Purse too; she is a Region in
Guiana, all Gold and Bounty. I will be Cheater to them
both, and they shall be Exchequers to me; they shall be
my *East* and *West-Indies*, and I will trade to them both.
Go, bear thou this Letter to Mrs. *Page*, and thou
this to Mistress *Ford*: We will thrive, Lads, we will
thrive.

Pist. Shall I Sir *Pandarus* of *Troy* become;
And by my Side wear Steel? Then *Lucifer* take all.

Nym. I will run no base Humour: Here take the Hu-
mour Letter, I will keep the Haviour of Reputation.

Fal. Hold, Sirrah, bear you these Letters rightly,
Sail like my Pinance to these golden Shores. [To Robin.
Rogues, hence, avant, vanish like Hailstones; go,
Trudge, plod away o'th'hoof, seek shelter, pack:
Falstaff will learn the Humour of the Age.

French Thrift, you Rogues, my self, and skirted *Page*.

Exit Falstaff and Boy.

Pist. Let Vultures gripe thy Guts; for Goard, and
Tullam holds: And high and low beguiles the rich and
poor. Tester I'll have in Pouch when thou shalt lack,
Base *Phrygian* Turk.

Nym. I have Operations in my Head,
Which be Humours of Revenge?

Pist.

Pist. Wilt thou revenge ?

Nym. By Welkin and her Star.

Pist. With Wit, or Steel ?

Nym. With both the Humours, I :

I will discuss the Humour of this Love to *Ford*.

Pist. And I to *Page* shall eke unfold

How *Falstaff*, Varlet vile,

His Dove will prove, his Gold will hold,

And his soft Couch defile.

Nym. My Humour shall not cool ; I will incense *Ford* to deal with Poison. I will possess him with Yellowness, for the Revolt of mien is dangerous : That is my true Humour.

Pist. Thou art the *Mars* of Male-contents : I second thee ; troop on. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

Enter *Mistress Quickly*, *Simple*, and *John Rugby*.

Quic. What, *John Rugby* ! I pray thee go to the Caskment, and see if you can see my Master, Master Doctor Caius, coming ; if he do, I'faith, and find any body in the House, here will be an old abusing of God's Patience, and the King's *English*.

Rug. I'll go watch.

[Exit *Rugby*.

Quic. Go, and we'll have a Posset for't soon at Night, in Faith, at the latter end of a Sea-coal Fire : An honest, willing, kind Fellow, as ever Servant shall come in House withal, and I warrant you no Tell-tale, nor no Breed-bate ; his worst Fault is that he is given to Pray'r, he is something peevish that way ; but no body but has his Fault ; but let that pass. *Peter Simple* you say your Name is.

Simp. Ay, for fault of a better.

Quic. And Master *Slender*'s your Master ?

Simp. Ay, Forsooth.

Quic. Does he not wear a great round Beard, like a Glover's Paring knife ?

Simp. No, Forsooth ; he hath but a little Wee-face, with a little yellow Beard, a Cane-colour'd Beard.

Quic. A softly-sprighted Man, is he not ?

Simp. Ay, Forsooth ; but he is as tall a Man of his Hands, as any is between this and his Head ; he hath fought with a Warrener.

Quic.

Quic. How say you? Oh, I should remember him; does he not hold up his Head, as it were? and strut in his Gate?

Simp. Yes, indeed, does he.

Quic. Well, Heav'n send *Anne Page* no worse Fortune. Tell Master Parson *Evans*, I will do what I can for your Master: *Anne* is a good Girl, and I wish——

Enter Rugby.

Rug. Out, alas! here comes my Master.

Quic. We shall all be shent; run in here, good young Man; go into this Closet; [*Shuts Simple in the Closet*] He will not stay long. What, *John Rugby*! *John*! What *John*, I say; go *John*, go inquire for my Master, I doubt he be not well, that he comes not home: and down, down, down-a, &c. [*Sings.*

Enter Doctor Caius.

Caius. Vat is you sing? I do not like des Toys; pray you go and vetch me in my Closet, *un boitier verd*; a Box, a green-a-Box; do intend vat I speak? a green-a-Box.

Quic. Ay, Forsooth, I'll fetch it you.

I am glad he went not in himself; if he had found the Man, he would have been horn-mad. [*Aside.*

Caius. *Fe, se, se, se, ma foi. Il fait for chaud, je m'en vaie a la Cour——la grande Affaire.*

Quic. Is it this, Sir?

Caius. *Ouy, mette le au mon Pocket, Depesh Quickly:* Ver is dat Knave *Rugby*?

Quic. What, *John Rugby*! *John*!

Rug. Here, Sir.

Caius. You are *John Rugby*, and you are *Jack Rugby*; come, take a your Rapier, and come after my Heel to the Court.

Rug. 'Tis ready, Sir, here in the Parch.

Caius. By my Trot I tarry too long Od's me *Que ay je oublié*: Dere is some Simples in my Closet, dat I will not for the Varld I shall leave behind.

Quic. Ay me, he'll find the young Man there, and be mad.

Caius. O *Diable, Diable*; vat is in my Closet? Villaine, *Larron, Rugby*, my Rapier.

[*Pulls Simple out of the Closet.*

Quic. Good Master, be content.

Caius. Wherefore should I be content-a?

Quic.

Quic. The young Man is an honest Man.

Caius. What shall the honest Man do in my Closet? dere is no honest Man dat shall come in my Closet.

Quic. I beseech you be not so flegmatick; hear the truth of it. He came of an Errand to me from Parson *Hugh*.

Caius. Vell.

Simp. Ay Forsooth, to desire her to——

Quic. Peace, I pray you.

Caius. Peace a your Tongue, speak a your Tale.

Simp. To desire this honest Gentlewoman, your Maid to speak a good Word to Mistress *Anne Page* for my Master in the way of Marriage.

Quic. This is all indeed la; but I'll ne'er put my Finger in the Fire, and need not.

Caius. Sir *Hugh* send-a-you? *Rugby*, baillez me some Paper; tarry you a little a-while.

Quic. I am glad he is so quiet; if he had been thoroughly moved, you should have heard him so loud, and so melancholy: But notwithstanding, Man, I'll do for your Master what good I can; and the very yea, and the no is, the *French*, Doctor my Master, I may call him my Master, look you, for I keep his House, and I wash, wring, brew, bake, scour, dress Meat and Drink, make the Beds, and do all my self.

Simp. 'Tis a great Charge to come under one body's Hand.

Quic. Are you a-vis'd o'that? you shall find it a great Charge; and to be up early, and down late. But notwithstanding, to tell you in your Ear, I would have no words of it, my Master himself is in Love with Mistress *Anne Page*; but notwithstanding that, I know *Anne's* Mind, that's neither here nor there.

Caius. You, Jack'Nape; give a this Letter to Sir *Hugh*, by gar it is a Shallenge: I will cut his Troat in de Parke, and I will teach a scurvy Jack-a nape Priest to meddle or make — You may be gone, it is not good you tarry here; by gar I will cut him all his two Stones, by gar, he shall not have a Stone to throw at his Dog. [Exit *Simp.*]

Quic. Alas, he speaks but for his Friend.

Caius. It is no matter a ver dat: Do you not tell-a me dat, I shall have *Anne Page* for my self? by gar, I will kill
de

de Jack Preeft; and I have appointed mine Host of *de Jarteer* to measure our Weapon; By gar, I will my self have *Anne Page*.

Quic. Sir, the Maid loves you, and all shall be well: We must give Folks leave to prate; what the good-jer.

Caius. *Rugby*, come to the Court with me; by gar, if I have not *Anne Page*, I shall turn your Head out of my Door; follow my Heels, *Rugby*. [*Ex. Caius and Rugby.*]

Quic. You shall have *An* Fools-head of your own. No, I know *Anne's* Mind for that; never a Woman in *Wind-for* knows more of *Anne's* Mind than I do, nor can do more than I do with her, I thank Heav'n.

Fent. [*within.*] Who's within there, hoa?

Quic. Who's there, I trow? Come near the House, I pray you.

Enter Mr. Fenton.

Fent. How now, good Woman. how dost thou?

Quic. The better that it pleases your good Worship to ask.

Fent. What News? How does pretty Mistress *Anne*?

Quic. In truth, Sir, and she is pretty, and honest, and gentle, and one that is your Friend, I can tell you that by the way, I praise Heav'n for it.

Fent. Shall I do any good think'st thou? Shall I not lose my Suit?

Quic. Troth, Sir, all is in his Hands above; but notwithstanding, Master *Fenton*, I'll be sworn on a Book she loves you: Have not your Worship a Wart above your Eye?

Fent. Yes, marry have I; and what of that?

Quic. Well, thereby hangs a Tale; good Faith, it is such another *Nan*; but, I detest, an honest Maid as ever broke Bread; we had an Hour's talk of that Wart: I shall never laugh but in that Maid's Company! but, indeed, she is given too much to Allicholly and Musing; but for you——Well——go to——

Fent. Well, I shall see her to day; hold, there's Money for thee: Let me have thy Voice in my behalf; if thou seest her before me, commend me.——

Quic. Will I? Ay, faith, that we will: And I will tell your Worship more of the Wart, the next time we have confidence, and of other Wōers.

Fent.

Fent. Well, farewell, I am in great haste now [Exit.

Quic. Farewel to your Worship. Truly an honest Gentleman, but *Anne* loves him not; I know *Anne's* Mind as well as another does. Out upon't, what have I forgot? [Exit.

ACT II. SCENE I

Enter Mrs. Page with a Letter.

Mrs. Page. **W**HAT, have I 'scap'd Love-Letters in the Holy-day time of my Beauty, and am I now a Subject for them? let me see:

Ask me no Reasons why I love you; for tho' Love use Reason for his Precision, he admits him not for his Counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's Sympathy: You are merry, so am I; ha! ha! then there's more Sympathy: You love Sack, and so do I; would you desire better Sympathy? Let it suffice thee, Mistress Page, at the least if the Love of a Soldier can suffice, that I love thee. I will not say, Pity me, 'tis not a Soldier-like Phrase; but I say, Love me.

*By me, thine own true Knight, by Day or Night,
Or any kind of Light, with all his Might,
For thee to fight.*

John Falstaff.

What a *Herod* of *Jewry* is this? O wicked, wicked World One that is well nigh worn to pieces with Age, To show himself a young Gallant? What unwayed Behaviour hath this *Flemish* Drunkard pickt, I'th' Devil's Name, out of my Conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why he hath not been thrice in my Company: What should I say to him? I was then frugal of my Mirth, Heaven forgive me: Why, I'll exhibit a Bill in the Parliament for the putting down of fat Men; how shall I be revenged on him? for reveng'd I will be, as sure as his Guts are made of Puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. *Mrs. Page,* trust me, I was going to your House.

Mrs.

Mrs. *Page*. And trust me, I was coming to you? you look very ill.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. *Page*. Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. *Ford*. Well, I do then; yet I say, a could shew you to the contrary: O Mistress *Page*, give me some counsel.

Mrs. *Page*. What's the matter, Woman?

Mrs. *Ford*. O Woman! if it were not for one trifling Respect. I could come to such honour.

Mrs. *Page*. Hang the trifle, Woman, take the Honour; What is it? dispense with Trifles; what is it?

Mrs. *Ford*. If I would but go to Hell for an eternal Moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. *Page*. What, thou liest! Sir *Alice Ford*! these Knights will hack, and so thou shouldst not alter the Article of thy Gentry.

Mrs. *Ford*. We burn Day-light, here; read, read, perceive how I might be knighted: I shall think the worse of fat Men as long as I have an Eye to make difference of Men's liking; and yet he would not swear, praise Women's Modesty, and gave such orderly and well behaved Reproof to all Uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his Disposition would have gone to the Truth of his Words; but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth Psalm to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*. What Tempest, I trow, threw this Whale, with so many Tun of Oil in his Belly, ashore at *Windsor*? How shall I be reveng'd on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with Hope, till the wicked Fire of Lust have melted him in his own Grease. Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. *Page*. Letter for Letter, but that the Name of *Page* and *Ford* differs. To thy great Comfort in this mystery of ill Opinions, here's the Twin-brother of thy Letter; but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these Letters, writ with blank space for different Names, nay more; and these are of the second Edition: He will print them out of doubt, for he cares not what he puts into the Preiss, when he would put us two. I had rather be a Giantess, and lie under

under *Mount Pelion*. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious Turtles, ere one chaste Man.

Mrs. *Ford*. Why, this is the very same, the very Hand, the very Words ; what doth he think of us ?

Mrs. *Page*. Nay, I know not ; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own Honesty, I'll entertain my self like one that I am not acquainted withal ; for sure unless he knew some Strain in me, that I know not my self, he would never have boarded me in this Fury.

Mrs. *Ford*. Boarding, call it you ? I'll be sure to keep him above Deck.

Mrs. *Page*. So will I ; if he come under my Hatches, I'll never to Sea again. Let's be reveng'd on him, let's appoint him a Meeting, give him a show of Comfort in his Suit, and lead him on with a fine baited delay, till he hath pawn'd his Horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, I will consent to act any Villany against him that may not sully the Chariness of our Honesty : O that my Husband saw this Letter, it would give eternal Food to his Jealousy.

Mrs. *Page*. Why, look where he comes, and my good Man too ? he's as far from Jealousy as I am from giving him Cause, and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. *Ford*. You are the happier Woman.

Mrs. *Page*. Let's consult together against this greasy Knight, Come hither

[*They retire.*]

Enter Ford with Pistol, Page with Nym.

Ford. Well, I hope it be not so.

Pist. Hope is a Curtal Dog in some Affairs.

Sir *John* affects thy Wife.

Ford. Why, Sir, my Wife is not young.

Pist. He woos both high and low, both rich and poor, both young and old, one with another ; *Ford*, he loves thy Gally maufry, *Ford*, perpend.

Ford. Love my Wife ?

Pist. With Liver burning hot : Prevent Or go thou, like Sir *Aleon*, he, with Ring-wood at thy Heels : O, odious is thy Name.

Ford. What Name, Sir ?

Pist. The Horn, I say : Farewell.

Take heed, have open Eye ; for Thieves do foot by night. Take heed ere Summer comes, or Cuckoo Birds affright.

Away

Away, Sir Corporal *Nym*.

Believe it, *Page*, he speaks Sense. [Exit Pistol.

Ford. I will be patient ; I will find out this.

Nym. And this is true : I like not the Humour of lying, he hath wrong'd me in some Humours : I should have born the humour'd Letter to her ; but I have a Sword, and it shall bite upon my Necessity. He loves your Wife : there's the short and the long. My Name is Corporal *Nym* ; I speak, and I avouch ; 'tis true : my Name is *Nym*, and *Falstaff* loves your Wife, Adieu ; I love not the Humour of Bread and Cheese : Adieu. [Exit *Nym*.

Page. The Humour of it, quoth a ? here's a Fellow frights Humour out of his Wits.

Ford. I will seek out *Falstaff*.

Page. I never heard such a drawling, affecting Rogue.

Ford. If I do find it : Well.

Page. I will not believe such a *Cataian*, tho' the Priest o' th' Town commended him for a true Man.

Ford. 'Twas a good sensible Fellow : Well.

Mrs. Page. and *Mrs. Ford* come forwards

Page. How now, *Meg*.

Mrs. Page. Whither go you, *George* ! hark you.

Mrs. Ford. How now, sweet *Frank*, what art thou melancholy ?

Ford. I melancholy ! I am not melancholy. Get you home, go.

Mrs. Ford. Faith, thou hast some Crotchets in thy Head. Now will you go, Mistress *Page* ?

Mrs. Page. Have with you. You'll come to Dinner, *George* ? Look who comes yonder ; she shall be our Messenger to this paltry Knight.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Mrs. Ford. Trust me, I thought on her, she'll fit it.

Mrs. Page. You are come to see my Daughter *Anne* ?

Quic. Ay, forsooth ; and I pray how does good Mistress *Anne* ?

Mrs. Page. Go in with us and see ; we have an Hour's Talk with you. [Ex. *Mrs. Page*, *Mrs. Ford*, and *Mrs. Quic*.

Page. How now, Master *Ford* ?

Ford. You heard what this Knave told me, did you not ?

Page. Yes ; and you heard what the other told me ?

Ford. Do you think there is truth in them ?

Page.

Page. Hang 'em Slaves, I do not think the Knight would offer it; but these that accuse him in this Intent towards our Wives, are a Yoke of his discarded Men, very Rogues now they be out of Service.

Ford. Were they his Men?

Page. Marry were they.

Ford. I like it never the better for that.

Does he lie at the Garter?

Page. Ay, marry does he. If he would intend his Voyage towards my Wife, I would turn her loose to him; and what he gets more of her than sharp Words, let it lie on my Head.

Ford. I do not misdoubt my Wife, but I would be loth to turn them together; a Man may be too confident: I would have nothing lie on my Head; I cannot be thus satisfy'd.

Page. Look where my ranting Host of the Garter comes; there is either Liquor in his Pate, or Money in his purse, when he looks so merrily. How now, mine Host?

Enter Host and Shallow.

Host. How now, Bully Rock? Thou'rt a Gentleman, Cavaliero-Justice, I say.

Shal. I follow, mine Host, I follow Good Even, and twenty, good Master *Page*, Master *Page*, will you go with us? we have Sport in hand.

Host. Tell him, Cavaliero-Justice; tell him, Bully Rock?

Sha. Sir, there is a Fray to be fought between Sir *Hugh*, the *Welsh* Priest, and *Caius*, the *French* Doctor.

Ford. Good mine Host o'th Garter, a Word with you.

Host. What say'st thou, Bully Rock?

Shal. Will you go with us to behold it? My merry Host hath had the measuring of their Weapons, and, I think, hath appointed them contrary Places; for, believe me, I hear the Parson is no Jester. Hark, I will tell you what our Sport shall be,

Host. Hast thou no Suit against my Knight, my Guest Cavelier!

Ford. None, I protest; but I'll give you a Pottle of burnt Sack to give me Recourse to him, and tell him my Name is *Brook*; only for a Jest.

Host,

Hof. My Hand, Bully ; thou shalt have Egrefs and Regrefs ; said I well ? and thy Name shall be *Brock*. It is a merry Knight. Will you go an heirs ?

Shal. Have with you, mine *Hof*.

Page. I have heard the *Frenchman* had good Skill in his Rapier.

Shal. Tut, Sir, I could have told you more ; in these times you stand on Distance, your Passes, Stoccado's, and I know not what ? 'Tis the Heart, Master *Page* ; 'tis here, 'tis here. I have seen the time, with my long Sword, I would have made you four tall Fellows skip like Rats.

Hof. Here, Boys, here, here ; Shall we wag ?

Page. Have with you ; I had rather hear them scold than fight.

[*Exeunt Hof, Shallow and Page.*]

Ford. Tho' *Page* be a secure Fool, and stand so firmly on his Wife's Frailty, yet I cannot put off my Opinion to easily. She was in his Company at *Page's* House, and what they made there I know not. Well, I will look further into't ; and I have a Disguise to sound *Falstaff* : If I find her honest, I lose not my Labour ; if she be otherwise, 'tis Labour well bestowed. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Enter Falstaff and Pistol.

Fal. I will not lend thee a Penny.

Pist. Why then the World's mine Oyster, which I with Sword will open.—I will retort the Sum in Equipage.

Fal. Not a Penny. I have been content, Sir, you should lay my Countenance to pawn ; I have grated upon my good Friends for three Reprieves for you, and your Coach-fellow, *Nym* ; or else you had look'd through the Grate ; like a Geminy of Baboons. I am damn'd in Hell for swearing to Gentlemen, my Friends, you were good Soldiers, and tall Fellows. And when Mistress *Bridget* lost the Handle of her Fan, I took't upon mine Honour thou hadst it not.

Pist. Didst thou not share ? Hadst thou not fifteen Pence ?

Fal. Reason, you Rogue, Reason : Think'st thou I'll endanger my Soul gratis ? At a Word ; hang no more about me, I am no Gibbet for you : Go, a short Knife, and a Throng, to your Mannor of *Pickt-batch* ; go, you'll

not bear a Letter for me, you Rogue; you stand upon your Honour? Why, thou unconfinable Baseness, it is as much as I can do to keep the Term of my Honour precise. I, I, I my self sometimes, leaving the Fear of Heaven on the left Hand; and hiding mine Honour in my Necessity, am fain to shuffle, to hedge, and to lurch, an yet you Rogue will ensconce your Rags, your Cat-a-mountain Looks, your red Lettice Phrases, and your bold-beating Oaths, under the Shelter of your Honour! You will not do it, you!

Pist. I do relent; what wouldst thou more of Man?

Enter Robin.

Rob. Sir, here's a Woman would speak with you.

Fal. Let her approach.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Good morrow, good Wife.

Quick. Not so, and't please your Worship.

Fal. Good Maid then.

Quick. I'll be sworn,

As my Mother was the first Hour I was born.

Fal. I do believe the Swearer: What with me?

Quic. Shall I vouchsafe your Worship a Word or two?

Fal. Two thousand, fair Woman, and I'll vouchsafe thee the hearing.

Quic. There is one Mistress Ford, Sir: I pray come a little nearer this ways: I my self, dwell with Mr. Doctor Caius.

Fal. Well on, Mrs. Ford, you say.

Quic. Your Worship says very true: I pray your Worship come a little nearer this ways.

Fal. I warrant thee no body hears: Mine own People, mine own People.

Quic. Are they so? Heav'n bless them, and make them his Servants.

Fal. Well: Mrs Ford, what of her?

Quic. Why, Sir, she's a good Creature. Lord, Lord, your Worship's a wanton; well, Heav'n forgive you, and all of us, I pray——

Fal. Mistress Ford, come, Mistress Ford——

Quic. Marry this is the short and the long of it; you have brought her into such a Canaries, as 'tis wonderful:

The

The best Courtier of them all, when the Court lay at *Windsor* could never have brought her to such a Canary. Yet there has been Knights and Lords, and Gentlemen, with their Coaches; I warrant you, Coach after Coach, Letter after Letter, Gift after Gift, smelling so sweetly; all Musk? and so rustling, I warrant you, in Silk and Gold; and in such alligant Terms, and in such Wine and Sugar of the best, and the fairest, that would have won any Woman's Heart; and, I warrant you, they could never get an Eyewink of her, I had my self twenty Angels given me this Morning; but I defy all Angels, in any such fort as they say, but in the way of Honesty; and, I warrant you, they could never get her so much as sip in a Cup with the proudest of them all; and yet there has been Earls, nay, which is more, Pensioners, but, I warrant you, all is one with her.

Fal. But what says she to me? be brief, my good she-Mercury?

Quic. Marry, she hath received your Letter, for the which she thanks you a thousand times; and she gives you to notify, that her Husband will be absence from his House between ten and eleven.

Fal. Ten and eleven.

Quic. Ay, forsooth; and then you may come and see the Picture, she says, that you wot of: Master *Ford*, her Husband, will be from home. Alas! the sweet Woman leads an ill Life with him, he's a very jealousie Man; she leads a very frampold Life with him, good Heart.

Fal. Ten and eleven; Woman, commend me to her; I will not fail her.

Quic. Why, you say well: But I have another Messenger to your Worship; Mistress *Page* has her hearty Commendations to you too; and let me tell you in your Ear, she's as fartudus a civil modest Wife, and one (I tell you) that will not miss your Morning and Evening Prayer, as any is in *Windsor*, whoe'r be the other; and she bad me tell your Worship that her Husband is seldom from home, but she hopes there will come a time. I never knew a Woman so doat upon a Man; surely, I think, you have, Charms, la; yes, in Truth.

Fal. Not I, I assure thee; setting the Attraction of my good Parts aside, I have no other Charms.

Quic. Blessing on your Heart for't.

Fal. But, I pray thee, tell me this; has *Ford's* Wife and *Page's* Wife acquainted each other how they love me?

Quick. That were a Jest, indeed; they have not so little Grace, I hope; that were a Trick indeed! But *Mistress Page* would desire you to send her your little *Page*, of all Loves: Her Husband has a marvellous Infection to the little *Page*; and truly *Master Page* is a very honest Man. Never a Wife in *Windsor* leads a better Life than she does; do what she will, say what she will, take all, pay all, go to Bed when she list, rise when she list, all is as she will; and truly she deserves it, for if there be a kind Woman in *Windsor*, truly she is one. You must send her your *Page*; no Remedy.

Fal. Why, I will.

Quick. Nay, but do so then; and, look you, he may come and go between you both; and in any case, have a Nay-word, that you may know one anothers Mind, and the Boy never need to understand any thing; for 'tis not good that Children should know any Wickedness: Old Folks, you know, have Discretion, as they say, and know the World.

Fal. Fare thee well; commend me to them both: There's my Purse, I am thy Debtor. Boy, go along with this Woman. This News distracts me. [*Ex. Quick. and Robin.*]

Pist. This Punk is one of *Cupid's* Carriers:
Clap on more Sails, pursue; up with your Fights;
Give Fire, she is my Prize, or Ocean whelm them all.

[*Exit Pistol.*]

Fal. Say'st thou so, old *Jack*? go thy ways; I'll make more of thy old Body than I have done; will they yet look after thee? Wilt thou, after the Expence of so much Money, be now a Gainer? Good body, I thank thee; let them say, 'tis grossly done, so it be fairly done, no matter.

Enter Bardolph.

Bard. Sir *John*, there's one *Master Brook* below would fain speak with you, and be acquainted with you; and hath sent your Worship a Morning's Draught of Sack.

Fal. *Brook* is his Name?

Bard. Ay, Sir.

Fal. Call him in; such *Brooks* are welcome to me, that o'erflow with such Liquor. Ah! ah! *Mistress Ford*, and *Mistress Page*, have I encompass'd you? Go to, *via.*

B

Enter

*Enter Ford disguis'd.**Ford.* Bless you, Sir.*Fal.* And you, Sir; would you speak with me?*Ford.* I make bold to press with so little Preparation upon you. [Exit Bardolph.]*Fal.* You're welcome; what's your Will? Give us leave, Drawer.*Ford.* Sir, I am a Gentleman that have spent much; my name is *Brook*.*Fal.* Good Master *Brook*, I desire more Acquaintance of you.*Ford.* Good Sir *John*, I sue for yours; not to charge you; for I must let you understand, I think my self in better Plight for a Lender than you are, the which hath something embolden'd me to this unseason'd Intrusion; for they say, if Money go before, all Ways do lie open.*Fal.* Money is a good Soldier, Sir, and will on.*Ford.* Troth, and I have a Bag of Money here troubles me; if you will help me to bear it, Sir *John*, take all, or half, for easing me of the Carriage.*Fal.* Sir, I know not how I may deserve to be your Porter.*Ford.* I will tell you, Sir, if you will give me the hearing.*Fal.* Speak, good Mr. *Brook*, I shall be glad to be your Servant.*Ford.* Sir, I hear you are a Scholar, I will be brief with you, and you have been a Man long known to me, tho' I had never so good means as desire to make my self acquainted with you: I shall discover a thing to you, wherein I must very much lay open mine own Imperfections; but, good Sir *John*, as you have one Eye upon my Follies, as you hear them unfolded, turn another into the Register of your own, that I may pass with a Reproof the easier, sith you your self know how easy it is to be such an Offender.*Fal.* Very well: Sir, proceed.*Ford.* There is a Gentlewoman in this Town, her Husband's Name is *Ford*.*Fal.* Well, Sir.*Ford.* I have long lov'd her, and, I protest to you, bestowed much on her, follow'd her with a doting Observance, ingross'd Opportunities to meet her, see'd every
sight

flight Occasion that could but niggardly give me sight of her ; not only bought many Presents to give her, but have given largely to many, to know what she would have given: Briefly, I have pursu'd her, as Love hath pursu'd me, which hath been on the Wing of all Occasions. But whatsoever I have merited, either in my mind, or in my means, meed I am sure I have received none, unless Experience be a Jewel, that I have purchas'd at an infinite rate, and that hath taught me to say this ;

*“ Love like a Shadow flies, when Substance Love pursues ;
“ Pursuing that that flies, and flying what pursues.*

Fal. Have you receiv'd no Promise of Satisfaction at her hands ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Have you importun'd her to such a Purpose ?

Ford. Never.

Fal. Of what Quality was your Love then ?

Ford. Like a fair House built on another Man's Ground, so that I have lost my Edifice, by mistaking the Place where I erected it.

Fal. To what purpose have you unfolded this to me ?

Ford. When I have told that, I have told you all : Some say, that tho' she appear honest to me, yet in other Places she enlargeth her Mirth so far, that there is shrewd Construction made of her. Now, Sir *John*, here is the Heart of my Purpose : You are a Gentleman of excellent Breeding, admirable Discourse, of great Admittance, authentick in your Place and Person, generally allow'd for your many War-like, Court-like, and learned Preparations.

Fal. O Sir !

Ford. Believe it, for you know it ; there is Money, spend it, spend it ; spend more, spend all I have, only give me so much of your Time in exchange of it, as to lay an amiable Siege to the Honesty of this *Ford's* Wife ; use your Art of Wooing, win her to consent to you ; if any Man may, you may, as soon as any.

Fal. Would it apply well to the Vehemence of your Affection, that I should win what you would enjoy ? Methinks you prescribe to your self very preposterously.

Ford. O, understand my drift ; she dwells so securely on the Excellency of her Honour, that the Folly of my Soul

dares not present it self; she is too bright to be look'd against. Now could I come to her with any Detection in my Hand, my Desires had Instance and Argument to commend themselves; I could drive her then from the Ward of her Purity, her Reputation, her Marriage-Vow, and a thousand other her Defences, which now are too strongly embattail'd against me. What say you to't, Sir *John*.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will first make bold with your Money; next give me your Hand; and last, as I am a Gentleman, you shall, if you will, enjoy *Ford's* Wife.

Ford. O good Sir!

Fal. I say you shall.

Ford. Want no Money, Sir *John*, you shall want none.

Fal. Want no Mistress *Ford*, Master *Brook*, you shall want none; I shall be with her, I may tell you, by her own Appointment. Even as you came in to me, her Assistant, or Go-between parted from me; I say, I shall be with her between ten and eleven; for at that time the jealous rascally Knave, her Husband, will be forth; come you to me at Night, you shall know how I speed.

Ford. I am blest in your Acquaintance: Do you know *Ford*, Sir?

Fal. Hang him, poor cuckoldly Knave, I know him not: Yet I wrong him to call him poor; they say the jealous wittolly Knave hath masses of Money, for the which his Wife seems to me well favour'd. I will use her as the Key of the Cuckoldly Rogue's Coffers, and there's my Harvest home.

Ford. I would you knew *Ford*, Sir, that you might avoid him if you saw him.

Ford. Hang him, mechanical salt-butter Rogue; I will stare him out of his wits; I will awe him with my Cudgel; it shall hang like a Meteor o'er the Cuckold's Horn's: Master *Brook*, thou shalt know I will predominate over the Peasant, and thou shalt lie with his Wife: Come to me soon at Night; *Ford's* a Knave, and I'll aggravate his Stile: Thou, Master *Brook*, shalt know him for a Knave and Cuckold: come to me soon at Night. [Exit.]

Ford. What a damn'd *Epicurean* Rascal is this! My Heart is ready to crack with impatience. Who says this is improvident Jealousy? My Wife hath sent to him, the Hour is fixt, the Match is made? Would any Man have thought

thought this? See the Hell of having a false Woman? my Bed shall be abus'd, my Coffers ransacked, my Reputation gnawn at, and I shall not only receive this villanous Wrong, but stand under the adoption of abominable Terms, and by him that does me the wrong. Terms, Names; *Amaimon* sounds well, *Lucifer* well, *Barbasen* well, yet they are Devil's additions, the Names of Fiends; but Cuckold, Wittol, Cuckold! the Devil himself hath not such a Name. *Page* is an Ass, a secure ass, he will trust his Wife; he will not be jealous; I will rather trust a *Fleming* with my Butter; *Parson Hugh*, the *Welshman*, with my Cheese; an *Irishman* with my *Aquavita* Bottle; or a Thief to walk my ambling Gelding; than my Wife with her self: Then she plots, then she ruminates, then she devises; and what they think in their Hearts they may effect, they will break their Hearts but they will effect. Heav'n be prais'd for my Jealousy. Eleven o'clock the Hour; I will prevent this, detect my Wife, be reveng'd on *Falstaff*, and laugh at *Page*: I will about it; better three Hours too soon, than a Minute too late. *Fy, fy, fy*; Cuckold, Cuckold, Cuckold. *[Exit.]*

Enter Caius and Rugby.

Caius. Jack Rugby.

Rug. Sir,

Caius. Vat is de Clock, Jack.

Rug. 'Tis past the Hour, Sir, that Sir Hugh promis'd to meet.

Caius. By gar, he has save his Soul, dat he is no come; he has pray his Pible well, dat he is no come, By gar, Jack Rugby, he is dead already, if he be come.

Rug. He is wise, Sir; he knew your Worship would kill him if he came.

Caius. By gar, de Herring is not so dead as me vill make him: take your Rapier, Jack, I vill tell you how I vill kill him.

Rug. Alas, Sir, I cannot fence.

Caius. Villany; take your Rapier.

Rug. Forbear; here's Company.

Enter Host, Shallow, Slender and Page.

Host. 'Bless thee, Bully-Doctor.

Shal. 'Save you, Mr. Doctor *Caius*.

Page. Now, good Mr. Doctor.

Shen. Give you Good-morrow, Sir.

Caius. Vat be all you, one, two, tree, four, come for?

Host. To see thee fight, to see thee soigne, to see thee traverse, to see thee here, to see thee there, to see thee pass thy Purcio, thy Stock, thy Reverse, thy Distance, thy Montant. Is he dead, my *Ethiopian*? Is he dead, my *Francisco*? Ha, Bully! What says my *Æsculapius*? My *Galen*? My Heart of Elder? Ha? is he dead, Bully-fale? is he dead?

Caius. By gar, he is de Coward *Jack* Priest of de World; he is not show his Face.

Host. Thou art a *Castalion* King Urinal: *Hector* of *Grec*, my Boy.

Caius. I pray you bear Witness, that me have stay six or seven, two, tree Hours for him, and he is no come.

Shal. He is the wiser Man, Mr. Doctor; he is a Curer of Souls, and you are a Curer of Bodies: If you should fight, you go against the Hair of your Professions: Is it not true, Master *Page*?

Page. Master *Shallow*, you have your self been a great Fighter, tho' now a Man of Peace.

Shal. Body-kins, Mr. *Page*, tho' I now be old, and of Peace, if I see a Sword out, my Finger itches to make one; tho' we are Justices and Doctors, and Church-men, Mr. *Page*, we have some Salt of our Youth in us; we are the Sons of Women, Mr. *Page*.

Page. 'Tis true, Mr. *Shallow*.

Shal. It will be found so, Mr. *Page*, Mr. Dr. *Caius*, I am come to fetch you home; I am sworn of the Peace; you have shew'd your self a wise Physician, and Sir *Hugh* hath shewn himself a wise and patient Church-man: You must go with me, Mr. Doctor.

Host. Pardon, Guest-Justice; a word, Monsieur Mock-water.

Caius. Mock-vater? Vat is dat?

Host. Mock-water, in our *English* Tongue, is Valour, Bully.

Caius. By gar, then I have as much Mock-vater as de *Englishman*, Scurvy Jack-dog-Priest; by gar me will cut his Ears.

Host. He will clapper-claw thee rightly, Bully. *Caius.*

Caius. Clapper-de-claw? Vat is dat?

Host. That is, he will make thee amends.

Caius. By gar, me do look he shall clapper-de-claw me; for by gar, me vill have it.

Host. And I will provoke him to't, or let him wag.

Caius. Me tank you for dat.

Host. And moreover, Bully; but first, Mr. *Guest*, and Mr. *Page*, and eke *Cavalerio Slender*, go you through the Town to *Frogmore*.

Page. Sir *Hugh* is there, is he?

Host. He is there; see what Humour he is in; and I will bring the Doctor about the Fields: Will it do dwell?

Shal. We will do it.

All. Adieu, good Mr. Doctor. [*Ex. Page. Shal. and Slen.*]

Caius. By gar, me vill kill de Priest; for he speak for a Jack-an Ape to *Anne Page*.

Host. Let him die; but first sheath thy Impatience; throw cold Water on thy Choler; go about the Fields with me through *Frogmore*; I will bring thee where Mistress *Anne Page* is, at a Farm-house a feasting, and thou shalt woo her; Try'd-game, said I well?

Caius. By gar, me tank you vor dat! By gar, I love you; and I will procure 'a you de good Guest; de Earl, de Knight, de Lords, de Gentlemen, my Patients.

Host. For the which I will be thy Adversary toward *Anne Page*: Said I well?

Caius. By gar, 'tis good; vell said.

Host. Let us wag then.

Come at my Heels, *Jack Rugby*.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Evans and Simple.

Eva. I Pray you now, good Master *Slender*'s Serving-man, and Friend *Simple* by your Name, which way have you look'd for Master *Caius*, that calls himself *Doctor of Physick*?

Sim. Marry Sir, the *Pitty-wary*, the *Park-ward*, every way, old *Windſor* way, and every way but the Town way.

B 4

Eva.

Eva. I most feheemently desire you, you will also look that way.

Sim. I will, Sir.

Eva. 'Plefs my Soul, how full of Chollars I am, and tremping of Mind! I shall be glad if he have deceiv'd me; how melanchollies I am! I will knog his Urinals about his Knave's Costard, when I have good Opportunities for the Orke; 'Plefs my Soul: *By shallow Rivers, to whose falls melodious Birds sing Madrigals; There will we make our Peds with Roses, and a thousand fragrant Poses* By shallow—'Mercy on me, I have a great Disposition to cry, *Melodius Birds sing Madrigals—When as I sat in pabilon; and a thousand vagrant posies. By shallow, &c.*

Sim. Yonder he is coming, this way, Sir Hugh,

Eva. He's welcome. *By shallow Rivers, to whose Falls—* Heaven prosper the Right: What Weapons is he?

Sim. No weapons, Sir; there comes my Master, Mr. Shallow, and another Gentleman from Frogmore, over the Stile, this way.

Eva. Pray you, give me my Gown, or else keep it in your Arms.

Enter Page, Shallow, and Slender.

Shal. How now, Master Parson? Good morrow, good Sir Hugh. Keep a Gamester from the Dice, and a good Student from his Book, and it is wonderful.

Slender. Ah, sweet Anne Page!

Page. Save you, good Sir Hugh.

Eva. 'Plefs you from his Mercy sake, all of you.

Shal. What? the Sword and the Word?

Do you study them both, Mr. Parson?

Page. And youthful still, in your Doublet and Hose, this raw rheumatick Day?

Eva. There is Reasons and Causes for it.

Page. We are come to you to do a good Office, Mr. Parson.

Eva. Ferry well: What is it?

Page. Yonder is a most reverend Gentleman, who, be-like, having receiv'd Wrong by some Person, is at most odds with his own Gravity and Patience, that ever you saw.

Shal. I have liv'd fourscore Years and upwards; I never heard a Man of his Place, Gravity, and Larning, so wide of his own Respect.

Eva.

Eva. What is he?

Page. I think you know him, Mr. Doctor *Caius*, the renowned *French* Physician.

Eva. Got's Will, and his Passion of my Heart! I had as lief you should tell me of a mess of Porridge.

Page. Why?

Eva. He has no more Knowledge in *Hibocrates* and *Galen*; and he is a Knave besides, a cowardly Knave as you would desire to be acquainted withal.

Page. I warrant you, he's the man should fight with him.

Slen. O sweet *Anne Page*!

Enter Host, Caius and Rugby.

Shal. It appears so by his Weapons: Keep them asunder; here comes Doctor *Caius*,

Page. Nay, good Mr. Parson, keep in your Weapon.

Sal. So do you, good Mr. Doctor.

Host. Disarm them, and let them question: let them keep their Limbs whole, and hack our *English*.

Caius. I pray you, let a me speak a Word with your Ear: Wherefore will you not meet a me?

Eva. Pray you, use your Patience in good time.

Caius. By gar, you are de Coward, de *Jack Dog*, *John Ape*.

Eva. Pray you, let us not be Laughing-stocks to other Mens Humours; I desire you in Friendship, and will one way or other make you amends; I will knog your Urinal about your Knave's Cogs-Comb, for missing your meetings and Appointments.

Caius. *Diable Jack Rugby.* Mine Host de *Garter*. Have I not stay for him, to kill him? have I not at de Place I did appoint?

Eva. As I am a Christian Soul, now look you, this is the Place appointed; I'll be judgment by mine Host of the *Garter*.

Host. Peace, I say; *Gallia* and *Gaul*, *French* and *Welsh*, Soul-curer and Body-curer.

Caius. Ay, dat is very good, excellent.

Host. Peace, I say; hear mine Host of the *Garter*. Am I Politick? am I Subtle? am I a *Machiavel*?

Shall I lose my Doctor? No; he gives me the Potions and the Motions. Shall I lose my Parson? my Priest? my Sir *Hugh*? No; he gives me the Proverbs, and the

No-verbs. Give me thy Hand, Terrestrial, so give me thy hand Celestial; so, Boys of Art, I have deceiv'd you both, I have directed you to wrong Places; your Hearts are mighty, your Skins are whole, and let burn'd Sack be the Issue. Come, lay their Swords to pawn. Follow me, Lad of Peace, follow, follow, follow

Shal. Trust me, a mad Host, follow, Gentlemen, follow.

Slen O sweet *Anne Page*! [*Ex. Shal. Slen. Pag. and Host.*]

Caius. Ha! do I perceive dat? Have you make a-de-fot of us, ha, ha?

Eva. This is well, he has made us his Vlouting-flog: I desire you that we may be Friends; and let us knog our Prains together, to be revenge on this same scall'd Scurvy coggng Companion, the Host of the Garter.

Caius. By gar, with all my Heart; he promise to bring me where is *Anne Page*; by gar, he deceive me too.

Eva. Well, I will smite his Noddles; pray you follow.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE II.

Enter Mistress Page and Robin.

Mrs. Page. Nay, keep your way, little Gallant; you were wont to be a follower, but now you are a Leader. Whether had you rather lead mine Eyes, or eye your Master's Heels?

Rob. I had rather, Forsooth, go before you like a Man, than follow him like a Dwarf.

Mrs. Page. O you are a flattering Boy; now you'll be a Courtier.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Well met, Mistress *Page*; whither go you?

Mrs. Page. Truly, Sir, to see your Wife; is she at home?

Ford. Ay, and as idle as she may hang together for want of Company; I think, if your Husbands were dead, you two would marry.

Mrs. Page. Be sure of that, two other Husbands.

Ford. Where had you this pretty Weather-cock?

Mrs. Page. I cannot tell what the dickens his Name is my Husband had him of: What do you call your Knight's Name, Sirrah?

Rob. Sir *John Falstaff*.

Ford. Sir *John Falstaff*?

Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. He, he; I can never hit his Name; there is such a League between my good Man and he; is your good Wife at home, indeed?

Ford. Indeed, she is.

Mrs. Page. By your leave, Sir; I am sick till I see her.

Exeunt Mrs Page and Robin.

Ford. Has Page any Brains? hath he any Eyes? hath he any Thinking? sure they sleep; he hath no use of them. Why this Boy will carry a Letter twenty Mile as easy as a Cannon will shoot point-blank twelve-score? he pieces out his Wife's Inclination, he gives her Folly motion and advantage, and now she's going to my Wife, and *Falstaff's* Boy with her. A man may hear this Shower sing in the Wind; and *Falstaff's* Boy with her; good Plots, they are laid, and our revolted Wives share Damnation together. Well, I will take him, then torture my Wife, pluck the borrowed Veil of modesty from the so seeming Mistress Page, divulge Page himself for a secure and wilful *Acteon*, and to these violent Proceedings all my Neighbours shall cry aim. The Clock gives me my Cue, and my Assurance bids me search; there shall I find *Falstaff*: I shall be rather praised for this, than mocked; for it is as positive as the Earth is firm, that *Falstaff* is there: I will go.

Enter Page, Shallow, Slender, Host, Evans and Caius.

Shal. Page, &c. Well met, Mr. Ford.

Ford. Trust me, a good Knot: I have good Cheer at home, and I pray you all go with me.

Shal. I must excuse my self, Mr. Ford.

Slen. And so must I, Sir;

We have appointed to dine with Mistress Anne, And I would not break with her for more Money Than I'll speak of.

Shal. We have linger'd about a match between Anne Page and my Cousin Slender, and this Day we shall have our Answer.

Slen. I hope I shall have your good Will, Father Page.

Page. You have, Mr Slender, I stand wholly for you; but my Wife, Master Doctor, is for you all-together.

Caius. Ay by gar, and de Maid is love a-me: my Nurf-a-Quickly tell me so much.

Host. What say you to young Mr. Fenton? he capers, he dances, he has Eyes of Youth, he writes Verses, he speaks

speaks Holy-Days, he smells *April* and *May*, he will carry't, he will carry't, 'tis in its Buttons, he will carry't.

Page. Not by my Consent, I promise you: The Gentleman is of no having, he kept Company with the wild Prince and *Poinsz*; he is of too high a Region, he knows too much; no, he shall not knit a Knot in his Fortunes with the Finger of my Substance. If he take her, let him take her simply: The Wealth I have, waits on my Consent, and my Consent goes not that way.

Ford. I beseech you heartily, some of you go home with me to Dinner; besides your Cheer you shall have Sport; and I will shew you a Monster. Mr. Doctor you shall go; so shall you, Mr. *Page*, and you Sir *Hugh*.

Shal. Well, fare you well;
We shall have the freer Wooing at Mr. *Page*'s.

Cains. Go home, *John Rugby*, I come anon.

Hof. Farewel, my Heart; I will to my honest Knight *Falstaff*, and drink Canary with him.

Ford. I think I shall drink in Pipe Wine first with him: I'll make him dance. Will you go, Gentles?

All. Have with you to see this Monster, [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Ford, Mistress Page, and Servants with a Basket.

Mrs. Ford. What *John*! what *Robert*!

Mrs. Page. Quickly, quickly: Is the Buck-basket—

Mrs. Ford. I warrant. What, *Robin*, I say.

Mrs. Page. Come, come, come.

Mrs. Ford. Here, set it down.

Mrs. Page. Give your Men the Charge, we must be brief.

Mrs. Ford. Marry, as I told you before, *John* and *Robert*, be ready here hard by in the Brewhouse, and when I suddenly call you, come forth, and, without any pause or staggering, take this Basket on your Shoulders; that done, trudge with it in all haste, and carry it among the Whiffers in *Datchet*-mead, and there empty it in the muddy Ditch, close by the *Thames* side.

Mrs. Page. You will do it? [Direction.

Mrs. Ford. I ha' told them over and over; they lack no Be gone, and come when you are call'd.

Mrs. Page. Here comes little *Robin*.

Enter

Enter Robin.

Mrs. Ford. How now, my Eyes-Musket, what News with you ?

Rob. My Master, Sir *John*, is come in at your Back-door, Mistress *Ford*, and requests your Company.

Mrs. Page. You little Jack-a-lent, have you been true to us ?

Rob. Ay, I'll be sworn ; my Master knows not of your being here, and hath threatn'd to put me into everlasting Liberty, if I tell you of it ; for he swears he'll turn me away.

Mrs. Page. Thou'rt a good Boy ; this Secrecy of thine shall be a Taylor to thee, and shall make thee a new Doublet and Hose. I'll go hide me.

Mrs. Ford. Do so ; go tell thy Master, I am alone ; Mistress *Page*, remember you your Cue. [*Exit Rob.*]

Mrs. Page. I warrant thee ; if I do not act it, hiss me. [*Exit Mrs. Page.*]

Mrs. Ford. Go to them ; we'll use this unwholsome Humidity, this gross watry Pumpion, we'll teach him to know Turtles from Jays.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Have I caught thee, my heav'nly Jewel ? Why, now let me die ; for I have liv'd long enough : This is the Period of my Ambition : O this blessed Hour !

Mrs. Ford. O sweet Sir *John* !

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, Mistress *Ford* : Now shall I sin in my wish. I should thy Husband were dead, I'll speak it before the best Lord, I would make thee my Lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your Lady, Sir *John* ? Alas, I would be a pitiful Lady.

Fal. Let the Court of *France* shew me such another : I see how thine Eye would emulate the Diamond : Thou hast the right arched bent of the Brow, that becomes the Ship-Tire, the Tire-Valiant, or any *Venetian* Attire.

Mrs. Ford. A plain Kerchiffe, Sir *John* : My Brows become nothing else, nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a Tyrant to say so ; thou wouldst make an absolute Courtier, and the firm fixture of thy Foot would give an excellent motion to thy Gait, in a semi-circled

circled Farthingal I see what thou wert. If Fortune thy
Foe were not, Nature is thy Friend: Come, thou canst
not hide it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? Let that persuade thee.
There's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I can-
not cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of
these lipping Haw-thorn Buds, that come like Women in
Men's Apparel, and smell like *Bucklers-Bury* in simpling-
time: I cannot; but I love thee, none but thee; and thou
deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, Sir; I fear you love
Mistress *Page*.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the
Counter-Gate, which is as hateful to me as the reek of a
Lime-kiln.

Mrs. Ford. Well, Heaven knows how I love you, and
you shall one Day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do: Or else I
could not be in that Mind.

Rob. [within] Mistress *Ford*, Mistress *Ford*, here's Mi-
stresses *Page* at the Door, sweating and blowing, and look-
ing wildly, and must needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will enconce me behind
the Arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you do so; she's a very tattling Woman.

Enter Mrs. Page.

What's the matter? How now?

Mrs. Page. O Mistress *Ford*, what have you done?
You're sham'd, you're overthrown, you're undone for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good Mistress *Page*?

Mrs. Page. O well a day, Mistress *Ford*, having an
honest Man to your Husband, to give him such cause of
Suspicion.

Mrs. Ford. What cause of Suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of Suspicion! Out upon you;
how am I mistook in you?

Mrs. Ford. Why alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your Husband's coming hither, Woman,
with all the Officers in *Windsor*, to search for a Gentle-
man that he says is here now in the House by your Con-
sent,

sent, to take an ill Advantage of his Absence. You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray Heav'n it be not so, that you have such a Man here; but 'tis most certain your Husband's coming with half *Windsor* at his Heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you, if you knew your self clear, why I am glad of it; but if you have a Friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd, call all your Senses to you, defend your Reputation, or bid farewell to your good Life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do? there is a Gentleman, my dear Friend; and I fear not mine own Shame so much as his Peril. I had rather than a thousand Pound he were out of the House.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand you had rather, and you had rather; your Husband's here at hand, bethink you of some Conveyance; in the House you cannot hide him. Oh, how have you deceived me; Look, here is a Basket, if he be of any reasonable Stature, he may creep in here, and throw foul Linen upon him, as if it were going to Bucking: Or it is whitening time, send him by your two Men to *Datchet* Mead.

Mrs. Ford. He is too big to go in there: What shall I do!

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't, O let me see't, I'll in, I'll in; follow your Friend's Counsel; I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, Sir *John Falstaff*? are these your Letters, Knight?

Fal. I love thee, help me away? let me creep in here: I'll never—

[He goes into the Basket, they cover him with foul Linen.]

Mrs. Page. Help to cover your Master, Boy; call your Men, Mistress Ford. You dissembling Knight.

Mrs. Ford. What *John*, *Robert*, *John*, go take up these Cloaths here, quickly. Where's the Cowl-staff? Look how you drumble: Carry them to the Landrefs at *Datchet* Mead; quickly, come.

Enter Ford, Page, Caius, and Evans.

Ford. Pray you come near; if I suspect without Cause, why then make sport at me, then let me be your Jest, I deserve it. How now? whither bear you this?

Ser.

Serv. To the Landrefs, forsooth.

Mrs. Ford. Why, what have you to do whither they bear it? You were best meddle with Buck-washing.

Ford. Buck? I would I could wash my self of the Buck: Buck, Buck, Buck, ay, Buck: I warrant you, Buck, and of the Season too, 'it shall appear.

[*Exeunt Servants with the Basket.*]

Gentlemen, I have dreamt to Night, I'll tell you my Dream. Here, here, here by my Eyes; ascend my Chambers, search, seek, find out. I'll warrant we'll unkennel the Fox. Let me stop this way first: So, now uncape.

Page. Good master *Ford*, be contented: You wrong your self too much.

Ford. True, master *Page*. Up, Gentlemen, you shall see Sport anon; follow me, Gentlemen.

Eva. This is ferry fantastical Humours and Jealousies.

Caius. By gar, 'tis not the Fashion of France; it is not jealous in France——

Page. Nay, follow him, Gentlemen, see the Issue of his Search.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manent Mistress Page and Mistress Ford.

Mrs. Page. Is there not a double Excellency in this?

Mrs. Ford. I know not which pleases me better, that my Husband is deceiv'd, or Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. What a taking was he in when your Husband ask'd who has in the Basket?

Mrs. Ford. I am half afraid he will have need of washing, so throwing him into the Water will do him a Benefit.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Rascal; I would all of the same Strain were in the same Distress.

Mrs. Ford. I think my Husband hath some special Suspicion of *Falstaff's* being here! I never saw him so gross in his Jealousy 'till now.

Mrs. Page. I will lay a Plot to try that, and we will yet have more Tricks with *Falstaff*: His dissolute Disease will scarce obey this medicine.

Mrs. Ford. Shall we send that foolish Carrion, Mistress *Quickly*, to him, and excuse his throwing into the Water, and give him another Hope, to betray him to another Punishment?

Mrs. Page. We'll do it; let him be sent for to morrow by eight o'Clock to have amends.

Re-en-

Re-enter Ford, Page, &c.

Ford. I cannot find him? may be, th^e Knave bragg'd of that he could not compass.

Mrs. Page. Heard you that?

Mrs. Ford. I, I, Peace, you use me well, Master *Ford*, do you?

Ford. Ay, ay, I do so.

Mrs. Page. Heav'n make you better than your Thoughts.

Ford. Amen.

Mrs. Page. You do your self mighty Wrong, Mr. *Ford*.

Ford. Ay, ay; I must bear it.

Eva. If there be any pody in the House, and in the Chambers, and in the Coffers, and in the Presses, Heav'n forgive my Sins, at the Day of Judgment.

Caius. By gar, nor I too: There is no Bodies.

Page. Fy, fy, Mr. *Ford*, are you not asham'd? What Spirit, what Devil suggests this Imagination? I would not have your Distemper in this kind, for the Wealth of *Windfor-Castle*.

Ford. 'Tis my Fault, Mr. *Page*: I suffer for it.

Eva. You suffer for pad Conscience; your Wife is as honest a 'omans, as I will desires among five thousand, and five hundred too.

Caius. By gar, I see 'tis an honest Woman.

Ford. Well, I promis'd you a Dinner; come, come, walk in the Park. I pray you, pardon me; I will hereafter make known to you why I have done this. Come Wife, come Mistress *Page*, I pray you pardon me: Pray heartily pardon me.

Page. Let's go in, Gentlemen; but, trust me, we'll mock him. I do invite you to morrow Morning to my House to Breakfast, after we'll a birding together; I have a fine Hawk for the Bush. Shall it be so?

Ford. Any thing.

Eva. If there is one, I shall make two in the Company.

Caius. If there be one or two, I shall make a the tird.

Eva. In your Teeth for Shame.

Ford. Pray you go, Mr. *Page*.

Eva. I pray you now remembrance to-morrow on the lousy Knave, mine Host.

Caius. Dat is good, by gar, with all my Heart.

Eva. A lousy Knave, to have his gibes, and his mockeries.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Fenton, and Mistress Anne Page.

Fent. I see, I cannot get thy Father's Love ;
Therefore no more turn me to him, sweet *Nan*.

Anne. Alas ! how then ?

Fent. Why, thou must be thy self.
He doth object I am too great of Birth,
And that my State being gall'd with my Expence,
I seek to heal it only by his Wealth.
Besides these, other Bars he lays before me,
My Riots past, my wild Societies :
And tells me, 'tis a thing impossible
I should love thee, but as a Property.

Anne. May be, he tells you true.

Fent. No, Heav'n so speed me in my time to come.
Albeit, I will confess, thy Father's Wealth
Was the first Motive that I woo'd thee, *Anne* :
Yet wooing thee, I found thee of more value
Than Stamps in Gold, or Sums in sealed Bags ;
And 'tis the very Riches of thy self
That now I aim at.

Anne. Gentle Mr. *Fenton*,
Yet seek my Father's Love, still seek it, Sir :
If Opportunity and humblest Suit
Cannot attain it, why then hark you hither.

Enter Shallow, Slender, and Mistress Quickly.

Shal. Break their Talk, Mistress *Quickly*.
My Kinsman shall speak for himself.

Slen. I'll make a Shaft or a Bolt on it : 'D'flid, 'tis but
venturing.

Shal. Be not dismay'd.

Slen. No, she shall not dismay me :
I care not for that, but that I am afraid. [you.

Quic. Hark'ye ; Mr. *Slender* would speak a word with

Anne. I come to him. This is my Father's Choice.

O what a World of vile ill-favour'd Faults
Look handfom in three hundred Pounds a Year ?

Quic. And how does good Master *Fenton* ?

Pray you, a word with you.

Shal. She's coming ; to her, Coz.

O Boy, thou hadst a Father !

Slen. I had a Father, Mrs. *Anne* ; my Uncle can tell you good Jest of him. Pray you, Uncle, tell Mrs. *Anne* the Jest, how my Father stole two Geese out of a Pen, good Uncle.

Shal. Mrs. *Anne*, my Cousin loves you.

Slen. Ay, that I do, as well as I love any Woman in Gloucestershire.

Shal. He will maintain you like a Gentlewoman.

Slen. Ay, that I will ; come cut and long tail under the Degree of a Squire.

Shal. He will make you a hundred and fifty Pounds Jointure.

Anne. Good Master *Shallow*, let him woo for himself.

Shal. Marry, I thank you for it ; I thank you for that. Good Comfort ; she calls you, Coz. I'll leave you.

Anne. Now, Master *Slender*.

Slen. Now, good Mrs. *Anne*.

Anne. What is your Will ?

Slen. My Will ? Od's-heart-lings, that's a pretty Jest, indeed, I ne'er made my Will yet, I thank Heav'n ; I am not such a sickly Creature, I give Heav'n Praise.

Anne. I mean, Mr. *Slender*, what would you with me ?

Slen. Truly, for my own part, I would little or nothing with you ; your Father and my Uncle have made Motions ; if it be my Luck, so ; if not, happy Man be his dole ; they can tell you how things go better than I can ; you may ask your Father ; here he comes.

Enter Page, and Mistress Page.

Page. Now, Master *Slender* : Love him, Daughter *Anne*. Why how now ? What does Master *Fenton* here ?

You wrong me, Sir, thus still to haunt my House :

I told you, Sir, my Daughter is dispos'd of.

Fent. Nay, Master *Page*, be not impatient.

Mrs. *Page*. Good Master *Fenton*, come not to my Child.

Page. She is no Match for you.

Fent. Sir, will you hear me ?

Page. No, good Master *Fenton*.

Come, Master *Shallow* ; come, Son *Slender*, in.

Knowing my mind, you wrong me, Master *Fenton*.

[*Exeunt Page, Shallow, and Slender.*]

Quic. Speak to Mistress *Page*.

Fent.

Fent. Good Mistress *Page*, for that I love your Daughter
In such a righteous Fashion as I do,
Perforce, against all Check, Rebukes, and Manners,
I must advance the Colours of my Love,
And not retire. Let me have your good Will.

Anne. Good Mother, do not marry me to yon Fool.

Mrs. Page. I mean it not, I seek you a better Husband.

Quic. That's my master, master Doctor.

Anne. Alas, I had rather be set quick i'th Earth,
And bow'd to Death with Turnips.

Mrs. Page. Come, trouble not your self good Master *Fen-*
I will not be your your Friend nor Enemy : [ton.
My Daughter will I question how she loves you,
And as I find her, so am I affected.

'Till then farewell, Sir; she must needs go in,
Her Father will be angry. [*Ex. Mrs. Page and Anne.*

Fent. Farewel, gentle mistresses; farewell *Nan*.

Quic. This is my doing now. Nay, said I, will you
cast away your Child on a Fool and a Physician?
Look on, Master *Fenton*: This is my doing.

Fent. I thank thee; and I pray thee once to Night,
Give my sweet *Nan* this Ring. There's for thy Pains.

[*Exit.*
Quic. Now Heaven send thee good Fortune. A kind
Heart he hath; a Woman would run through Fire and
Water for such a kind Heart. But yet, I would my Ma-
ster had Mistress *Anne*, or I would Mr. *Slender* had her;
or, in sooth, I would Mr. *Fenton* had her. I will do what
I can for them all three, for so I have promis'd, and I'll
be as good as my Word, but speciously for Mr. *Fenton*.
Well, I must of another Errand to Sir *John Falstaff* from
my two mistresses; what a Beast am I to slack it?

SCENE III.

Enter Falstaff and Bardolph.

Bard. Here, Sir,

Fal. Go fetch me a Quart of Sack, put a Toast in't.
Have I liv'd to be carry'd in Basket, like a Barrow of
Butcher's Offal, and to be thrown into the *Thames*? Well,
if I be serv'd such another Trick, I'll have my Brains ta'en
out and butter'd, and give them to a Dog for a New-
year's

years Gift. The Rogues slighted me into the River, with as little Remorse as they would have drown'd a Bitches blind Puppies, fifteen i'th' Litter; and you may know, by my Size, that I have a kind of Alacrity in sinking: If the Bottom were as deep as Hell, I should down. I had been drown'd, but that the Shore was shelvy and shallow; a Death that I abhor; for the Water swells a Man: And what a thing would I have been when I had been swell'd? I should have been a Mountain of Mummy.

Bard. Here's Mrs. *Quickly*, Sir, to speak with you.

Fal. Come, let me pour in some Sack to the *Thames*-Water; for my Belly's as cold as if I had swallow'd Snow-balls, for Pills to cool the Reins. Call her in.

Bard. Come in, Woman.

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. By your Leave: I cry you Mercy.
Give your Worship Good-morrow.

Fal. Take away these Chalicees;
Go brew me a Pottle of Sack finely.

Bard. With Eggs, Sir?

Fal. Simple of it self: I'll no Pullet-Sperm in my Brewage. How now?

Quic. Marry, Sir, I come to your Worship from mistress *Ford*.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*? I have had *Ford* enough; I was thrown into the *Ford*; I have my Belly-full of *Ford*.

Quic. Alas the Day! good Heart, that was not her Fault: She does so take on with her Men; they mistook their Erection.

Fal. So did I mine, to build on a foolish Woman's Promise.

Quic. Well, she laments, Sir, for it, that it would yearn your Heart to see it. Here Husband goes this Morning a birding; she desires you once more to come to her, between eight and nine. I must carry her Word quickly, she'll make you amends. I warrant you.

Fal. Well, I will visit her; tell her so, and bid her think what a Man is: Let her consider his Frailty, and then judge of my Merit.

Quic. I will tell her,

Fal. Do so. Between nine and ten, say'st thou?

Quic. Eight and nine, Sir.

Fal.

Fal. Well, be gone, I will not miss her.

Quick. Peace be with you, Sir,

[*Exit.*

Fal. I marvel I hear not of Master *Brook*; he sent me Word to stay within: I like his Money well. Oh, here he comes.

Enter Ford.

Ford. Bless you, Sir.

Fal. Now, Master *Brook*, you come to know what hath pass'd between me and *Ford's* Wife.

Ford. That, indeed, Sir *John*, is my business.

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will not lye to you; I was at her House the Hour she appointed me.

Ford. And you sped, Sir,

Fal. Very ill-favour'dly, Master *Brook*.

Ford. How, Sir, did she change her Determination?

Fal. No, Master *Brook*, but the peaking Cornuto, her Husband, Master *Brook*, dwelling in a continual larum of Jealousy, comes in the instant of our Encounter, after we had embrac'd, kiss'd, protested, and as it were, spoke the Prologue of our Comedy; and at his Heels a rabble of his Companions, thither provok'd and instigated by his Dislemper, and forsooth, to search his House for his Wife's Love.

Ford. What, while you were there!

Fal. While I was there.

Ford. And did he search for you, and could not find you?

Fal. You shall hear. As good Luck would have it, comes in one Mistress *Page*, gives Intelligence of *Ford's* Approach, and by her Invention, and *Ford's* Wife's Distraction, they convey'd me into a Buck-basket.

Ford. A Buck-basket.

Fal. Yes, a Buck-basket; ramm'd me in with foul Shirts and Smocks, Socks, foul Stockings, and greasy Napkins, that, Master *Brook*, there was the rankest Compound of villainous Smell that ever offended Nostril.

Ford. And how long lay you there?

Fal. Nay, you shall hear, Master *Brook*, what I have suffer'd to bring this Woman to evil, for your good. Being thus cramm'd in the Basket, a couple of *Ford's* Knaves, his Hinds, were call'd forth by their Mistress, to carry me, in the name of foul Clothes, to *Datchet-lane*, they took me on their Shoulders, met the jealous Knave their Master in the Door, who ask'd them once or twice what they had

in their Basket : I quak'd for Fear, lest the lunatick Knave would have search'd it ; but Fate, ordaining he should be a Cuckold, held his Hand. Well, on went he for a search, and away went I for foul Cloaths ; but mark the sequel, Master *Brook*, I suffered the pangs of three egregious Deaths : First, an intolerable Fright to be detected by a jealous rotten Bell-weather ; next to be compass'd like a good Bilbo, in the Circumference of a Peck, hilt to point, heel to head : and then to be stopt like a strong Distillation, with stinking Clothes, that fretted in their own Grease : Think of that, a Man of my Kidney ; think of that, that am as subject to heat as Butter ; a Man of continual dissolution and thaw ; it was a Miracle to 'scape Suffocation. And in the height of this Bath, when I was more than half stew'd in Grease, like a *Dutch Dish*, to be thrown into the *Thames*, and cool'd, glowing hot, in that serge, like a Horse-shoe ; think of that ; hissing hot, think of that, Master *Brook*.

Ford. In good sadness, Sir, I am sorry that for my sake you suffer'd all this. My Suit is then desperate ; you'll undertake her no more ?

Fal. Master *Brook*, I will be thrown into *Etna*, as I have been into the *Thames*, ere I will leave her thus. Her Husband is this Morning gone a Birding ; I have receiv'd from her another Embassy of meeting ? 'twixt eight and nine is the Hour, Master *Brook*.

Ford. 'Tis past eight already, Sir.

Fal. Is it ? I will then address me to my Appointment. Come to me at your convenient leisure, and you shall know how I speed ; and the Conclusion shall be crown'd with your enjoying her ; Adieu, you shall have her, master *Brook*, Master *Brook*, you shall cuckold *Ford*. [*Exit*.

Ford. Hum ! Ha ! Is this a Vision ? Is this a Dream ? Do I sleep ? master *Ford* awake, awake, master *Ford* ; there's a Hole made in your best Coat, master *Ford* ; this 'tis to be married ! this 'tis to have Linnen and Buck-Baskets ! Well, I will proclaim my self what I am ; I will now take the Leacher ; he is at my House ; he cannot 'scape me ; 'tis impossible he should ; he cannot creep into a Halfpenny Purse, nor into a Pepper box. But lest the Devil that guides him should aid him, I will search impossible places ; tho' what I am I cannot avoid, yet to be
what

what I would not, shall not make me tame ; If I have
Horns to make one mad, let the Proverb go with me,
I'll be horn-mad. [Exit.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Quickly, and William.

Mrs. Page. **I**S he at Mr. Ford's already, thinkst thou ?
Quic. Sure he is by this, or will be presently;
but truly he is very courageous mad, about his throwing
into the Water ; Mrs. Ford desires you to come suddenly.

Mrs. Page. I'll be with her by and by ; I'll but bring
my young Man here to School. Look where his Master
comes ; 'tis a Playing-day I see. How now, Sir Hugh, no
School to Day.

Enter Evans.

Eva. No, Master Slender is let the Boys leave to play.

Quic. Blessing of his Heart.

Mrs. Page. Sir Hugh, my Husband says my Son profits
nothing in the World at his Book ; I pray you ask him
some Questions in his Accidence.

Eva. Come hither, William ; hold up your Head.

Mrs. Page. Come on, Sirrah, hold up your Head ; an-
swer your Master, be not afraid.

Eva. William, how many Numbers is in Nouns ?

Will. Two.

Quic. Truly, I thought there had been one Number
more, because they say od's Nowns.

Eva. Peace, your tatlings, What is Fair, William ?

William. Pulcher.

Quic. Poulcats ? There are fairer things than Poulcats,
sure.

Eva. You are very simplicity 'oman ; I pray, you peace.
What is Lapis, William ?

Will. A Stone.

Eva. And what is a Stone ?

William. A Pebble.

Eva. No, it is Lapis : I pray you remember in your
Prain:

William. Lapis.

Eva. That is a good *William*: What is he, *William*, that does lend Articles?

Will. Articles are borrowed of the Pronoun, and be thus declin'd, *Singulariter Nominativo, hic, hæc, hoc.*

Eva. *Nominativo, big, hag, hog*; pray you mark *Genitivo hujus*: Well, what is your *Accusative Case*?

Will. *Accusative, hinc.*

Eva. I pray you, have you remembrance, Child, *Accusative, hing, hang, hog.*

Quick. Hang Hog is *Latin* for Bacon, I warrant you.

Eva. Leave your Prabbles 'oman. What is the *Focative Case, William*?

Will. O, *Vocativo, O.*

Eva. Remember, *William, Focative is caret.*

Quick. And that's a good Root.

Eva. 'Oman, forbear.

Mrs. Page. Peace.

Eva. What is your *Genitive Case Plural, William*?

Will. *Genitive Case?*

Eva. Ay.

Will. *Genitive horum, harum, borum.*

Quic. Vengeance of *Ginyes Case*; fy on her; never name her, Child, if she be a Whore.

Eva. For shame, o'man.

Quick. You do ill to teach the Child such Words: He teaches him to *hic* and to *hac*, which they'll do fast enough of themselves; and to call *horum*; fy upon you.

Eva. O'man, art thou Lunacies? Hast thou no Understandings for thy Cases, and the Numbers of the Genders; Thou art as foolish Christian Creatures as I would desires.

Mrs. Page. Pr'ythee hold thy Peace.

Eva. Shew me now, *William*, some Delensions of your Pronouns.

Will. Forsooth, I have forgot.

Eva. It is, *qui, quæ, quod*; if you forget your *Quiis*, your *Quæas*, and your *Quods*, you must be preeches: Go your ways and play, go.

Mrs. Page. He is a better Scholar than I thought he was.

Eva. He has a good sprag memory. Farewel, Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Adieu, good Sir Hugh.

Get you home, Boy, come, we stay too long. [Exeunt

C

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Ford.

Fal. Mistress *Ford*, your Sorrow hath eaten up my Sufferance; I see you are obsequious in your Love, and I profess Requitall to a Hair's breadth, not only, Mrs. *Ford*, in the simple Office of Love, but in the Accoustrement, Compliment, and Ceremony of it. But are you sure of your Husband now?

Mrs. Ford. He's a Birding, sweet Sir *John*.

Mrs. Page. [*within*] what ho, Gossip *Ford*! what ho!

Mrs. Ford. Step into the Chamber, Sir *John*. [*Ex. Fal.*

Enter Mistress Page.

Mrs. Page. How now, sweet Heart, who's at home besides your self?

Mrs. Ford. Why none but mine own People.

Mrs. Page. Indeed?

Mrs. Ford. No, certainly—— Speak louder.

Mrs. Page. Truly I am so glad you have no body here.

Mrs. Ford. Why?

Mrs. Page. Why, Woman, your Husband is in his old Lanes again; he so takes on yonder with my Husband, so rails against all married mankind, so curses all *Eve's* Daughters, of what Complexion soever, and so buffets himself on the Forehead, crying, *peer-out, peer-out*, that any madness I ever yet beheld seemed but Tameness, Civility, and Patience to this Distemper he is in now; I am glad the fat Knight is not here.

Mrs. Ford. Why, does he talk of him?

Mrs. Page. Of none but him, and swears he was carry'd out the last time he searched for him in a Basket; protests to my Husband he is now here, and hath drawn him, and the rest of their Company from their Sport, to make another Experiment of his Suspicion; but I am glad the Knight is not here; now he shall see his own Folly.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mrs. *Page*?

Mrs. Page. Hard by, at Street's end, he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone, the Knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why then thou art utterly sham'd, and he's but a dead Man. What a Woman are you? away with him, away with him: better Shame than Murder.

I

Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. *Ford*. Which way should he go? How should I bestow him? shall I put him into the Basket again?

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. No, I'll come no more i'th' Basket:

May I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. *Page*. Alas, alas, three of Master *Ford's* Brothers watch the Door with Pistols, that none should issue out, otherwise you might slip away ere he came; But what make you here?

Fal. What shall I do? I'll creep up into the Chimney.

Mrs. *Ford*. There they always used to discharge their Birding-Pieces; creep into the Kill-Hole.

Fal. Where is it?

Mrs. *Ford*. He will seek there, on my Word: Neither Press, Coffers, Chest, Trunk, Well, Vault, but he hath an Abstract for the remembrance of such Places, and goes to them by his Note; there is no hiding yon in the House.

Fal. I'll go out then.

Mrs. *Ford*. If you go out in your own Semblance, you die, Sir *John*, unless you go out disguis'd. How might we disguise him?

Mrs. *Page*. Alas the Day, I know not; there is no Woman's Gown big enough for him, otherwise he might put on a Hat, a Muffler, and a Kerchief, and so escape.

Fal. Good Heart, devise something; any Extremity, rather than mischief.

Mrs. *Ford*. My maid's Aunt, the fat Woman of *Brainford*, has a Gown above.

Mrs. *Page*. On my word, it will serve him, she's as big, as he is, and there's her thrumb hat, and her muffler too. Run up, Sir *John*.

Mrs. *Ford*. Go, go, sweet Sir *John*, Mrs. *Page* and I will look some Linnen for your Head.

Mrs. *Page*. Quick, quick, we'll come dress you straight, put on the Gown the while. *(Exit Falstaff.)*

Mrs. *Ford*. I would my Husband would meet him in this Shape, he cannot abide the old Woman of *Brainford*; he swears she's a Witch, forbad her my House, and hath threatned to beat her.

Mrs. *Page*. Heav'n guide him to thy Husband's Cudgel, and the Devil guide his Cudgel afterwards.

Mrs. Ford. But is my Husband coming?

Mrs. Page. Ay, in good Sadness is he, and talks of the Basket too, however he hath had Intelligence.

Mrs. Ford. We'll try that; for I'll appoint my men to carry the Basket again, to meet him at the Door with it as they did last time.

Mrs. Page. Nay, but he'll be here presently; let's go dress him like the Witch of *Brainford*.

Mrs. Ford. I'll first direct my men, what they shall do with the Basket; go up, I'll bring Linnen for him straight.

Mrs. Page. Hang him, dishonest Varlet, We cannot misuse him enough.

We'll leave a Proof, by that which we will do, Wives may be merry, and yet honest too.

We do not act, that often jest and laugh:

'Tis old but true, still Swine eat all the Draugh.

Mrs. Ford. Go, Sirs, take the Basket again on your Shoulders; your master is hard at Door; if he bid you set it down, obey him; Quickly, dispatch.

Enter Servants with the Basket.

1 *Serv.* Come, come, take up.

2 *Serv.* Pray Heav'n it be not full of the Knight again.

1 *Serv.* I hope not, I had as lief bear so much Lead.

Enter Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius and Evans.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master *Page*, have you any way then to unfool me again? Set down the Basket, Villain; some body call my wife: Youth in a Basket! Oh you panderly Rascals, there's a Knot, a Gang, a Pack, a Conspiracy against me? now shall the Devil be sham'd. What Wife! I say; come, come forth, behold what honest Clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why this passes, master *Ford*; you are not to go loose any longer, you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is Lunaticks; this is mad as a mad dog.

Enter Mrs. Ford,

Shal. Indeed, master *Ford*, this is not well, indeed.

Ford. So say I too, Sir. Come hither, mistress *Ford*, mistress *Ford*, the honest Woman, the modest Wife, the virtuous Creature, that hath the jealous Fool to her Husband: I suspect without Cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n be my Witness, you do, if you suspect me in my Dishonesty.

Ford.

Ford. Well said, Brazen-face, hold it out: Come forth, Sirrah.

[Pulls the Clothes out of the Basket.]

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? Let the Clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable; will you take up your wife's Clothes? Come away.

Ford. Empty the Basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why?

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this Basket; why may not he be there again? In my House I am sure he is; my Intelligence is true, my Jealousy is reasonable, pluck me out all the Linnen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the Imaginations of your own Heart; this is Jealousies.

Ford. Well, he is not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else but in your Brain.

Ford. Help to search my House this one time; If I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my Extremity; let me for ever be your Table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that searched a hollow Walnut for his Wife's Lemman. Satisfy me once more, once more scarce with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my Husband will come into the Chamber.

Ford. Old Woman! What old Woman's that?

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's Aunt of Brainford.

Ford. A Witch, a Queen, an old cozening Queen; have I not forbid her my House? She comes of Errands, does she? We are simple men, we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is, beyond our Element; we know nothing. Come down, you witch, you hag you, come down, I say,

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, good sweet Husband ; good Gentlemen, let him not strike the old Woman.

Enter Falstaff in Womens Clothes.

Mrs. *Page*. Come, mother *Prat*, come, give me your Hand.

Ford. I'll *Prat* her, Out of my Door, you Witch [*Beats, him.*] you Hag, you Baggage, you Poulcat, you Runnion, out, out, out ; I'll conjure you, I'll Fortune-tell you.

[*Exit Fal.*

Mrs. *Page*. Are you not asham'd ?
I think you have kill'd the poor Woman.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, he will do it ; 'tis a goodly Credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, Witch.

Eva. By yea and no, I think the 'oman is a Witch indeed : I like not when a 'oman has a great Peard ; I spy a great Peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, Gentlemen ? I beseech you follow, see but the Issue of my Jealousy ; if I cry out thus upon no Trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his Humour a little further :
Come, Gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

Mrs. *Page*. Trust me, he beat him most pitifully.

Mrs. *Ford*. Nay, by the Mass, that he did not ; he beat him most unpitifully, methought.

Mrs. *Page*. I'll have the Cudgel hallow'd, and hung o'er the Altar ; it hath done meritorious Service.

Mrs. *Ford*. What think you ? May we, with the warrant of Woman-hood, and the Witness of a good Conscience, pursue him with any further Revenge ?

Mrs. *Page*. The Spirt of Wantonness is sure scar'd out of him ; if the Devil have him not in Fee-simple, with Fine and Recovery, he will never, I think, in the way of waste, attempt us again.

Mrs. *Ford*. Shall we tell our Husbands how we have served him ?

Mrs. *Page*. Yes, by all means ; if it be but to scrape the Figures out of your Husband's Brain. If they can find in the Hearts their poor unvirtuous fat Knight shall be any farther afflicted, we two will still be the Ministers.

Mrs. *Ford*. I'll warrant, they'll have him publicly sham'd ; and methinks there would be no Period to the Jest, should he not be publicly sham'd.

* Mrs. *Page*

Mrs. Page. Come to the Forge with it, then shape it.
I would not have things cool. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

Enter Host and Bardolph.

Bard. Sir, the German desires to have three of your
Horses; the Duke himself will be to-morrow at Court,
and they are going to meet him.

Host. What Duke should that be comes so secretly? I
hear not of him in the Court: Let me speak with the
Gentlemen; they speak *English*.

Bar. Sir, I'll call them to you.

Host. They shall have my Horses, but I'll make them
pay, I'll sawce them. They have had my House a Week
at Command, I have turn'd away my other Guests; they
must compt off; I'll sawce them, come. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

Enter Page, Ford, Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and
Evans.

Eva. 'Tis one of the best Discretions of a 'oman as ever
I did look upon.

Page. And did he send you both these Letters at an in-
stant?

Mrs. Page. Within a quarter of an Hour.

Ford. Pardon me, Wife, henceforth do what thou wilt:
I rather will suspect the Sun with Cold,
Than thee with Wantonness; now doth thy Honour stand,
In him that was of late an Heretick,
As firm of Faith.

Page. 'Tis well, 'tis well; no more.
Be not as extreme in Submission, as in Offence,
But let our Plot go forward: Let our Wives
Yet once again, to make us publick Sport,
Appoint a Meeting with this old fat Fellow,
Where we may take him, and disgrace him for it.

Ford. There is no better way than that they spoke of.

Page. How? to send him Word they'll meet him in the
Park at midnight? Fy, fy, he'll never come.

Eva. You say he hath been thrown into the River ; and has been grievously peaten, as an old 'oman ; methinks, there should be Terrors in him, that he should not come ; methinks, his Flesh is punish'd, he shall have no Defires.

Page. So think I too.

Mrs. Ford. Devise but how you'll use him when he comes ; And let us two devise to bring him thither.

Mrs. Page. There is an old Tale goes, that *Herne* the Sometime a Keeper in *Windfor* Forest, [Hunter, Doth all the Winter time at still of midnight Walk round about an Oak, with ragged Horns, And there he blasts the Tree, and takes the Cattle, And makes milch kine yield blood, and shakes a Chain In a most hideous and dreadful manner. You have heard of such Spirit, and well you know The superstitious idle-headed *Eld* Receiv'd, and did deliver to our Age This Tale of *Herne* the Hunter for a Truth.

Page. Why yet there want not many, that do fear In deep of Night to walk by this *Herne's* Oak ; But what of this ?

Mrs. Ford. Marry, this is our Device, That *Falstaff* at that Oak shall meet with us.

Page. Well, let it not be doubted but he'll come. And in this Shape when you have brought him hither, What shall be done with him ? What is your plot ?

Mrs. Page. That likewise we have thought upon, and thus :

Nan Page (my Daughter, and my little Son, And three or four more of their Growth, we'll dress Like Urchins, Ouphes, and Fairies, green and white, With Rounds of waxen Tapers on their Heads, And Rattles in their Hands ; upon a sudden, As *Falstaff*, she, and I, are newly met, Let them from forth a Saw-pit rush at once With some diffused Song : Upon their sight We too, in great Amazedness, will fly ; Then let them all encircle him about, And Fairy-like to pinch the unclean Knight ; And ask him why that Hour of fairy revel,

In their so sacred Paths he dares to tread
In Shape profane.

Mr. Ford. And 'till he tell the Truth,
Let the supposed Fairies pinch him round,
And burn him with their Tapers.

Mrs. Page. The Truth being known,
We'll all present our selves; dis-horn the Spirit,
And mock him home to *Windsor*.

Ford. The Children must
Be practis'd well to this, or they'll ne'er do't.

Eva. I will teach the Children their Behaviours, and I
will be like a Jack-a-napes also, to burn the Knight with
my Taber.

Ford. This will be excellent.
I'll go buy them Vizards.

Mrs. Page. My *Nan* shall be the Queen of all the Fairies,
Finely attired in a Robe of White.

Page. That Silk would I go buy, and in that time
Shall Mr. *Slender* steal my *Nan* away,
And marry her at *Eaton*. Go, send to *Falstaff* straight.

Ford. Nay, I'll to him again in the Name of *Brook*;
He'll tell me all his Purpose, sure he'll come.

Mrs. Page. Fear not you that; go get us Properties,
And Tricking for your Fairies.

Eva. Let us about it,
It is admirable Pleasures, and ferry honest Knaveries.
[*Exeunt Page, Ford and Evans.*]

Mrs. Page. Go, Mrs. Ford.
Send quickly to Sir *John*, to know his mind.

[*Exit Mrs. Ford.*]

I'll to the Doctor, he hath my good Will,
And none but he to marry with *Nan Page*.
That *Slender*, tho' well landed, is an Idiot;
And he my Husband best of all affects:
The Doctor is well money'd, and his Friends
Potent at Court; he, none but he shall have her,
Tho' twenty thousand worthier came to crave her. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.

Enter Host and Simple.

Host. What wouldst thou have, Boor ; what, Thick-skin. speak, breathe, discuss ; brief, short, quick, snap.

Sim. Marry, Sir, I come to speak with Sir *John Falstaff*, from Mr. *Slender*.

Host. There's his Chamber, his House, his Castle, his Standing-bed and Truckle-bed ; 'tis painted about with the Story of the Prodigal, fresh and new ; go, knock and call ? he'll speak like an Anthropophaginian unto thee : Knock. I say.

Simp. There's an old Woman, a fat Woman gone up into his Chamber ; I'll be so bold as stay, Sir, 'till she come down ; I come to speak with her, indeed.

Host. Ha ! a fat Woman ? The Knight may be robb'd : I'll call. Bully-Knight ! Bully-Sir *John* ! speak from thy Lungs millitary : Art thou there ? It is thine Host, thine *Epheesian* calls.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. How now, mine Host ?

Host. Here's a *Bohemian Tartar*, tarries the coming down of thy fat Woman : Let her descend, Bully, let her descend ; my Chambers are honourable, Fy, Privacy ! Fy.

Fal. There was, mine Host, an old fat Woman even now with me, but she's gone.

Simp. Pray you, Sir, was't not the wise Woman of *Brainford* ?

Fal. Ay, marry, was it, Muscle-shell, what wou'd you with her ?

Simp. My master, Sir, my master *Slender* sent to her, seeing her go thro' the Street, to know, Sir, whether one *Nym*, Sir, that beguil'd him of a Chain, had the Chain or no.

Fal. I spake with the old Woman about it.

Simp. And what says she, I pray, Sir ?

Fal. Marry, she says, that the very same man that beguil'd master *Slender* of his Chain, cozen'd him of it.

Simp.

Simp. I would I could have spoken with the Woman herself. I had other things to have spoken with her too, from him.

Fal. What are they? Let us know.

Host. Ay, come? quick:

Simp. I may not conceal them, Sir.

Host. Conceal them, or thou dy'st.

Simp. Why, Sir, they were nothing but about Mistress *Anne Page*; to know if it were my Master's Fortune to have her or no.

Fal. 'Tis, 'tis his Fortune.

Simp. What, Sir?

Fal. To have her, or no: Go; say the Woman told me so.

Simp. May I be so bold to say so, Sir?

Host. Ay, Sir; like who more bold.

Simp. I thank your Worship: I shall make my master glad with these Tidings. [Exit *Simp.*

Host. Thou art clarkly; thou art clarkly, Sir *John*: Was there a wise Woman with thee?

Fal. Ay, that there was, mine *Host*, one that hath taught me more Wit than ever I learn'd before in my Life, and I paid nothing for it neither, but was paid for my learning.

Enter *Bardolph*.

Bard. Out, alas, Sir, Cozenage: Mere Cozenage!

Host. Where be my Horses? Speak well of them, Varletto.

Bard. Run away with the Cozeners; for so soon as I came beyond *Eaton*, they threw me off from behind one of them in a Slough of Mire, and set Spurs, and away; like three *German Devils*, three *Doctor Faustus's*.

Host. They are gone but to meet the Duke, Villain, do not not say they be fled; *Germans* are honest Men.

Enter *Evans*.

Eva. Where is mine *Host*?

Host. What is the matter, Sir?

Eva. Have a care of your Entertainments; there is a Friend o' mine come to Town, tells me there is three Cozen-Jermans that has cozen'd all the *Hosts* of *Readings*, of *Maiden-Head*, of *Cole-broke*, of Horses and money. I tell

tell you for good Will, look you ; you are wise, and full of Gibes and vlouting Stocks, and 'tis not convenient you should be cozen'd ? fare you well. [Exit.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mine *Hof* de *Jarteer* ?

Hof. Here, master Doctor, in Perplexity and doubtful Dilemma.

Caius. I cannot tell vat is dat ; but it is tell-a me, dat you make a grand Preparation for a Duke de *Jamany* ; by my trot, dere is no Duke dat the Court is know, to come : I tell you for good Will ; adieu. [Exit.

Hof. Hue and Cry, Villain, go ; assist me, Knight, I am undone ; fly, run, hue and cry. Villain, I am undone. [Exit.

Fal. I would all the World might be coxen'd, for I have been cozened and beaten too. If it should come to the Ear of the Court, how I have been transformed, and how my Transformation hath been wash'd and cudgel'd, they would melt me out of my Fat, Drop by Drop, and liquor Fishermens Boots with me ; I warrant they would whip me with their fine Wits, 'till I were as crest-faln as a dry'd Pear. I never prosper'd since I forswore my self at *Primero*. Well, if my Wind were but long enough to say my Prayers, I would repent. Now, whence come you ?

Enter Mistress Quickly.

Quic. From the two Parties, forsooth.

Fal. The Devil take one Party, and his Dam the other, and so they shall be both bestow'd ; I have suffer'd more for their sakes, more than the villainous Inconstancy of Man's Disposition is able to bear.

Quic. And have not they suffer'd ? yes, I warrant, speciously one of them ; mistress *Ford*, good Heart, is beaten black and blue, that you cannot see a white spot about her.

Fal. What tell'st thou me of black and blue ; I was beaten my self into all the Colours of the Rain-bow ; and I was like to be apprehended for the Witch of *Brainford*, but that my admirable Dexterity of Wit, counterfeiting the Action of a wood Woman, deliver'd me, the Knave Constable had set me i'th' Stocks, i'th common Stocks for a Witch.

Quic.

Quic. Sir, let me speak with you in your Chamber, you shall hear how things go, and, I warrant, to your Content. Here is a Letter will say somewhat. GoodHearts, what ado is here to bring you together? Sure one of you noes not serve Heav'n well, that you are so cross'd.

Fal. Come up into my Chamber.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Fenton and Host.

Host. Master Fenton, talk not to me, my mind is heavy, I will give over all.

Fent. Yet hear me speak; assist me in my purpose, And, as I am a Gentleman, I'll give thee A hundred Pound in Gold more than your Loss.

Host. I will hear you, Master Fenton; and I will, at the least, keep your Counsel.

Fent. From time to time I have acquainted you With the dear Love I bear to fair *Anne Page*, Who, mutually, hath answer'd my Affection, (So far forth as her self might be her Chooser) E'en to my Wish; I have a Letter from her Of such Contents, as you will wonder at; The Mirth whereof's so larded with my matter, That neither singly can be manifested, Without the shew of both. *Fat Sir John Falstaff* Hath a great Scene; the Image of the Jest I'll shew you here at large. Hark, good mine Host; To Night at *Herne's Oak*, just 'twixt twelve and one, Must my sweet *Nan* present the Fairy Queen, The Purpose why, is here; in which Disguise, While other Jest's are something rank on Foot, Her Father hath commanded her to slip Away with *Slender*, and with him at *Eaton* Immediately to marry; she hath consented. Now Sir, Her mother, ever strong against the match, And firm for Doctor *Caius*, hath appointed That he shall likewise shuffle her away, While other Sports are talking of their minds, And at the Deanery, where a Priest attends, Straight marry her: to this her mother's Plot

She

She, seemingly obedient, likewise hath
 Made promise to the Doctor: Now thus it rests;
 Her Father means she shall be all in White,
 And in that Dress, when *Slender* sees his time
 To take her by the Hand, and bid her go,
 She shall go with him. Her mother hath intended,
 The better to devote her to the Doctor,
 (For they must all be masked and vizarded)
 That, quaint in Green, she shall be loose enrob'd,
 With Ribbands-Pendant, flaring 'bout her Head;
 And when the Doctor spies his Vantage ripe,
 To pinch her by the Hand, and on that Token,
 The maid hath given Consent to go with him.

Host. Which means she to deceive? Father or mother;

Fent. Both, my good *Host*, to go along with me:
 And here it rests, that you'll procure the Vicar
 To stay for me at Church, 'twixt twelve and one,
 And in the lawful name of marrying,
 To give our Hearts united Ceremony,

Host. Well, Husband, your Device; I'll to the Vicar.
 Bring you the maid, you shall not lack a Priest.

Fent. So shall I evermore be bound to thee;
 Beside, I'll make a present Recompence.

[*Exe.*

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Enter Falstaff and Mistress Quickly.

Fal. **P**R'ythee no more prating; go, I'll hold. This is
 the third time; I hope, good Luck lies in odd
 Numbers; away, go; they say there is Divinity in odd
 Numbers, either in Nativity, Chance or Death; away.

Quic. I'll provide you a Chain, and I'll do what I can to
 get you a pair of Horns. [Exit *Mistress Quickly*.]

Fal. Away, I say, time wears; hold up your Head,
 and mince.

Enter Ford.

How now, master *Brook*? master *Brook*, the matter will
 be known to Night, or never. Be you in the Park about
 Midnight, at *Hern's Oak*, and you shall see Wonders.

Ford. Went you not to her Yesterday, Sir, as you told
 me you had appointed?

Fal.

Fal. I went to her, master *Brook*, as you see, like a poor old Man ; but I came from her, master *Brook*, like a poor old Woman. The same Knave, *Ford*, her Husband, hath the finest mad Devil of Jealousy in him, master *Brook*, that ever govern'd Phrenzy. I will tell you, he beat me grievously, in the shape of a Woman ; for in the shape of a Man, master *Brook*, I fear not *Goliath* with a Weaver's Beam ; because I know also Life is a Shuttle ; I am in haste ; go along with me, I'll tell you all, Master *Brook*. Since I pluckt Geese, play'd Truant, and whipt Top, I knew not what 'twas to be beaten, 'till lately. Follow me, I'll tell you strange things of this Knave *Ford*, on whom to Night I will be revenged, and I will deliver his Wife into your Hand. Follow ; strange things in hand, master *Brook* ; follow. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Enter Page, Shallow and Slender.

Page. Come, come, we'll couch i'th Castle-ditch, 'till we see the light of our Fairies. Remember, Son *Slender*, my Daughter.

Slen. Ay, Forsooth, I have spoke with her, and we have a Nay-word how to know one another. I come to her in white and cry mum, she cries budget, and by that we know one another.

Shal. That's good too ; but what needs either your mum, or her budget ? The white will decipher her well enough. It hath struck ten a-Clock.

Page. The Night is dark, Light and Spirits will become it well ; Heav'n prosper our Sport. No man means evil but the Devil, and we shall know him by his Horns. Let's away ; follow me. [Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Enter Mistress Page, Mistress Ford, and Caius.

Mrs. Page. Mr. Doctor, my Daughter is in green, when you see your time, take her by the Hand, away with her to the Deanery, and dispatch it quickly ; go before into the Park ; we two must go together.

Caius.

Caius. I know vat I have to do ; adieu. [Exit.

Mrs. Page. Fare you well, Sir. My Husband will not rejoice so much at the abuse of *Falstaff*, as he will chafe at the Doctor's marrying my Daughter : But 'tis no matter ; better a little chiding, than a great deal of heart break.

Mrs. Ford. Where is *Nan* now, and her Troop of Fairies, and the *Welsh* Devil, *Evans* ?

Mrs. Page. They are all couch'd in a Pit hard by *Herne's* Oak, with obscur'd Lights ; which at the very instant of *Falstaff's* and our meeting, they will at once display to the Night.

Mrs. Ford. That cannot chuse but amaze him.

Mrs. Page. If he be not amazed he will be mock'd ; if he be amaz'd he will every way be mock'd.

Mrs. Ford. We'll betray him finely.

Mrs. Page. Against such Lewdsters, and their Lechery, Those that betray them do no Treachery.

Mrs. Ford. The Hour draws on ; to the Oak, to the Oak. [Exit.

S C E N E IV.

Enter Evans and Fairies.

Eva. Trib, trib, Fairies ; come and remember your parts : Be pold, I pray you, follow me into the Pit, and when I give the Watch-ords, do as I bid you : Come, come ; trib, trib. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. The *Windsor* Bell hath struck twelve, the Minute draws on ; now the hot-blooded Gods assist me. Remember, *Jove*, thou wast a Bull for thy *Europa* ; Love set on thy Horns. Oh powerful Love ! that in some respects makes a Beast a Man ; in some other, a Man a Beast. You were also, *Jupiter*, a Swan, for the Love of *Leda* : Oh omnipotent Love ! how near the God drew to the Complexien of a Goose ; a Fault done first in the form of a Beast, O *Jove*, a beastly fault ; and then another fault in the semblance of a Fowl ; think on't, *Jove*, a foul Fault. When Gods have hot Backs, what shall poor Men do ? For me,

I am here a *Windfor* Stag, and the fattest, I think, i'th Forest. Send me a cool Rut-time, *Jove*, or who can blame me to piss my Tallow? Who comes here? my Doe?

Enter Mistress Ford and Mistress Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*? Art thou there, my Deer?
My Male-Deer?

Fal. My Doe with the black Scut! Let thy Sky rain Potatoes, let it thunder to the Tune of *Green Sleeves*, hail kissing-Comfits, and snow Eringoes; let there come a Tempest of Provocation, I will shelter me here.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress *Page* is come with me, sweet Heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bribed Buck, each a Haunch; I will keep my Sides to my self, my Shoulders for the Fellow of this Walk, and my Horns I bequeath your Husband's. Am I a Woodman, ha? Speak I like *Herne* the Hunter? Why, now is *Cupid* a Child of Conscience, he makes Restitution. As I am a true Spirit, welcome.

[*Noise within.*]

Mrs. Page. Alas! what Noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heav'n forgive our Sins.

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. Mrs. *Page*, away, away.

[*The Women run out.*]

Fal. I think the Devil will not have me damn'd,
Lest the Oil that is in me should set Hell on Fire;
He would never else cross me thus.

Enter Fairies.

Quic. Fairies, black, gray, green, and white,
You moon-shine Revellers, and Shades of Night,
You Ouphan Heirs of fixed Destiny,
Attend your Office, and your Quality.
Cries Hobgoblin, make the Fairy O-yes.

Eva. Elves, list your Names; silence you airy Toys,
Cricket, to *Windfor* Chimneys shalt thou leap:
Where Fires thou find'st unrak'd, and Hearths unswept,
There pinch the maids as blue as Bilbery.
Our radiant Queen hates Sluts and Sluttery.

Fal. They are Fairies, he that speaks to them shall die.
I'll wink and couch; no man their Works must eye.

[*Lies down upon his Face.*]

Eva.

Eva. Where's *Pede*? Go you and where you find a maid
That ere she sleep hath thrice her Prayers said,
Raife up the Organs of her Phantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless Infancy;
But those that sleep and think not on their Sins,
Pinch them, Arms, Legs, Backs, Shoulders, Sides, and Shins.

Quic. About, about;
Search *Windfor* Castle, Elves, within and out,
Strew good Luck, Ouphes, on every sacred Room,
That it may stand till the perpetual Doom,
In State as wholesome, as in State 'tis fit;
Worthy the Owner, and the Owner it.
The several Chairs of Order look you scour,
With Juice of Balm and every precious Flow'r;
Each fair Instalment, Coat, and sev'ral Crest,
With loyal Blazon evermore be blest.
And nightly meadow Fairies, look you sing
Like to the *Garter*-compass in a Ring:
The Expressure that it bears, Green let it be,
More fertile fresh than all the Field to see;
And *Honi Soit Quy Mal-y Pense* write
In Emrould-tuffs, Flowers purple, blue and white,
Like Sapphire-pearl, and rich Embroidery,
Buckled below fair Knighthoods bending Knee;
Fairies use Flow'rs for their Charactery.
Away, disperse; but 'till 'tis one a-Clock
Our dance of Custom round about the Oak
Of *Herne* the Hunter let us not forget. [set:

Eva. Pray you lock Hand in Hand, your selves in Order
And twenty Glow-worms shall our Lanthorns be
To guide our measure round about the Tree.
But stay, I smell a man of middle Earth.

Fal. Heav'n defend me from that *Welsh* Fairy,
Lest he transform me to a piece of Cheese.

Pist. Vile Worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even thy Birth,

Quick. With Trial-fire touch me his Fingers end;
If he be Chaste, the Flame will back descend
And turn him to no Pain; but if he start,
It is the Flesh of a corrupted Heart.

Pist. A Trial, come.

[*They burn him with their Tapers and pinch him.*

Eva.

Eva. Come, will this Wood take fire?

Eal. Oh, oh, oh.

Quic. Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in Desire;
About him, Fairies, sing a scornful Rhime,
And as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

THE SONG.

*Fie on simple Phantasy : Fie on Lust and Luxury :
Lust is but a bloody Fire, kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in Heart whose Flames aspire,
As Thoughts do blow them higher and higher.
Pinch him, Fairies, mutually : pinch him for his Villany :
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
'Till Candles, and Star-light, and Moon-shine be out.*
[He offers to run out

Enter Page, Ford, &c. They lay hold of him.

Page. Nay, do not fly, I think we have watch'd you now?
Will none but *Herne* the Hunter serve your turn?

Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the Jest no higher.
Now, good Sir *John*, how like you *Windsor Wives*?
See you these Husbands? Do not these fair yokes
Become the Forest better than the Town?

Ford. Now, Sir, who's a Cuckold now?
Master Brook, *Falstaff's* a Knave a cuckoldly Knave,
Here are his horns, *Master Brook*.
And, *Master Brook* he hath enjoy'd nothing of *Ford's*
But his Buck-basket, his Cudgel, and twenty Pounds of
money, which must be paid to *Master Brook*; his Horses
are arrested for it, *Master Brook*.

Mrs. Ford. Sir *John*, we have had ill Luck; we could
never meet. I will never take you for my Love again,
but I will always count you my Deer.

Fal. I do begin to perceive that I am made an Ass.

Ford. Ay, and an Ox too: Both the Proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not Fairies:

I was three or four times in the Thought they were not
Fairies, and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden
surprize of my Powers, drove the grossness of the Fop-
pery into a received Belief, in despite of the Teeth of
all

all Rhime and Reason ; that they were Fairies. See now, how Wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill Employment.

Eva. Sir *John Falstaff*, serve Got, and leave your Desires, and Fairies will not pinse you.

Ford. Well said, Fairy *Hugh*.

Eva. And leave your Jealousies too, I pray you.

Ford. I will never mistrust my Wife again, 'till thou art able to woo her in good *English*.

Fal. Have I laid my Brain in the Sun and dry'd it, that it wants matter to prevent so gross o'er-reaching as this? Am I ridden with a *Welsh* Goat too? Shall I have a Coxcomb of Frize! 'Tis time I were choak'd with a peece of toasted Cheese.

Eva. Seese is not good to give Putter ; your Pelly is all Putter.

Fal. Seese and putter? Have I liv'd to stand in the taunt of one that makes Fritters of *English*? This is enough to be the decay of Lust and late-walking through the Realm.

Mrs. Page. Why, Sir *John*, do you think, though we would have thrust Virtue out of our Hearts by the Head and Shoulders, and have given our selves without scruple to Hell, that ever the Devil could have made you our Delight?

Ford. What, a Hodge-pudding? A Bag of Flax?

Mrs. Page. A puffed man?

Page. And, cold, wither'd, and of intolerable Intrails?

Ford. And one that is as slanderous as Satan?

Page. Old as poor as *Job*?

Ford. And as wicked as his Wife?

Eva. And given to Fornications, and to Taverns, and Sack, and Wine, metheglins, and to Drinkings, and Swearings, and Starings, Pribbles and Prabbles?

Fal. Well, I am your Theme ; you have the Start of me, I am dejected ; I am not able to answer the *Welsh* Flannel, Ignorance it self is a Plummet o'er me, use me as you will.

Ford. Marry, Sir, well bring you to *Windfor* to one Mr. *Brook*, that you have cozen'd of money, to whom you should have been a Pander : Over and above that you have suffer'd, I think, to repay that money will be a biting Affliction.

Page. Yet be cheerful, Knight, thou shalt eat a Posset to Night at my House, where I will desire thee to laugh at my Wife, that now laughs at thee! Tell her, Mr. *Slender* hath marry'd her Daughter.

Mrs. Page. Doctors doubt that;
If *Anne Page* be my Daughter, she is by this Doctor *Caius's* Wife.

Enter Slender.

Slen. What hoe! hoe! Father *Page*!

Page. Son? How now? How now, Son,
Have you dispatch'd!

Slen. Dispatch'd? I'll make the best in *Gloucestershire* know on't; would I were hang'd-la, else.

Page. Of what, Son?

Slend. I came yonder at *Eaton* to marry mistress *Anne Page*, and she's a great lubberly Boy. If it had not been i'th Church, I would have swing'd him, or he should have swing'd me. If I did not think it had been *Anne Page*, would I might never stir, and 'tis a Post-master's Boy.

Page. Upon my Life then you took the wrong.

Slen. What need you tell me that? I think so, when I took a Boy for a Girl; If I had been marry'd to him, for all he was in Woman's Apparel, I would not have had him.

Page. Why, this is your own Folly.

Did not I tell you how you should know my Daughter by her Garments?

Slen. I went to her in white, and cry'd Mum, and she cry'd Budget, as *Anne* and I had appointed, and yet it was not *Anne*, but a Post-master's Boy.

Mrs. Page. Good *George*, be not angry; I knew of your purpose, turn'd my Daughter into green, and indeed she is now with the Doctor at the Deanary, and there marry'd.

Enter Caius.

Caius. Ver is mistress *Page*, by gar, I am cozen'd I ha' marry'd one Garfool, a Boy; one Pefant, by gar. A Boy; is it not *Anne Page*, by gar, I am cozen'd.

Mrs. Page. Why? Did you take her in green!

Caius. Ay, by gar, and 'tis a Boy; by gar, I'll raise all *Windsor*.

Ford. This is strange! who hath got the right *Anne*!

Page.

Page. My Heart misgives me ; here comes Mr. *Fenton*.

Enter Fenton and Anne Page.

How now, Mr. *Fenton*,

Anne. Pardon, good Father ; good my Mother, Pardon.

Page. Now Mistress,

How chance you went not with Mr. *Slender* ?

Mrs. Page. Why went you not with Mr. Doctor, maid ?

Fent. You do amaze her. Hear the Truth of it.

You would have marry'd her most shamefully.

Where there was no proportion held in Love :

The Truth is, she and I, long since contracted,

Are now so sure that nothing can dissolve us.

Th' Offence is holy that she hath committed,

And this Deceit loses the name of Craft,

Of Disobedience, or unduteous Title ;

Since therein she doth evitate and shun

A thousand irreligious cursed Hours

Which forced marriage would have brought upon her.

Ford. Stand not amaz'd, here is no Remedy.

In Love, the Heavens themselves do guide the State ;

Money buys Lands, and Wives are sold by Fate.

Fal. I am glad, tho' you have ta'en a special Stand to
strike at me, that your Arrow hath glanc'd.

Page. Well, what Remedy ? *Fenton*, Heav'n give thee
Joy ?

What cannot be eschew'd, must be embrac'd,

Eva. I will also dance, and eat Plumbs at your
Wedding.

Fal. When Night-dogs run, all sorts of Deer are chac'd.

Mrs. Page. Well, I will muse no further, Mr. *Fenton*,
Heav'n give you many, many merry Days.

Good Husband, let us every one go home,

And laugh this Sport o'er by a Country Fire,

Sir *John* and all.

Ford. Let it be so, Sir *John* :

To master *Brook* you yet shall hold your Word ;

For he to Night, shall lie with mistress *Ford*.

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]



N I S.

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Lud. Du cœrner int.

v. l. p. 2

M E A S U R E

FOR

M E A S U R E.

By Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.



L O N D O N;

Printed for J. TONSON, and the rest of the
P R O P R I E T O R S; and sold by the Booksellers
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MDCCXXXIV.



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W. CHETWOOD,
*Prompter to his Maſteſty's
Company of Comedians
at the Theatre Royal in
Drury-Lane.*

Dramatis Personæ.

VINCENTIO, *Duke of Vienna.*

Angelo, *Lord Deputy in the Duke's absence.*

Escalus, } *an ancient Lord, join'd with Angelo in the*
Deputation.

Claudio, *a young gentleman.*

Lucio, *a fantastick.*

Two Gentlemen.

Varrius, *a gentleman, servant to the Duke.*

Provost.

Thomas, } *two Friars.*

Peter,

A Justice.

Elbow, *a simple Constable.*

Froth, *a foolish Gentleman.*

Clown, *Servant to Mrs. Over-don.*

Abhorsen, *an executioner.*

Barnardine, *a dissolute prisoner.*

Isabella, *sister to Claudio.*

Marina, *betrothed to Angelo.*

Juliet, *beloved of Claudio.*

Francisca, *a Nun.*

Mistress Over-don, a bawd.

Guards, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Vienna.



MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

A C T I.

SCENE, *the Duke's PALACE.*

Enter Duke, Escalus, and Lords.

D U K E.



SCALUS,——

Escal. My Lord.

Duke. Of Government the propertiest'un-
fold,
Would seem in me t'affect speech and dis-
course.

Since I am not to know, that your own Science
Exceeds, in that, the lists of all advice
My strength can give you : then no more remains :
Put that to your sufficiency, as your worth is able,
And let them work. The nature of our people,
Our city's institutions, and the terms
Of common justice, y'are as pregnant in,
As art and practice hath enriched any
That we remember. There is our Commission,
From which we would not have you warp. Call hither;
I say, bid come before us *Angelo* :
What figure of us, think you, he will bear ?
For you must know, we have with special soul
Elected him our Absence to supply ;

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Lent him our Terror, dress him with our Love;
And giv'n our Deputation all the organs
Of our own Power: say, what think you of it?

Escal. If any in *Vienna* be of worth
To undergo such ample grace and honour,
It is Lord *Angelo*.

Enter Angelo.

Duke Look, where he comes!

Ang. Always obedient to your Grace's will,
I come to know your pleasure.

Duke. Angelo,

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th'observer doth thy history
Fully unfold: thy self and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thy self upon thy virtues; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty Goddess, she determines
Her self the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks, and use. But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise;
Hold therefore, *Angelo*:
In our Remove, be thou at full our self.
Mortality and Mercy in *Vienna*
Live in thy tongue and heart: old *Escalus*,
Though first in question, is thy Secondary.
Take thy Commission.

Ang. Now, good my Lord,
Let there be some more test made of my metal,
Before so noble and so great a figure
Be stamp't upon it.

Duke. Come, no more evasion:
We have with a prepar'd and leaven'd choice
Proceeded to you; therefore take your honours.

Our

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 7

Our haste from hence is of so quick condition,
That it prefers it self, and leaves unquestion'd
Matters of needful value. We shall write to you,
As time and our concernings shall importune,
How it goes with us; and do look to know
What doth befall you here. So, fare you well.
To th' hopeful execution do I leave you
Of your Commissions.

Ang. Yet give me leave, my Lord,
That we may bring you something on the way.

Duke. My haste may not admit it;
Nor need you, on mine honour, have to do
With any scruple; your Scope is as mine own,
So to inforce, or qualify the Laws,
As to your soul seems good. Give me your hand;
I'll privily away. I love the people;
But do not like to stage me to their eyes:
Though it do well, I do not relish well
Their loud applause, and *Ave's* vehement:
Nor do I think the man of safe discretion,
That does affect it. Once more, fare you well.

Ang. The heav'ns give safety to your purposes!

Escal. Lead forth, and bring you back in happiness!

Duke. I thank you, fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Escal. I shall desire you, Sir, to give me leave
To have free speech with you; and it concerns me
To look into the bottom of my Place:
A pow'r I have, but of what strength and nature
I am not yet instructed.

Ang. 'Tis so with me: let us withdraw together,
And we may soon our satisfaction have
Touching that point.

Escal. I'll wait upon your Honour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Lucio, and two gentlemen.

Lucio. IF the Duke, with the other Dukes, come not
to composition with the King of *Hungary*,
why, then all the Dukes fall upon the King.

8 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

1 *Gent.* Heav'n grant us its peace, but not the King of *Hungary's*!

2 *Gent.* Amen.

Lucio. Thou conclud'st like the sanctimonious Pirate, that went to sea with the ten Commandments, but scrap'd one out of the Table.

2 *Gent.* Thou shalt not steal.——

Lucio. Ay, that he raz'd.

1 *Gent.* Why, 'twas a Commandment to command the captain and all the rest from their functions; they put forth to steal; there's not a soldier of us all, that, in the thanksgiving before meat, do relish the petition well that prays for peace.

2 *Gent.* I never heard any soldier dislike it.

Lucio. I believe thee: for, I think, thou never wast where grace was said.

2 *Gent.* No! a dozen times at least.

1 *Gent.* What? in meeter?

Lucio. In any proportion, or in any language.

1 *Gent.* I think, or in any religion.

Lucio. Ay, why not? grace is grace, despite of all controversy; as for example, thou thyself art a wicked villain, despite of all grace.

1 *Gent.* Well; there went but a pair of sheers between us.

Lucio. I grant; as there may between the lists and the velvet. Thou art the list.

1 *Gent.* And thou the velvet; thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-pil'd piece, I warrant thee: I had as lief be a list of an *English* kersey, as be pil'd, as thou art pil'd, for a *French* velvet. Do I speak feelingly now?

Lucio. I think, thou dost; and, indeed, with most painful feeling of thy speech: I will, out of thine own confession, learn to begin thy health; but, whilst I live, forget to drink after thee.

1 *Gent.* I think, I have done my self wrong, have I not?

2 *Gent.* Yes, that thou hast; whether thou art tainted, or free.

Lucio.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 9

Lucio. Behold, behold, where madam *Mitigation* comes.

1 Gent. I have purchas'd as many diseases under her roof, as come to——

2 Gent. To what, I pray?

1 Gent. Judge.

2 Gent. To three thousand dollars a year.

1 Gent. Ay, and more.

Lucio. A French crown more.

1 Gent. Thou art always figuring diseases in me; but thou art full of error; I am sound.

Lucio. Nay, not as one would say healthy; but so sound, as things that are hollow; thy bones are hollow; impiety hath made a feast of thee.

Enter Bawd.

1 Gent. How now, which of your hips has the most profound sciatica?

Bawd. Well, well; there's one yonder arrested, and carry'd to prison, was worth five thousand of you all.

1 Gent. Who's that, I pr'ythee?

Bawd. Marry, Sir, that's *Claudio*; Signior *Claudio*.

1 Gent. *Claudio* to prison? 'tis not so.

Bawd. Nay, but I know, 'tis so; I saw him arrested; saw him carry'd away; and, which is more, within these three days his head is to be chopt off.

Lucio. But, after all this fooling, I would not have it so: art thou sure of this?

Bawd. I am too sure of it; and it is for getting madam *Fulietta* with child.

Lucio. Believe me, this may be; he promised to meet me two hours since, and he was ever precise in promise-keeping.

2 Gent. Besides, you know, it draws something near to the speech we had to such a purpose.

1 Gent. But most of all agreeing with the Proclamation.

Lucio. Away, let's go learn the truth of it. [*Exeunt.*]

Manet Bawd.

Bawd. Thus, what with the war, what with the swear, what with the gallows, and what with pover-

10 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

ty, I am custom-shrunk. How now? what's the news with you?

Enter Clown.

Clown. Yonder man is carry'd to prison.

Bawd. Well; what has he done?

Clown. A woman.

Bawd. But what's his Offence?

Clown. Groping for trouts in a peculiar river.

Bawd. What? is there a maid with child by him?

Clown. No; but there's a woman with maid by him. You have not heard of the Proclamation, have you?

Bawd. What Proclamation, Man?

Clown. All houses in the suburbs of *Vienna* must be pluck'd down.

Bawd. And what shall become of those in the city?

Clown. They shall stand for seed; they had gone down too, but that a wise burger put in for them.

Bawd. But shall all our houses of resort in the suburbs be pull'd down?

Clown. To the ground, mistrefs.

Bawd. Why, here's a change, indeed, in the common wealth; what shall become of me?

Clown. Come, fear not you; good counsellors lack no clients; though you change your place, you need not change your trade: I'll be your tapster still. Courage, there will be pity taken on you; you that have worn your eyes almost out in the service, you will be considered.

Bawd. What's to do here, *Thomas Tapster*? let's withdraw.

Clown. Here comes Signior *Claudio*, led by the Provost to prison; and there's Madam *Juliet*.

[*Ex. Bawd and Clown.*]

Enter Provost, Claudio, Juliet, and Officers. Lucio and two Gentlemen.

Claud. Fellow, why dost thou show me thus to th' world?

Bear me to prison, where I am committed.

Prov.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. II

Prov. I do it not in evil disposition,
But from lord *Angelo* by special charge.

Claud. Thus can the Demi-god, Authority,
Make us pay down, for our offence, by weight
The words of heaven; on whom it will, it will;
On whom it will not, so; yet still 'tis just.

Lucio. Why how now, *Claudio*? whence comes
this restraint?

Claud. From too much liberty, my *Lucio*, liberty;
As surfeit is the father of much fast,
So every scope by th' immoderate use
Turns to restraint: our natures do pursue,
Like rats that raven down their proper bane,
A thirsty evil; and when we drink, we die.

Lucio. If I could speak so wisely under an arrest, I
would send for certain of my creditors; and yet, to
say the truth, I had as lief have the soppery of free-
dom, as the morality of imprisonment: what's thy
offence, *Claudio*?

Claud. What, but to speak of, would offend again.

Lucio. What is't, murder?

Claud. No.

Lucio. Letchery?

Claud. Call it so.

Prov. Away, Sir, you must go.

Claud. One word, good friend:— *Lucio*, a word
with you.

Lucio. A hundred; if they'll do you any good: is
letchery so look'd after?

Claud. Thus stands it with me; upon a true contract
I got possession of *Julietta's* bed,
(You know the lady,) she is fast my wife;
Save that we do the denunciation lack
Of outward order. This we came not to,
Only for propagation of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends;
From whom we thought it meet to hide our love,
'Till time had made them for us. But it chances,
The stealth of our most mutual entertainment,
With character too gross, is writ on *Juliet*.

Lucio.

12. MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Lucio. With child, perhaps?

Claud. Unhappily, even so.

And the new Deputy now for the Duke,
(Whether it be the fault, and glimpse, of newness;
Or whether that the body publick be
A horse whereon the Governor doth ride,
Who, newly in the seat, that it may know
He can command, lets it strait feel the spur;
Whether the tyranny be in his Place,
Or in his eminence that fills it up,
I stagger in:—) but this new Governor
Awakes me all th' enrolled penalties,
Which have, like unscour'd armour, hung by th' wall
So long, that nineteen Zodiacks have gone round,
And none of them been worn; and, for a name,
Now puts the drowsie and neglected Act
Freshly on me: 'tis, surely, for a name.

Lucio. I warrant, it is; and thy head stands so tickle on
thy shoulders, that a milk-maid, if she be in love, may
figh it off. Send after the Duke, and appeal to him.

Claud. I have done so, but he's not to be found.

I pry'thee, *Lucio*, do me this kind service:
This day my Sister should the Cloister enter,
And there receive her Approbation.
Acquaint her with the danger of my state,
Implore her, in my voice, that she make friends
To the strict Deputy; bid herself assay him;
I have great hope in that; for in her youth
There is a prone and speechless dialect,
Such as moves men! beside, she 'hath prosp'rous art
When she will play with reason and discourse,
And well she can persuade.

Lucio. I pray, she may; as well for the encouragement
of the like, which else would stand under grievous im-
position; as for the enjoying of thy life, who I would
be sorry should be thus foolishly lost at a game of tick-
tack. I'll to her.

Claud. I thank you, good friend *Lucio*.

Lucio. Within two hours,——

Claud. Come, officer, away.

[*Exeunt.*
S C E N E,

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 13

SCENE, A MONASTERY.

Enter Duke, and Friar Thomas.

Duke. **N**O; holy father, throw away that thought;
Believe not that the dribbling dart of love
Can pierce a compleat bosom: why I desire thee
To give me secret harbour, hath a purpose
More grave, and wrinkled, than the aims and ends
Of burning youth.

Fri. May your Grace speak of it?

Duke. My holy Sir, none better knows than you,
How I have ever lov'd the life remov'd;
And held in idle price to haunt Assemblies,
Where youth, and cost, and witleſs bravery keeps.
I have deliver'd to lord *Angelo*

(A man of stricture and firm abstinence)
My absolute Pow'r and Place here in *Vienna*;
And he supposes me travell'd to *Poland*;
For so I've strew'd it in the common ear,
And so it is receiv'd: now, pious Sir,
You will demand of me, why I do this?

Fri. Gladly, my lord.

Duke. We have strict Statutes and most binding Laws,
(The needful bits and curbs for headstrong Sreeds,)
Which for these nineteen years we have let sleep;
Even like an o'er-grown lion in a cave,
That goes not out to prey: now, as fond fathers
Having bound up the threat'ning twigs of birch,
Only to stick it in their children's sight,
For terror, not to use; in time the rod
Becomes more mock'd, than fear'd: so our Decrees,
Dead to infliction, to themselves are dead;
And Liberty plucks Justice by the nose;
The baby beats the nurse, and quite athwart
Goes all decorum.

Fri. It rested in your Grace
T'unloose this ty'd-up justice, when you pleas'd:
And it in you more dreadful would have seem'd,
Than in lord *Angelo*.

Duke.

14 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Duke. I do fear, too dreadful.

Sith 'twas my fault to give the people scope,
 'Twould be my tyranny to strike, and gall them,
 For what I bid them do. For we bid this be done,
 When evil deeds have their permissive pass,
 And not the punishment. Therefore, indeed, my father,
 I have on *Angelo* impos'd the office,
 Who may in th' ambush of my name strike home,
 And yet, my nature never in the fight
 So do in slander: And to behold his sway,
 I will, as 'twere a Brother of your Order,
 Visit both Prince and People; therefore pr'ythee,
 Supply me with the habit, and instruct me
 How I may formally in person bear,
 Like a true *Friar*. More reasons for this action
 At our more leisure shall I render you;
 Only, this one:—Lord *Angelo* is precise;
 Stands at a guard with envy; scarce confesses
 That his blood flows, or that his appetite
 Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
 If Pow'r change purpose, what our Seemers be. [*Exe.*]

SCENE, A NUNNERY.

Enter Isabella and Francisca.

Isab. **A**ND have you Nuns no farther privileges?
Nun. Are not these large enough?

Isab. Yes, truly; I speak not, as desiring more;
 But rather wishing a more strict restraint
 Upon the sister-hood, the votarists of Saint *Clare*.

Lucio. [*Within.*] Ho! Peace be in this place!

Isab. Who's that, which calls?

Nun. It is a man's voice: gentle *Isabella*,
 Turn you the key, and know his business of him;
 You may; I may not; you are yet unsworn:
 When you have vow'd, you must not speak with men,
 But in the presence of the Prioress;
 Then, if you speak, you must not shew your face;
 Or, if you shew your face, you must not speak.

He

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 15

He calls again; I pray you, answer him. [*Exit. Franc.*]

Isab. Peace and prosperity! who is't that calls?

Enter Lucio.

Lucio. Hail, virgin, (if you be) as those cheek-roses
Proclaim you are no less; can you so stead me,
As bring me to the sight of *Isabella*,
A novice of this place, and the fair sister
To her unhappy brother *Claudio*?

Isab. Why her unhappy brother? let me ask
The rather, for I now must make you know
I am that *Isabella*, and his sister.

Lucio. Gentle and fair, your brother kindly greets you;
Not to be weary with you, he's in prison.

Isab. Wo me! for what?

Lucio. For that, which, if my self might be his judge,
He should receive his punishment in thanks;
He hath got his friend with child.

Isab. Sir, make me not your story.

Lucio. 'Tis true:—I would not (tho' 'tis my familiar sin
With maids to seem the lapwing, and to jest,
Tongue far from heart) play with all virgins so.
I hold you as a thing en-sky'd, and sainted;
By your renouncement, an immortal Spirit;
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a Saint.

Isab. You do blaspheme the good, in mocking me.

Lucio. Do not believe it. Fewness, and truth, 'tis thus;
Your brother and his lover having embrac'd,
As those that feed grow full, as blossoming time
That from the seedness the bare fallow brings
To teeming foison; so her plenteous womb
Expresseth his full tilth and husbandry.

Isab. Some one with child by him?—my cousin *Juliet*?

Lucio. Is she your cousin?

Isab. Adoptedly, as school-maids change their names,
By vain, tho' apt, affection.

Lucio. She it is.

Isab. O, let him marry her.

Lucio. This is the point.

The

16 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

The Duke is very strangely gone from hence;
 Bore many gentlemen, my self being one,
 In hand and hope of action; but we learn,
 By those that know the very nerves of State,
 His Givings out were of an infinite distance
 From his true-meant Design. Upon his place,
 And with full line of his authority,
 Governs lord *Angelo*; a man whose blood
 Is very snow-broth; one who never feels
 The wanton stings and motions of the sense;
 But doth rebate and blunt his natural edge
 With profits of the mind, study and fast.
 He, (to give fear to use and liberty,
 Which have long time run by the hideous law,
 As mice by lyons;) hath pick'd out an act,
 Under whose heavy sense your brother's life
 Falls into forfeit; he arrests him on it;
 And follows close the rigor of the Statute,
 To make him an example; all hope's gone,
 Unless you have the grace by your fair prayer
 To soften *Angelo*; and that's my pith of business
 'Twixt you and your poor brother.

Isab. Doth he so
 Seek for his life?

Lucio. H'as censur'd him already;
 And, as I hear, the Provost hath a Warrant
 For's execution.

Isab. Alas! what poor
 Ability's in me, to do him good?

Lucio. Assay the power you have.

Isab. My power? Alas! I doubt.

Lucio. Our doubts are traitors;
 And make us lose the good, we oft might win,
 By fearing to attempt. Go to lord *Angelo*,
 And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
 Men give like Gods; but when they weep and kneel,
 All their petitions are as truly theirs,
 As they themselves would owe them.

Isab. I'll see what I can do.

Lucio. But, speedily,

Isab.

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Isab. I will about it strait;
No longer staying, but to give the mother
Notice of my affair. I humbly thank you;
Commend me to my brother: soon at night
I'll send him certain word of my success.

Lucio. I take my leave of you.

Isab. Good Sir, adieu.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T II.

S C E N E, *The PALACE.*

Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, and Attendants.

A N G E L O.

WE must not make a scare-crow of the law,
Setting it up to fear the birds of prey,
And let it keep one shape, 'till custom
make it
Their perch, and not their terror.

Escal. Ay, but yet
Let us be keen, and rather cut a little,
Than fall, and bruise to death. Alas! this gentleman,
Whom I would save, had a most noble father;
Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing,
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd th' effect of your own purpose;
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

Ang. 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The ju-y, passing on the prisoner's life,
May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two,

Guilt-

18 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Guiltier than him they try; what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes on. What know the laws,
That thieves do pass on thieves? 'tis very pregnant,
The jewel that we find, we stoop and tak't,
Because we see it; but what we do not see,
We tread upon, and never think of it.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults; but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do ~~so~~ offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial. Sir, he must die.

Enter Provost.

Escal. Be't, as your Wisdom will,

Ang. Where is the *Provost*?

Prov. Here, if it like your Honour.

Ang. See, that *Claudio*

Be executed by nine to-morrow morning.

Bring him his Confessor, let him be prepar'd;

For that's the utmost of his pilgrimage.— [*Exit Prov.*]

Escal. Well, heav'n forgive him! and forgive us all:
Some rise by sin, and some by virtue fall:
Some run through brakes of vice, and answer none;
And some condemned for a fault alone.

Enter Elbow, Froth, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. Come, bring them away; if these be good people in a common-weal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law; bring them away.

Ang. How now, Sir, what's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is *Elbow*; I do lean upon justice, Sir, and do bring in here before your good Honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your Honour, I know not well what they are; but precise villains they are, that I am sure of;
and

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and void of all profanation in the world, that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise Officer.

Ang. Go to: what quality are they of? *Elbow* is your name? Why dost thou not speak, *Elbow*?

Clown. He cannot, Sir; ~~he's~~ out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, Sir?

Elb. He, Sir? a tapster, Sir; parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, Sir, was, as they say, pluckt down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house; which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, Sir, whom I detest before heav'n and your Honour,——

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, Sir; whom, I thank heav'n, is an honest woman;——

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, Sir, I will detest my self also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, Sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, Sir, by mistress *Over-don's* means; but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your Honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man, prove it.

Escal. Do you hear, how he misplaces?

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saying your Honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; Sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence, (your Honours have seen such dishes; they are not *China* dishes, but very good dishes.)

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, Sir.

Clown.

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Clown. No, indeed, Sir, not of a pin; you are there-in in the right: but to the point; as I say, this mistress *Elbow*, being, as I say, with child, and being great belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said; master *Froth* here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly; for as you know, master *Froth*, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed,

Clown. Very well; you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, indeed.

Clown. Why, very well; I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one, were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool; to the purpose: what was done to *Elbow's* wife, that he hath cause to complain of? come to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your Honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, Sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your Honour's leave: and I beseech you, look into master *Froth* here, Sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father dy'd at *Hallowmas*. Was't not at *Hallowmas*, master *Froth*?

Froth. All-holland eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths. He, Sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, Sir; 'twas in the bunch of grapes, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit, have you not?

Froth. I have so, because it is an open room, and good for winter,

Clown. Why, very well then; I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in *Russia*,
When nights are longest there. I'll take my leave,

And

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And leave you to the hearing of the cause ;
Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less. Good-morrow to your Lordship. [Exit Angelo.

Now, Sir, come on : what was done to *Elbow's* wife, once more ?

Clown. Once, Sir ? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, Sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your Honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, Sir, what did this gentleman do to her ?

Clown. I beseech you, Sir, look in this gentleman's face ; good master *Froth*, look upon his Honour ; 'tis for a good purpose ; doth your Honour mark his face ?

Escal. Ay, Sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your Honour see any harm in his face ?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be suppos'd upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him : good then, if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master *Froth* do the constable's wife any harm ? I would know that of your Honour.

Escal. He's in the right ; constable, what say you to it ?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house ; next, this is a respected fellow ; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, Sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. Varlet, thou lyest ; thou lyest, wicked varlet ; the time is yet to come, that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child,

Clown. Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.

Escal. Which is the wiser here ? *Justice*, or *Iniquity* ?-- Is this true ?

Elb. O thou caitiff ! O thou varlet ! O thou wicked *Hannibal* ! I respected with her, before I was marry'd

22 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

to her? If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your Worship think me the poor Duke's officer; prove this, thou wicked *Hannibal*, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.

Escal. If he took you a box o'th' ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good Worship for't: what is't your Worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou wouldst discover if thou couldst, let him continue in his courses, 'till thou know'st what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your Worship for it; thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee. Thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend? [To Froth.]

Froth. Here in *Vienna*, Sir.

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, and't please you, Sir.

Escal. So. What trade are you of, Sir?

[To the Clown.]

Clown. A tapster, a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress *Over-don*.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, Sir: *Over-don* by the last.

Escal. Nine? Come hither to me, master *Froth*: master *Froth*, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master *Froth*, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

Froth. I thank your Worship; for mine own part, I never come into any room in a taphouse, but I am drawn in.

Escal. Well; no more of it, master *Froth*; farewell.

[Exit Froth.]

Come you hither to me, master tapster; what's your name, master tapster?

Clown.

Clown. Pompey.

Escal. What else?

Clown. Bum, Sir.

Escal. Troth, and your bum is the greatest thing about you; so that, in the beastliest sense, you are *Pompey the Great*. *Pompey*, you are partly a bawd, *Pompey*, howsoever you colour it in being a tapster; are you not? come, tell me true, it shall be the better for you.

Clown. Truly, Sir, I am a poor fellow that would live.

Escal. How would you live, *Pompey*? by being a bawd? what do you think of the trade, *Pompey*? is it a lawful trade?

Clown. If the law will allow it, Sir.

Escal. But the law will not allow it, *Pompey*; nor it shall not be allowed in *Vienna*.

Clown. Does your worship mean to geld and sp'ay all the youth in the city?

Escal. No, *Pompey*.

Clown. Truly, Sir, in my poor opinion, they will to't then. If your Worship will take order for the drabs and the knaves, you need not to fear the bawds.

Escal. There are pretty orders beginning, I can tell you: it is but heading and hanging.

Clown. If you head and hang all that offend that way but for ten years together, you'll be glad to give out a Commission for more heads: if this law hold in *Vienna* ten years, I'll rent the fairest house in it, after three pence a Bay: if you live to see this come to pass, say, *Pompey* told you so.

Escal. Thank you, good *Pompey*; and, in requital of your prophecy, hark you; I advise you, let me not find you before me again upon any complaint whatsoever; no, not for dwelling where you do: If I do, *Pompey*, I shall beat you to your tent, and prove a shrewd *Cesar* to you: in plain dealing, *Pompey*, I shall have you whipt: so for this time, *Pompey*, fare you well.

Clown. I thank your Worship for your good counsel; but I shall follow it, as the flesh and fortune shall better determine.

Whip

24 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Whip me? no, no; let carman whip his jade;
The valiant heart's not whipt out of his trade. [*Exit.*]

Escal. Come hither to me, master *Elbow*; come hither, master constable; how long have you been in this place of constable?

Elb. Seven years and a half, Sir.

Escal. I thought, by your readines in the office, you had continued in it some time: you say, seven years together?

Elb. And a half, Sir.

Escal. Alas! it hath been great pains to you; they do you wrong to put you so oft upon't: are there not men in your ward sufficient to serve it?

Elb. Faith, Sir, few of any wit in such matters; as they are chosen, they are glad to chuse me for them. I do it for some piece of money, and go through with all.

Escal. Look you, bring me in the names of some six or seven, the most sufficient of your parish.

Elb. To your Worship's house, Sir?

Escal. To my house; fare you well. What's a clock, think you? [*Exit Elbow.*]

Just. Eleven, Sir.

Escal. I pray you, home to dinner with me.

Just. I humbly thank you.

Escal. It grieves me for the death of *Claudio*:
But there's no remedy.

Just. Lord *Angelo* is severe.

Escal. It is but needful:

Mercy is not it self, that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe:
But yet, poor *Claudio*! there's no remedy.
Come, Sir.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Provost and a servant.

Serv. He's hearing of a Cause; he will come straight:
I'll tell him of you.

Prov. Pray you, do; I'll know
His pleasure; may be, he'll relent; alas!
He hath but as offended in a dream:

All

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 25

All sects, all ages smack of this vice; and he
To die for it! —

Enter Angelo.

Ang. Now, what's the matter, *Provost*?

Prov. Is it your will, *Claudio* shall die to-morrow?

Ang. Did not I tell thee, yea? hadst thou not order?
Why dost thou ask again?

Prov. Lest I might be too rash,
Under your good correction, I have seen,
When, after execution, judgment hath
Repented o'er his doom.

Ang. Go to; let that be mine,
Do you your office, or give up your place,
And you shall well be spar'd.

Prov. I crave your pardon.
What shall be done, Sir, with the groaning *Juliet*?
She's very near her hour.

Ang. Dispose of her
To some more fitting place, and that with speed.

Serv. Here is the sister of the man condemn'd,
Desires access to you.

Ang. Hath he a sister?

Prov. Ay, my good lord, a very virtuous maid,
And to be shortly of a sister-hood,
If not already.

Ang. Well; let her be admitted. [*Exit Servant.*]
See you, the fornicatress be remov'd;
Let her have needful, but not lavish, means;
There shall be order for it.

Enter Lucio and Isabella.

Prov. 'Save your Honour.

Ang. Stay yet a while. — — Y'are welcome; what's
your will?

Isab. I am a woful suitor to your Honour,
Please but your Honour hear me.

Ang. Well; what's your suit?

Isab. There is a vice that most I do abhor,
And most desire should meet the blow of justice

26 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

For which I would not plead, but that I must;
For which I must not plead, but that I am
At war, 'twixt will, and will not.

Ang. Well; the matter?

Isab. I have a brother is condemn'd to die;
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.

Prov. Heav'n give thee moving graces!

Ang. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it?
Why, every fault's condemn'd, e'er it be done;
Mine were the very cypher of a function,
To find the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Isab. O just, but severe law!

I had a brother then;—heav'n keep your Honour!

Lucio. Give not o'er so: to him again, intreat him,
Kneel down before him: hang upon his gown:
You are too cold; if you should need a pin,
You could not with more tame a tongue desire it.
To him, I say.

Isab. Must he needs die?

Ang. Maiden, no remedy.

Isab. Yes; I do think, that you might pardon him;
And neither heav'n, nor man, grieve at the mercy.

Ang. I will not do't.

Isab. But can you if you would?

Ang. Look, what I will not, that I cannot do.

Isab. But might you do't, and do the world no wrong,
If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse,
As mine is to him?

Ang. He's sentenc'd; 'tis too late.

Lucio. You are too cold.

Isab. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to Great ones 'longs,
Not the King's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does: if he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;

But

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 27

But he, like you, would not have been so stern.

Ang. Pray you, be gone.

Isab. I would to heav'n I had your Potency,
And you were *Isabel*; should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.

Lucio. Ay, touch him; there's the vein,

Ang. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;
And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he, which is the top of Judgment, should
But judge you, as you are? Oh, think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Ang. Be you content, fair maid;

It is the Law, not I, condemns your brother.
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him; he dies to-morrow.

Isab. To-morrow? oh! that's sudden. Spare him,
Spare him:

He's not prepar'd for death. Even for our kitchens
We kill the fowl, of season; shall we serve heav'n
With less respect, than we do minister
To our gross selves? good, good my lord, bethink you:
Who is it, that hath dy'd for this offence?
There's many have committed it.

Lucio. Ay, well said.

Ang. The Law hath not been dead, tho' it hath slept:
Those many had not dar'd to do that evil,
If the first man, that did th' Edict infringe,
Had answer'd for his deed. Now, 'tis awake;
Takes note of what is done; and, like a Prophet,
Looks in a glass that shews what future evils,
Or new, or by remissness new conceiv'd,
And so in progress to be hatch'd and born,
Are now to have no successive degrees;
But here they live, to end.

28 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Isab. Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice;
For then I pity those, I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul;
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another. Be satisfy'd;
Your brother dies to-morrow; be content.

Isab. So you must be the first, that gives this sentence;
And he, that suffers: oh, 'tis excellent
To have a Giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a Giant.

Lucio. That's well said.

Isab. Could great men thunder
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty, officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph'rous, bolt
Split'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Lucio. Oh, to him, to him, Wench; he will relent;
He's coming: I perceive't,

Prov. Pray heav'n, she win him!

Isab. We cannot weigh our brother with yourself:
Great men may jest with saints; 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul prophanation.

Lucio. Thou'rt right, girl; more o' that.

Isab. That in the Captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the Soldier is flat blasphemy.

Lucio. Art avis'd o' that? more on't.

Ang. Why do you put these sayings upon me?

Isab. Because authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of medicine in itself,

That

MEASURE for MEASURE. 29

That skins the vice o' th' top : go to your bosom ;
 Knock there, and ask your heart, what it doth know
 That's like my brother's fault ; if it confess
 A natural guiltiness, such as is his,
 Let it not sound a thought upon your tongue
 Against my brother's life.

Ang. She speaks, and 'tis such sense,
 That my sense breeds with it. Fare you well.

Isab. Gentle, my lord, turn back.

Ang. I will bethink me: come again to-morrow.

Isab. Hark, how I'll bribe you : good, my lord, turn back.

Ang. How? bribe me?

Isab. Ay, with such gifts, that heav'n shall share
 with you.

Lucio. You had marr'd all else.

Isab. Not with fond shackles of the tested gold,
 Or stones, whose rate are either rich, or poor,
 As fancy values them ; but with true prayers,
 That shall be up at heav'n, and enter there,
 E'er sun-rise : prayers from preserved souls,
 From fasting maids, whose minds are dedicate
 To nothing temporal.

Ang. Well ; come to-morrow.

Lucio. Go to ; 'tis well ; away.

Isab. Heav'n keep your Honour safe !

Ang. Amen :

For I am that way going to temptation,
 Where prayers cross.

Isab. At what hour to-morrow
 Shall I attend your lordship?

Ang. At any time 'fore noon.

Isab. Save your Honour! [*Exe. Lucio and Isabella.*]

Ang. From thee; even from thy virtue.
 What's this? what's this? is this her fault, or mine?
 The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most?
 Not she; nor doth she tempt; but it is I,
 That, lying by the violet in the sun,
 Do, as the carrion does, not as the flower,
 Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
 That modesty may more betray our sense,

30 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Than woman's lightness? having waste ground enough,
 Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
 And pitch our evils there? oh, fie, fie, fie!
 What dost thou? or what art thou, *Angelo*?
 Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
 That make her good? Oh, let her brother live:
 Thieves for their robbery have authority,
 When judges steal themselves. What? do I love her,
 That I desire to hear her speak again,
 And feast upon her eyes? what is't I dream on?
 Oh, cunning Enemy, that to catch a Saint,
 With Saints dost bait thy hook! most dangerous
 Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
 To sin in loving virtue: ne'er could the strumpet,
 With all her double vigour, art and nature,
 Once stir my temper; but this virtuous maid
 Subdues me quite: Ever till this very Now,
 When men were fond, I smil'd, and wonder'd how.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to a Prison.*

Enter Duke habited like a Friar, and Provost.

Duke. **H**A I L to you, *Provost*; so, I think, you are.
Prov. I am the *Provost*; what's your Will,
 good *Friar*?

Duke. Bound by my charity, and my blest Order,
 I come to visit the afflicted spirits
 Here in the prison; do me the common right
 To let me see them, and to make me know
 The nature of their crimes; that I may minister
 To them accordingly.

Prov. I would do more than that, if more were
 needful.

Enter Juliet.

Look, here comes one; a gentlewoman of mine,
 Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
 Hath blister'd her report: she is with child;
 And he, that got it, sentenc'd: a young man
 More fit to do another such offence,
 Than die for this.

Duke.

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Duke. When must he die ?

Prov. As I do think, to-morrow.

I have provided for you ; stay a while, [To Juliet.
And you shall be conducted.

Duke. Repent you, fair-one, of the sin you carry ?

Juliet. I do ; and bear the shame most patiently.

Duke. I'll teach you, how you shall arraign your
conscience,

And try your penitence, if it be sound,
Or hollowly put on.

Juliet. I'll gladly learn.

Duke. Love you the man that wrong'd you ?

Juliet. Yes, as I love the woman that wrong'd him.

Duke. So then, it seems, your most offenceful Act
Was mutually committed.

Juliet. Mutually.

Duke. Then was your sin of heavier kind than his.

Juliet. I do confess it, and repent it, father.

Duke. 'Tis meet so, daughter ; but repent you not,
As that the sin hath brought you to this shame ?
Which sorrow's always tow'rd's ourselves, not heaven ;
Showing we'd not seek heaven, as we love it,
But as we stand in fear.

Juliet. I do repent me, as it is an evil ;
And take the shame with joy.

Duke. There rest.

Your partner, as I hear, must die to-morrow,
And I am going with instruction to him ;
So grace go with you ; *benedicite.* [Exit.

Juliet. Must die to-morrow ! oh, injurious love,
That respites me a life, whose very comfort
Is still a dying horror !

Prov. 'Tis pity of him. [Exeunt.

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE.

Enter Angelo.

Ang. **W**HEN I would pray and think, I think
and pray
To sev'ral subjects, heav'n hath my empty words,

B 4

Whilst

32 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
 Anchors on *Isabel*: Heav'n's in my mouth,
 As if I did but only chew its name;
 And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
 Of my conception: the state, whereon I studied,
 Is like a good thing, being often read,
 Grown fear'd and tedious; yea, my gravity,
 Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
 Could I with boot change for an idle plume
 Which the air beats for vain. Oh Place! oh Form!
 How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
 Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
 To thy false seeming? blood, thou art but blood:
 Let's write good Angel on the devil's horn;
 'Tis not the devil's crest.

Enter Servant.

How now, who's there?

Serv. One *Isabel*, a sister, desires access to you.

Ang. Teach her the way. Oh heav'n's!

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
 Making both That unable for itself,
 And dispossessing all my other parts
 Of necessary fitness?
 So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons;
 Come all to help him, and so stop the air
 By which he should revive: and even so
 The gen'ral Subjects to a well-wisht King
 Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
 Croud to his presence, where their untaught love
 Must needs appear offence. How now, fair maid?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. I come to know your pleasure.

Ang. That you might know it, would much better
 please me,

Than to demand, what 'tis. Your brother cannot live.

Isab. Ev'n so?—Heav'n keep your Honour! [*Going.*]

Ang. Yet may he live a while; and, it may be,
 As long as you or I; yet he must die.

Isab.

Isab. Under your sentence?

Ang. Yea.

Isab. When, I beseech you? that in his reprieve,
Longer or shorter, he may be so fitted,
That his soul sicken not.

Ang. Ha? fie, these filthy vices! 'twere as good
To pardon him, that hath from nature stol'n
A man already made, as to remit
Their saucy sweetness, that do coin heav'n's image
In Stamps that are forbid: 'tis all as easie,
Falsely to take away a life true made;
As to put Metal in restrained means,
To make a false one.

Isab. 'Tis set down so in heav'n, but not in earth.

Ang. And say you so? then I shall poze you quickly.
Which had you rather, that the most just law
Now took your brother's life; or, to redeem him,
Give up your body to such sweet uncleanness,
As she, that he hath stain'd?

Isab. Sir, believe this,
I had rather give my body than my soul.

Ang. I talk not of your soul; our compell'd sins
Stand more for number than accompt.

Isab. How say you?

Ang. Nay, I'll not warrant that; for I can speak
Against the thing I say. Answer to this:
I, now the voice of the recorded law,
Pronounce a sentence on your brother's life:
Might there not be a charity in sin,
To save this brother's life.

Isab. Please you to do't,
I'll take it as a peril to my soul,
It is no sin at all, but charity.

Ang. Pleas'd you to do't at peril of your soul,
Were equal poize of sin and charity.

Isab. That I do beg his life, if it be sin,
Heav'n, let me bear it! you, granting my suit,
If that be sin, I'll make it my morn-pray'r
To have it added to the faults of mine,
And nothing of your answer.

34 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Ang. Nay, but hear me :

Your sense pursues not mine: either, you're ignorant;
Or seem so, craftily; and that's not good.

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus Wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself: as these black masques
Proclaim an en-shield beauty ten times louder,
Than beauty could display'd. But mark me,
To be received plain, I'll speak more gross;
Your brother is to die.

Isab. So.

Ang. And his offence is so, as it appears
Accountant to the law upon that pain.

Isab. True.

Ang. Admit no other way to save his life,
{As I subscribe not that, nor any other,
But in the loss of question,) that you his sister,
Finding yourself desir'd of such a person,
Whose credit with the judge, or own great place,
Could fetch your brother from the manacles
Of the all-holding law; and that there were
No earthly mean to save him, but that either
You must lay down the treasures of your body
To this suppos'd, or else to let him suffer;
What would you do?

Isab. As much for my poor brother, as myself;
That is, were I under the terms of death,
Th' impression of keen whips I'd wear as rubies,
And strip myself to death, as to a bed
That longing I've been sick for, e'er I'd yield
My body up to shame.

Ang. Then must your brother die.

Isab. And 'twere the cheaper way;
Better it were, a brother dy'd at once;
Than that a sister, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Ang. Were not you then as cruel as the sentence,
That you have slander'd so?

Isab. An ignominious ransom, and free pardon,
Are

Are of two houses; lawful mercy, sure,
Is nothing kin to foul redemption.

Ang. You seem'd of late to make the law a tyrant,
And rather prov'd the sliding of your brother
A merriment, than a vice.

Isab. Oh pardon me, my lord; it oft falls out
To have what we would have, we speak not what
mean:

I something do excuse the thing I hate,
For his advantage that I dearly love.

Ang. We are all frail.

Isab. Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he,
Owe, and succeed by weakness!

Ang. Nay, women are frail too.

Isab. Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n; men their creation mar,
In profiting by them: nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

Ang. I think it well;

And from this testimony of your own sex,
(Since, I suppose, we're made to be no stronger,
Than faults may shake our frames) let me be bold:
I do arrest your words: be That you are,
That is, a woman; if you're more, you're none.
If you be one, as you are well express'd
By all external warrants, shew it now,
By putting on the destin'd livery.

Isab. I have no tongue but one; gentle, my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.

Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love *Juliet*;
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, *Isabel*, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine Honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab.

36 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

Isab. Ha! little Honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose! seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, *Angelo*; look for't:
Sign me a present Pardon for my brother,
Or, with an out-stretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

Ang. Who will believe thee, *Isabel*?
My unsoil'd Name, th' Austereness of my Life,
My Vouch against you, and my Place i'th' State,
Will so your accusation over-weigh,
That you shall stifle in your own report,
And smell of calumny. I have begun;
And now I give my sensual race the rein.
Fit thy consent to my sharp appetite,
Lay by all nicety, and prolixious blushes,
That banish what they sue for: redeem thy brother
By yielding up thy body to my will:
Or else he must not only die the death,
But thy unkindness shall his death draw out
To ling'ring sufferance. Answer me to-morrow;
Or by th' affection that now guides me most,
I'll prove a tyrant to him. As for you,
Say what you can; my false o'erweighs your true. [*Exit.*]

Isab. To whom should I complain? did I tell this,
Who would believe me? O most perilous mouths,
That bear in them one and the self-same tongue,
Either of condemnation or approof;
Bidding the Law make curt'sie to their Will;
Hooking both right and wrong to th' appetite,
To follow, as it draws. I'll to my brother;
Tho' he hath fall'n by prompture of the blood,
Yet hath he in him such a mind of honour,
That had he twenty heads to tender down
On twenty bloody blocks, he'd yield them up;
Before his sister should her body stoop
To such abhorr'd pollution.
Then, *Isabel*, live, chaste; and, brother, die;
More than our brother is our chastity.
I'll tell him yet of *Angelo's* request;
And fit his mind to death, for his soul's Rest. [*Exit.*]

A C T



ACT III.

SCENE, *the Prison.*

Enter Duke, Claudio, and Provost.

DUKE.



O, then you hope of pardon from lord *Angelo*?

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,

But only Hope: I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death: or death, or life,
Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life;
If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools would reck; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences;
That dost this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict; meerly thou art death's fool;
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble;
For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness: thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor worm. Thy best of Rest is sleep,
And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get;
And what thou hast, forgett'st. Thou art not certain;
For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;

For,

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For, like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
 The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the *Gout*, *Serpigo*, and the *Rheum*,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth, nor age,
 But as it were an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you.
 To sue to live, I find. I seek to die;
 And, seeking death, find life: let it come on.

Enter Isabella.

Isab. What, ho? peace here: grace and good company!

Prov. Who's there? come in: the wish deserves a
 welcome.

Duke. Dear Sir, e'er long I'll visit you again.

Claud. Most holy Sir, I thank you.

Isab. My Business is a word, or two, with *Claudio*.

Prov. And very welcome. Look, Signior, here's
 your sister.

Duke. *Provost*, a word with you.

Provost. As many as you please.

Duke. Bring them to speak where I may be conceal'd,
 Yet hear them. [*Exeunt Duke and Provost.*]

Claud. Now, sister, what's the comfort?

Isab. Why, as all comforts are; most good in Deed:
 Lord *Angebo*, having affairs to heav'n,
 Intends you for his swift ambassador;
 Where you shall be an everlasting lieger.
 Therefore your best appointment make with speed,
 To-morrow you set on.

Claud.

Claud. Is there no remedy?

Isab. None, but such remedy, as to save a head,
To cleave a heart in twain.

Claud. But is there any?

Isab. Yes, brother, you may live :
There is a devilish mercy in the judge,
If you'll implore it, that will free your life,
But fetter you till dearh.

Claud. Perpetual durance?

Isab. Ay, just; perpetual durance; a restraint,
Tho' all the world's vastidity you had,
To a determin'd scope.

Claud. But in what nature?

Isab. In such a one, as you, consenting to't,
Would bark your honour from that trunk you bear,
And leave you naked.

Claud. Let me know the point.

Isab. Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
Lest thou a fev'rous life should'st entertain,
And six or seven Winters more respect
Than a perpetual Honour. Dar'st thou die?
The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor Beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a Giant dies.

Claud. Why give you me this shame?
Think you, I can a resolution fetch
From flow'ry tenderness? if I must die,
I will encounter darkness as a bride,
And hug it in mine arms.

Isab. There spake my brother; there my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice: Yes, thou must die;
Thou art too noble to conserve a life
In base appliances. This outward fainted Deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head; and follies doth emmew,
As faulcon doth the fowl; yet is a devil:
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

Claud. The Princely *Angelo*?

Isab.

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Isab. Oh, 'tis the cunning livery of hell,
The damned'st body to invest and cover
In princely guards. Dost thou think, *Claudio*,
If I would yield him my virginity,
Thou might'st be freed?

Claud. Oh, heavens! it cannot be.

Isab. Yes, he would give't thee; from this rank
offence

So to offend him still. This night's the time
That I should do what I abhor to name,
Or else thou dy'st to-morrow.

Claud. Thou shalt not do't.

Isab. Oh, were it but my life,
I'd throw it down for your deliverance
As frankly as a pin.

Claud. Thanks, dearest *Isabel*.

Isab. Be ready, *Claudio*, for your death to-morrow.

Claud. Yes. Has he affections in him,
That thus can make him bite the law by th' nose,
When he would force it? sure, it is no sin;
Or of the deadly seven it is the least.

Isab. Which is the least?

Claud. If it were damnable, he being so wise,
Why would he for the momentary trick
Be perdurably fin'd? oh *Isabel*!

Isab. What says my brother?

Claud. Death's a fearful thing.

Isab. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where:
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice,
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling;—'tis too horrible!

The

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 41

The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a parrdise
To what we fear of death.

Isab. Alas! alas!

Claud. Sweet sifter, let me live;
What sin you do to save a brother's life,
Nature dispenses with the deed so far,
That it becomes a virtue.

Isab. Oh you beast!
Oh faithless coward! oh dishonest wretch!
Wilt thou be made a man out of my vice?
Is't not a kind of incest, to take life
From thine own sifter's shame? what should I think?
Heav'n grant, my mother plaid my father fair:
For such a warped slip of wilderness
Ne'er issu'd from his blood. Take my defiance,
Die, perish, might my only bending down
Reprieve thee from thy fate, it should proceed.
I'll pray a thousand prayers for thy death;
No word to save thee.

Claud. Nay, hear me *Isabel*.

Isab. Oh, fie, fie, fie!
Thy sin's not accidental, but a trade;
Mercy to thee would prove it self a bawd;
'Tis best, that thou dy'st quickly.

Claud. Oh hear me, *Isabella*.

To them, Enter Duke and Provost.

Duke. Vouchsafe a word, young sifter; but one word.

Isab. What is your will?

Duke. Might you dispense with your leisure, I would
by and by have some speech with you: the satisfacti-
on I would require, is likewise your own benefit.

Isab. I have no superfluous leisure; my stay must be
stolen out of other affairs: but I will attend you a while.

Duke. Son, I have over-heard what hath past between
you and your sifter. *Angelo* had never the purpose to
corrupt her; only he hath made an assay of her vir-
tue, to practise his judgment with the disposition of
natures.

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natures. She, having the truth of honour in her, hath made him that gracious denial, which he is most glad to receive: I am Confessor to *Angelo*, and I know this to be true; therefore prepare your self to death. Do not satisfy your resolution with hopes that are fallible; to-morrow you must die; go to your knees, and make ready.

Claud. Let me ask my sister pardon; I am so out of love with life, that I will sue to be rid of it. [*Ex. Claud.*]

Duke. Hold you there; farewell. *Provost*, a word with you.

Prov. What's your will, father?

Duke. That now you are come, you will be gone; leave me a while with the maid, my mind promises with my habit, no loss shall touch her by my company.

Prov. In good time.

[*Exit Prov.*]

Duke. The hand, that hath made you fair, hath made you good; the goodness that is cheap in beauty, makes beauty brief in goodness; but grace, being the soul of your complexion, shall keep the body of it ever fair. The assault, that *Angelo* hath made to you, fortune hath convey'd to my understanding; and but that frailty hath examples for his falling, I should wonder at *Angelo*: how will you do to content this Substitute, and to save your brother?

Isab. I am now going to resolve him: I had rather my brother die by the law, than my son should be unlawfully born. But, oh, how much is the good Duke deceiv'd in *Angelo*? if ever he return, and I can speak to him, I will open my lips in vain, or discover his Government.

Duke. That shall not be much amiss; yet as the matter now stands, he will avoid your accusation; he made trial of you only. Therefore fasten your ear on my advisings: to the love I have in doing good, a remedy presents it self. I do make my self believe, that you may most uprightly do a poor wronged lady a merited benefit; redeem your brother from the angry law; do no stain to your own gracious person; and much please the absent Duke, if, peradventure, he shall ever return to have hearing of this business.

Isab.

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Isab. Let me hear you speak farther ; I have spirit to do any thing, that appears not foul in the truth of my spirit.

Duke. Virtue is bold, and Goodness is never fearful : have you not heard speak of *Mariana*, the sister of *Frederick*, the great soldier who miscarried at sea?

Isab. I have heard of the lady, and good words went with her name.

Duke. Her should this *Angelo* have marry'd ; was affianc'd to her by oath, and the nuptial appointed : between which time of the contract, and limit of the solemnity, her brother *Frederick* was wrackt at sea, having in that perish'd vessel the dowry of his sister. But mark, how heavily this beset to the poor gentlewoman ; there she lost a noble and renowned brother, in his love toward her ever most kind and natural ; with him the portion and sinew of her fortune, her marriage-dowry ; with both, her combinate husband, this well-seeming *Angelo*.

Isab. Can this be so? did *Angelo* so leave her?

Duke. Left her in her tears, and dry'd not one of them with his comfort ; swallow'd his vows whole, pretending, in her, discoveries of dishonour : in few, bestow'd her on her own lamentation, which she yet wears for his sake ; and he, a marble to her tears, is washed with them, but relents not.

Isab. What a merit were it in death to take this poor maid from the world ! what corruption in this life, that it will let this man live ! But how out of this can she avail?

Duke. It is a rupture that you may easily heal ; and the cure of it not only saves your brother, but keeps you from dishonour in doing it.

Isab. Shew me how, good father.

Duke. This fore-nam'd maid hath yet in her the continuance of her first affection ; his unjust unkindness (that in all reason should have quenched her love,) hath, like an impediment in the current, made it more violent and unruly. Go you to *Angelo*, answer his requiring with a plausible obedience ; agree with his de-

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demands to the point ; only refer yourself to this advantage : first, that your stay with him may not be long ; that the time may have all shadow and silence in it ; and the place answer to convenience. This being granted, in course now follows all : we shall advise this wronged maid to stand up your appointment, go in your place ; if the encounter acknowledge it self hereafter, it may compel him to her recompence ; and here by this is your Brother saved, your Honour untainted, the poor *Mariana* advantaged, and the corrupt Deputy scaled. The maid will I frame, and make fit for his attempt : if you think well to carry this as you may, the doubleness of the benefit defends the deceit from reproof. What think you of it ?

Isab. The image of it gives me content already, and, I trust, it will grow to a most prosperous perfection.

Duke. It lies much in your holding up ; haste you speedily to *Angelo* ; if for this night he intreat you to his bed, give him promise of satisfaction. I will presently to St. *Luke's* ; there at the moated Grange resides this dejected *Mariana* ; at that place call upon me, and dispatch with *Angelo*, that it may be quickly.

Isab. I thank you for this comfort : fare you well, good father.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

SCENE *changes to the Street.*

Re-enter Duke as a Friar ; Elbow, Clown, and Officers.

Elb. **N**AY, if there be no remedy for it, but that you will needs buy and sell men and women like beasts, we shall have all the world drink brown and white bastard.

Duke. Oh, heav'ns ! what stuff is here ?

Clown. 'Twas never merry world since of two usuries the merriest was put down, and the worser allow'd by order of law. A furr'd gown to keep him warm, and furr'd with fox and lamb-skins too, to signifye, that craft, being richer than innocency, stands for the facing.

Elb.

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Elb. Come your way, Sir: bless you, good father *Friar*.

Duke. And you, good brother father; what offence hath this man made you, Sir?

Elb. Marry, Sir, he hath offended the law; and, Sir, we take him to be a Thief too, Sir; for we have found upon him, Sir, a strange pick-lock, which we have sent to the Deputy.

Duke. Fie, Sirrah, a bawd, a wicked bawd!
The evil that thou caus'est to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,
What 'tis to cramb a maw, or cloath a back
From such a filthy vice: say to thy self,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array my self, and live.
Canst thou believe thy living is a life,
So stinkingly depending! go mend, mend.

Clown. Indeed, it doth stink in some sort, Sir; but yet, Sir, I would prove——

Duke. Nay, if the devil have giv'n thee proofs for sin,
Thou wilt prove his. Take him to prison, officer;
Correction and instruction must both work,
Ere this rude beast will profit.

Elb. He must before the Deputy, Sir; he has given him warning; the Deputy cannot abide a whore-master; if he be a whore-monger, and comes before him, he were as good go a mile on his errand.

Duke. That we were all, as some would seem to be,
Free from all faults, as faults from seeming free!

Enter Lucio.

Elb. His neck will come to your waist, a cord, Sir.

Clown. I spy comfort: I cry bail: here's a gentleman and a friend of mine.

Lucio. How now, noble *Pompey*? what, at the wheels of *Cesar*? art thou led in triumph? what, is there none of *Pigmalion's* images newly made women to be had now, for putting the hand in the pocket, and extracting it clutch'd? What reply? ha? what say'st thou to this tune, matter and method? is't not drown'd i'th' last rain? ha? what say'st thou, trot? is the world

as

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as it was, man? which is the way? is it sad and few words? or how? the trick of it?

Duke. Still thus and thus; still worse?

Lucio. How doth my dear morsel, thy mistress? procures she still? ha?

Clown. Troth, Sir, she hath eaten up all her beef, and she is her self in the tub.

Lucio. Why, 'tis good; it is the right of it; it must be so. Ever your fresh whore, and your powder'd bawd; an unshunn'd consequence, it must be so. Arr going to prison, *Pompey*?

Clown. Yes, faith, Sir.

Lucio. Why, 'tis not amiss, *Pompey*: farewell: go, say, I sent thee thither. For debt, *Pompey*? or how?

Elb. For being a bawd, for being a bawd.

Lucio. Well, then imprison him; if imprisonment be the due of a bawd, why, 'tis his Right. Bawd is he, doubtless, and of antiquity too; bawd born. Farewel, good *Pompey*: commend me to the prison, *Pompey*; you will turn good husband now, *Pompey*; you will keep the house.

Clown. I hope, Sir, your good Worship will be my bail.

Lucio. No, indeed, will I not, *Pompey*; it is not the wear; I will pray, *Pompey*, to encrease your bondage; if you take it not patiently, why, your mettle is the more: adieu, trusty *Pompey*. Bleis you, *Friar*.

Duke. And you.

Lucio. Does *Bridget* paint still, *Pompey*? ha?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Clown. You will not bail me then, Sir?

Lucio. Then, *Pompey*! nor now. What news abroad, *Friar*? what news?

Elb. Come your ways, Sir, come.

Lucio. Go to kennel, *Pompey*, go:

[*Exeunt Elbow, Clown and Officers.*]

What news, *Friar*, of the *Duke*?

Duke. I know none: can you tell me of any?

Lucio. Some say, he is with the Emperor of *Russia*; other some, he is in *Rome*: but where is he, think you?

Duke.

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Duke. I know not where; but wheresoever, I wish him well.

Lucio. It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the State, and usurp the beggary he was never born to. Lord *Angelo* dukes it well in his absence; he puts Transgression to't.

Duke. He does well in't.

Lucio. A little more lenity to leachery would do no harm in him; something too crabbed that way, *Friar*.

Duke. It is too general a vice, and severity must cure it.

Lucio. Yes, in good sooth, the vice is of a great kindred; it is well ally'd; but it is impossible to extirp it quite, *Friar*, 'till eating and drinking be put down. They say, this *Angelo* was not made by man and woman after the downright way of creation; is it true, think you?

Duke. How should he be made then?

Lucio. Some report, a sea-maid spawn'd him. Some, that he was begot between two stock-fishes. But it is certain, that when he makes water, his urine is congeal'd ice; that I know to be true: and he is a motion ungenerative, that's infallible.

Duke. You are pleasant, Sir, and speak apace.

Lucio. Why, what a ruthless thing is this in him, for the rebellion of a cod-piecc to take away the life of a man? would the Duke, that is absent, have done this? ere he would have hang'd a man for the getting a hundred bastards, he would have paid for the nursing a thousand. He had some feeling of the sport, he knew the service, and that instructed him to mercy.

Duke. I never heard the absent Duke much detected for women; he was not inclin'd that way.

Lucio. Oh, Sir, you are deceiv'd.

Duke. 'Tis not possible.

Lucio. Who, not the Duke? yes, your beggar of fifty; and his use was, to put a ducket in her clack-dish; the Duke had crotchets in him. He would be drunk too, that let me inform you.

Duke. You do him wrong surely.

Lucio.

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Lucio. Sir, I was an inward of his : a shy fellow was the Duke ; and, I believe, I know the cause of his withdrawing.

Duke. What pr'ythee, might be the cause ?

Lucio. No: pardon : 'tis a secret must be lockt within the teeth and the lips ; but this I can let you understand, the greater file of the Subject held the Duke to be wise.

Duke. Wise ? why, no question, but he was.

Lucio. A very superficial, ignorant, unweighing fellow.

Duke. Either this is envy in you, folly, or mistaking : the very stream of his life, and the business he hath helmed, must upon a warranted Need give him a better proclamation. Let him be but testimonied in his own bringings forth, and he shall appear to the envious, a scholar, a statesman, and a foldier. Therefore, you speak unskilfully ; or if your knowledge be more, it is much darken'd in your malice.

Lucio. Sir, I know him, and I love him.

Duke. Love talks with better knowledge, and knowledge with dear love.

Lucio. Come, Sir, I know what I know.

Duke. I can hardly believe that, since you know not what you speak. But if ever the Duke return, as our prayers are he may, let me desire you to make your answer before him : if it be honest you have spoke, you have courage to maintain it ; I am bound to call upon you, and, I pray you, your name ?

Lucio. Sir, my name is *Lucio*, well known to the Duke.

Duke. He shall know you better, Sir, if I may live to report you.

Lucio. I fear you not.

Duke. O, you hope, the Duke will return no more ; or you imagine me too unhurtful an opposite ; but, indeed, I can do you little harm : you'll forswear this again ?

Lucio. I'll be hang'd first : thou art deceiv'd in me, *Friar.* But no more of this. Can'st thou tell, if *Clau-dio* die to-morrow, or no ?

Duke. Why should he die, Sir ?

Lucio.

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Lucio. Why? for filling a bottle with a run-dish: I would, the Duke, we talk of, were return'd again; this ungenitur'd agent will unpeople the province with Continency. Sparrows must not build in his house-eyes, because they are lecherous. The Duke yet would have dark deeds darkly answer'd; he would never bring them to light; would he were return'd! Marry, this *Claudio* is condemned for untrussing. Farewel, good *Friar*; I pry'thee, pray for me: the Duke, I say to thee again, would eat mutton on *Friday*. He's now past it; yet, and I say to thee, he would mouth with a beggar, tho' she smelt of brown bread and garlick: say, that I said so, farewel. [Exit.]

Duke. No Might nor Greatness in mortality
Can Censure scape: back-wounding Calumny
The whitest Virtue strikes. What King so strong
Can tie the gall up in the stand'rous tongue?
But who comes here?

Enter Escalus, Provost, and Bawd.

Escal. Go, away with her to prison.

Bawd. Good my lord, be good to me; your Honour is accounted a merciful man: good my lord.

Escal. Double and treble admonition, and still forfeit in the same kind? this would make mercy swear, and play the tyrant.

Prov. A bawd of eleven years continuance, may it please your Honour.

Bawd. My lord, this is one *Lucio's* information against me: mistress *Kate Keep-down* was with child by him in the Duke's time; he promis'd her marriage; his child is a year and a quarter old, come *Philip* and *Jacob*: I have kept it myself; and see, how he goes about to abuse me.

Escal. That fellow is a fellow of much licence; let him be call'd before us. Away with her to prison: go to; no more words. [Exeunt with the Bawd] *Provost*, my brother *Angelo* will not be alter'd; *Claudio* must die to-morrow: let him be furnish'd with Divines, and have all charitable preparation. If my
C brother

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brother wrought by my pity, it should not be so with him.

Prov. So please you, this *Friar* hath been with him, and advis'd him for the entertainment of death.

Escal. Good even, good father.

Duke. Bliss and goodness on you !

Escal. Of whence are you ?

Duke. Not of this country, tho' my chance is now
To use it for my time : I am a brother
Of gracious Order, late come from the See,
In special business from his Holiness.

Escal. What news abroad i'th' world ?

Duke. None, but that there is so great a fever on
goodness, that the dissolution of it must cure it. No-
velty is only in request ; and it is as dangerous to be
aged in any kind of course, as it is virtuous to be con-
stant in any undertaking. There is scarce truth e-
nough alive, to make societies secure ; but security e-
nough to make fellowships accurst. Much upon this riddle,
runs the wisdom of the world ; this news is old enough,
yet it is every day's news. I pray you, Sir, of what
disposition was the Duke ?

Escal. One, that, above all other strifes,
Contended specially to know himself.

Duke. What pleasure was he giv'n to ?

Escal. Rather rejoicing to see another merry, than
merry at any thing which profess'd to make him rejoice.
A gentleman of all temperance. But leave we him to
his events, with a prayer they may prove prosperous ;
and let me desire to know, how you find *Claudio* pre-
par'd ? I am made to understand, that you have lent
him visitation.

Duke. He professes to have received no sinister mea-
sure from his judge, but most willingly humbles him-
self to the determination of justice ; yet had he fram'd
to himself, by the instruction of his frailty, many deceiv-
ing promises of life ; which I by my good leisure have
discredited to him, and now is he resolv'd to die.

Escal. You have paid the heav'n's your Function, and
the prisoner the very debt of your Calling. I have la-
bour'd

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bour'd for the poor gentleman, to the extremest shore
of my modesty; but my brother Justice have I found
so severe, that he hath forc'd me to tell him, he is
indeed Justice.

Duke. If his own life answer the straitness of his
proceeding, it shall become him well; wherein if he
chance to fail, he hath sentenc'd himself.

Escal. I am going to visit the prisoner; fare you well.
[Exit.]

Duke. Peace be with you!

He who the sword of heav'n will bear,
Should be as holy as severe:

Pattern in himself to know,

Grace to stand, and virtue go;

More nor less to others paying,

Than by self-offences weighing.

Shame to him, whose cruel striking

Kills for faults of his own liking.

Twice treble Shame on *Angelo*,

To weed my vice, and let his grow!

Oh, what may man within him hide,

Tho' angel on the outward side?

How may that likeness, made in crimes,

Making practice on the times,

Draw with idle spiders strings

Most pond'rous and substantial things!

Craft against vice I must apply.

With *Angelo* to-night shall lie

His old betrothed, but despis'd;

So disguise shall by th' disguis'd

Pay with falshood false exacting;

And perform an old Contracting.

[Exit.]



ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Grange.*

Enter Mariana, and boy singing.

SONG.

TAKE, *oh, take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.*

Enter Duke.

Mari. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.
-I cry you mercy, Sir, and well could wish,
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good; tho' musick oft hath such a charm
To make bad, good; and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body enquir'd for me
here to-day? much upon this time, have I promis'd
here to meet.

Mari. You have not been enquir'd after: I have
sat here all day.

Enter Isabel.

Duke. I do constantly believe you: the time is come,
even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may
be, I will call upon you anon for some advantage to
your self.

Mari.

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Mari. I am always bound to you.

[*Exit.*

Duke. Very well met, and well come :

What is the news from this good Deputy?

Isab. He hath a garden circummur'd with brick,
Whose western side is with a vineyard backt ;
And to that vineyard is a planched gate,
That makes his Opening with this bigger key :
This other doth command a little door,
Which from the vineyard to the garden leads ;
There, on the heavy middle of the night,
Have I my promise made to call upon him.

Duke. But shall you on your knowledge find this way?

Isab. I've ta'en a due and wary note upon't ;
With whisp'ring and most guilty diligence,
In action all of precept, he did show me
The way twice o'er.

Duke. Are there no other tokens
Between you 'greed, concerning her observance?

Isab. No : none, but only a repair i'th' dark ;
And that I have possess'd him, my most Stay
Can be but brief ; for I have made him know,
I have a servant comes with me along,
That stays upon me ; whose persuasion is,
I come about my brother.

Duke. 'Tis well born up,
I have not yet made known to *Mariana*
A word of this. What, ho ! within ! come forth !

Enter Mariana.

I pray you, be acquainted with this maid ;
She comes to do you good.

Isab. I do desire the like.

Duke. Do you persuade your self that I respect you?

Mari. Good *Friar*, I know you do ; and I have
found it.

Duke. Take then this your Companion by the hand,
Who hath a story ready for your ear :
I shall attend your leisure ; but make haste ;
The vaporous night approaches.

Mari. Will't please you walk aside ?

C 3

[*Exeunt Mar. and Isab.*

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Duke. Oh Place and Greatness! millions of false eyes
Are struck upon thee: volumes of report
Run with these false and most contrarious quests
Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies! Welcome; how agreed?

Re-enter Mariana, and Isabel.

Isab. She'll take the enterprize upon her, father,
If you advise it.

Duke. 'Tis not my consent,
But my intreaty too.

Isab. Little have you to say,
When you depart from him, but soft and low,
"Remember now my brother.

Mari. Fear me not.

Duke. Nor, gentle daughter, fear you not at all:
He is your husband on a pre-contract;
To bring you thus together, 'tis no sin;
Sith that the justice of your title to him
Doth flourish the deceit. Come, let us go;
Our Corn's to reap; for yet our Tilth's to sow. [*Exe.*

S C E N E, *changes to the Prison.*

Enter Provost and Clown.

Prov. **C**OME hither, sirrah: can you cut off a
man's head?

Clown. If the man be a batchelor, Sir, I can: but if
he be a marry'd man, he is his wife's head, and I can
never cut off a woman's head.

Prov. Come, Sir, leave me your snatches, and yield
me a direct answer. To-morrow morning are to die
Claudio and *Barnardine*: here is in our prison a common
executioner, who in his office lacks a helper; if you
will take it on you to assist him, it shall redeem you
from your gyves: if not, you shall have your full time
of imprisonment, and your deliverance with an unpitied
whipping; for you have been a notorious bawd.

Clown.

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Clown. Sir, I have been an unlawful bawd, time out of mind, but yet I will be content to be a lawful hangman: I would be glad to receive some instruction from my fellow-partner.

Prov. What ho, *Abhorson*! where's *Abhorson*, there?

Enter Abhorson.

Abhor. Do you call, Sir?

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution; if you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him. He cannot plead his estimation with you, he hath been a bawd.

Abhor. A bawd, Sir? fie upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, Sir, you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [Exit.]

Clown. Pray, Sir, by your good favour; (for, surely, Sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look;) do you call, Sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abhor. Ay, Sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, Sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, Sir, being members of my occupation, using Painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

Abhor. Sir, it is a mystery.

Clown. Proof,——

Abhor. Every true man's apparel fits your thief, *Clown*: If it be too little for your true man, your Thief thinks it big enough. If it be too big for your true man, your thief thinks it little enough; so every true man's apparel fits your thief.

Re-enter Provost.

Prov. Are you agreed?

Clown. Sir, I will serve him: for I do find, your hangman is a more penitent trade than your bawd; he doth oftner ask forgiveness.

Prov.

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Prov. You, firrah, provide your block and your ax to-morrow, four o'clock.

Abhor. Come on, bawd, I will instruct thee in my trade; follow.

Clown. I do desire to learn, Sir; and I hope, if you have occasion to use me for your own turn, you shall find me yare: for truly, Sir, for your kindness I owe you a good turn. [Exit.]

Prov. Call hither *Barnardine*, and *Claudio*:
One has my pity; not a jot the other,
Being a murth'rer, tho' he were my brother.

Enter Claudio.

Look, here's the Warrant, *Claudio*, for thy death;
'Tis now dead midnight, and by eight to-morrow
Thou must be made immortal. Where's *Barnardine*?

Claud. As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies starkly in the traveller's bones:
He'll not awake.

Prov. Who can do good on him?
Well, go, prepare your self. [Ex. *Claud.*] But, hark,
what noise? [Knock within.]

Heav'n give your spirits comfort! —by and by;—
I hope, it is some Pardon, or Reprieve,
For the most gentle *Claudio*. Welcome, father.

Enter Duke.

Duke. The best and wholesom'st spirits of the night
Invellop you, good *Provost*! who call'd here of late?

Prov. None, since the curfew rung.

Duke. Not *Isabel*?

Prov. No.

Duke. They will then, ere't be long.

Prov. What comfort is for *Claudio*?

Duke. There is some in Hope.

Prov. It is a bitter Deputy.

Duke. Not so, not so; his life is parallel'd
Ev'n with the stroke and line of his great justice;
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his Pow'r

To

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To qualify in others. Were he meal'd
With That, which he corrects, then were he tyrannous;
But this being so, he's just. Now are they come.

[*Knock again. Provost goes out.*]

This is a gentle *Provost*; seldom when
The steeld goaler is the friend of men.
How now? what noise? that spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds th' unresisting postern with these strokes.
[*Provost returns.*]

Prov. There he must stay, until the officer
Arise to let him in; he is call'd up.

Duke. Have you no Countermand for *Claudio* yet,
But he must die to-morrow?

Prov. None, Sir, none.

Duke. As near the dawning, *Provost*, as it is,
You shall hear more ere morning.

Prov. Happily,
You something know; yet, I believe, there comes
No countermand; no such example have we:
Besides, upon the very Siege of justice,
Lord *Angelo* hath to the publick ear
Profest the contrary.

Enter a Messenger.

Duke. This is his lordship's man.

Prov. And here comes *Claudio's* Pardon.

Mess. My lord hath sent you this note, and by me
this further charge, that you swerve not from the
smallest article of it, neither in time, matter, or other
circumstance. Good-morrow; for as I take it, it is
almost day.

Prov. I shall obey him. [Exit *Messen.*]

Duke. This is his Pardon, purchas'd by such sin,
For which the Pardoner himself is in:
Hence hath offence his quick celerity,
When it is born in high authority;
When vice makes mercy, mercy's so extended,
That, for the fault's love, is th' offender friended.
Now, Sir, what news?

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Prov. I told you: lord *Angelo*, be-like, thinking me remiss in mine office, awakens me with this unwonted putting on; methinks, strangely; for he hath not us'd it before.

Duke Pray you, let's hear.

Provost reads the letter.

Whatsoever you may hear to the contrary, let Claudio be executed by four of the clock, and in the afternoon Barnardine: for my better satisfaction, let me have Claudio's head sent me by five. Let this be duly performed, with a thought that more depends on it than we must yet deliver. Thus fail not to do your office, as you will answer it at your peril.

What say you to this, Sir?

Duke. What is that *Barnardine*, who is to be executed in the afternoon?

Prov. A *Bohemian* born; but here nurs'd up and bred; one, that is a prisoner nine years old.

Duke. How came it, that the absent Duke had not either deliver'd him to his liberty, or executed him? I have heard, it was ever his manner to do so.

Prov. His friends still wrought reprieves for him, and, indeed, his fact, till now in the government of lord *Angelo*, came not to an undoubtful proof.

Duke. Is it now apparent?

Prov. Most manifest, and not deny'd by himself.

Duke. Hath he born himself penitently in prison? how seems he to be touch'd?

Prov. A man that apprehends death no more dreadfully, but as a drunken sleep; careless, reckless, and senseless of what's past, present, or to come; insensible of mortality, and desperately mortal.

Duke. He wants advice.

Prov. He will hear none; he hath evermore had the liberty of the prison: give him leave to escape hence, he would not: drunk many times a day, if not many days entirely drunk. We have very oft awak'd him, as if to carry him to execution, and shew'd him
him

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him a seeming Warrant for it; it hath not mov'd him at all.

Duke. More of him anon. There is written in your brow, *Provest*, honesty and constancy; if I read it not truly, my ancient skill beguiles me; but in the boldness of my cunning, I will lay my self in hazard. *Claudio*, whom here you have Warrant to execute, is no greater forfeit to the law than *Angelo*, who hath sentenc'd him. To make you understand this in a manifested effect, I crave but four days respite; for the which you are to do me both a present and a dangerous courtesy.

Prov. Pray, Sir, in what?

Duke. In the delaying death.

Prov. Alack! how may I do it, having the hour limited, and an express command, under penalty, to deliver his head in the view of *Angelo*? I may make my case as *Claudio's*, to cross this in the smallest.

Duke. By the vow of mine Order, I warrant you, if my Instructions may be your guide: let this *Barnardine* be this morning executed, and his head born to *Angelo*.

Prov. *Angelo* hath seen them both, and will discover the favour.

Duke. Oh, death's a great disguiser, and you may add to it; shave the head, and tie the beard, and say it was the desire of the penitent to be so barb'd before his death; you know the course is common. If any thing fall to you upon this, more than thanks and good fortune; by the saint whom I profess, I will plead against it with my life.

Prov. Pardon me, good father; it is against my oath.

Duke. Were you sworn to the Duke, or to the Deputy?

Prov. To him, and to his Substitutes.

Duke. You will think you have made no offence, if the Duke avouch the justice of your dealing?

Prov. But what likelihood is in that?

Duke. Not a resemblance, but a certainty. Yet since I see you fearful, that neither my coat, integrity, nor my persuasion, can with ease attempt you, I will go further

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further than I meant, to pluck all fears out of you. Look you, Sir, here is the hand and seal of the Duke; you know the Character, I doubt not, and the Signet is not strange to you.

Prov. I know them both.

Duke. The Contents of this is the Return of the Duke; you shall anon over-read it at your pleasure; where you shall find, within these two days he will be here. This is a thing, which *Angelo* knows not; for he this very day receives letters of strange tenor; perchance, of the Duke's death; perchance, of his entering into some monastery; but, by chance nothing of what is writ. Look, the unfolding star calls up the shepherd? put not your self into amazement how these things should be; all difficulties are but easy, when they are known. Call your Executioner, and off with *Barnardine's* head: I will give him a present shrift, and advise him for a better place. Yet you are amaz'd, but this shall absolutely resolve you. Come away, it is almost clear dawn. [*Exe.*

Enter Clown.

Clown. I am as well acquainted here, as I was in our house of profession; one would think, it were mistress *Over-don's* own house; for here be many of her old customers. First, here's young Mr. *Rash*; he's in for a commodity of brown pepper and old ginger, nine-score and seventeen pounds; of which he made five marks ready money: marry, then, ginger was not much in request; for the old women were all dead. Then is there here one Mr. *Caper*, at the suit of master *Three-Pile* the mercer; for some four suits of peach-colour'd satin, which now peaches him a beggar. Then have we here young *Dizzy*, and young Mr. *Deep-vow*, and Mr. *Copper-spur*, and master *Starve-Lucky* the rapier and dagger-man, and young *Drop-beire* that kill'd lusty *Pudding*, and Mr. *Forthlight* the tilter, and brave Mr. *Shooty* the great traveler, and wild *Half Canne* that stabb'd *Pots*, and, I think, forty more; all great doers in our trade, and are now in for the Lord's sake.

Enter

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Enter Abhorfon.

Abhor. Sirrah, bring *Barnardine* hither.

Clown. Master *Barnardine*, you must rise and be hang'd, master *Barnardine*.

Abhor. What, ho, *Barnardine*!

Barnar. [*Within*] A pox o' your throats; who makes that noise there? what are you?

Clown. Your Friend, Sir, the hangman: you must be so good, Sir, to rise, and be put to death.

Barnar. [*Within.*] Away, you rogue, away; I am sleepy.

Abhor. Tell him, he must awake, and that quickly too.

Clown. Pray, master *Barnardine*, awake 'till you are executed, and sleep afterwards.

Abhor. Go in to him, and fetch him out.'

Clown. He is coming, Sir, he is coming; I hear the straw rustle.

Enter Barnardine.

Abhor. Is the ax upon the block, sirrah?

Clown. Very ready, Sir.

Barnar. How now, *Abhorfon*? what's the news with you?

Abhor. Truly, Sir, I wou'd desire you to clap into your prayers: for, look you, the Warrant's come.

Barnar. You rogue, I have been drinking all night, I am not fitted for't.

Clown. Oh, the better, Sir; for he that drinks all night, and is hang'd betimes in the morning, may sleep the sounder all the next day.

Enter Duke.

Abhor. Look you, Sir, here comes your ghostly father; do we jest now, think you?

Duke. Sir, induced by my charity, and hearing how hastily you are to depart, I am come to advise you, comfort you, and pray with you.

Barnard. Friar, not I: I have been drinking hard all night, and I will have more time to prepare me. or
they

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they shall beat out my brains with billets: I will not consent to die this day, that's certain.

Duke. Oh, Sir, you must; and therefore, I beseech you, look forward on the journey you shall go.

Barnar. I swear, I will not die to-day for any man's persuasion.

Duke. But hear you,——

Barnar. Not a word: if you have any thing to say to me, come to my Ward; for thence will not I to-day. [Ex.]

Enter Provost.

Duke. Unfit to live, or die: oh gravel heart! After him, fellows: bring him to the block.

Prov. Now, Sir, how do you find the prisoner?

Duke. A creature unprepar'd, unmeet for death; And, to transport him in the mind he is, Were damnable.

Prov. Here in the prison, father, There dy'd this morning of a cruel fever One *Ragozine*, a most notorious pirate, A man of *Claudio's* years; his beard, and head, Just of his colour: What if we omit This Reprobate, 'till he were well inclin'd; And satisfy the Deputy with the visage Of *Ragozine*, more like to *Claudio*?

Duke. O, 'tis an accident, that heav'n provides; Dispatch it presently; the hour draws on Prefixt by *Angelo*: see, this be done, And sent according to Command; while I Persuade this rude wretch willingly to die.

Prov. This shall be done, good father, presently: But *Barnardine* must die this afternoon. And how shall we continue *Claudio*, To save me from the danger that might come, If he were known alive?

Duke. Let this be done; Put them in secret Holds, both *Barnardine* and *Claudio*: Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting To yonder generation, you shall find Your safety manifested.

Prov.

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Prov. I am your free dependant.

Duke. Quick, dispatch, and send the head to *Angelo*.
[*Exit Prov.*]

Now will I write letters to *Angelo*,
(The *Provost*, he shall bear them;) whose contents
Shall witness to him, I am near at home;
And that, by great injunctions, I am bound
To enter publickly: him I'll desire
To meet me at the consecrated Fount,
A league below the city; and from thence,
By cold gradation and weal-ballanc'd form,
We shall proceed with *Angelo*.

Enter Provost.

Prov. Here is the head, I'll carry it myself.

Duke. Convenient is it: make a swift Return;
For I would commune with you of such things,
That want no ears but yours.

Prov. I'll make all speed. [Exit.]

Isab. [Within.] Peace, hoa, be here!

Duke. The tongue of *Isabel*.—She comes to know,
If yet her brother's Pardon be come hither:
But I will keep her ignorant of her good,
To make her heav'nly comforts of despair,
When it is least expected.

Enter Isabel.

Isab. Hoa, by your leave——

Duke. Good morning to you, fair and gracious
daughter.

Isab. The better, giv'n me by so holy a man:
Hath yet the Deputy sent my brother's Pardon?

Duke. He hath releas'd him, *Isabel*, from the world;
His head is off, and sent to *Angelo*.

Isab. Nay, but it is not so.

Duke. It is no other.
Shew your wisdom, daughter, in your closest patience.

Isab. Oh, I will to him, and pluck out his eyes.

Duke. You shall not be admitted to his sight.

Isab.

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Isab. Unhappy *Claudio*, wretched *Isabel*!
Injurious world, most damned *Angelo*!

Duke. This nor hurts him, nor profits you a jot;
Forbear it therefore, give your Cause to heav'n:
Mark, what I say; which you shall surely find
By ev'ry syllable a faithful verity.
The Duke comes home to-morrow; dry your eyes;
One of our Convent, and his Confessor,
Gives me this instance: already he hath carry'd
Notice to *Escalus* and *Angelo*,
Who do prepare to meet him at the gates,
There to give up their Pow'r. If you can, pace your
wisdom

In that good path that I would wish it go,
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch,
Grace of the Duke, revenges to your heart,
And gen'ral honour.

Isab. I'm directed by you.

Duke. This letter then to *Friar Peter* give;
'Tis That he sent me of the Duke's Return:
Say, by this token, I desire his company
At *Mariana's* house to-night. Her Cause and yours
I'll perfect him withal, and he shall bring you
Before the Duke; and to the head of *Angelo*
Accuse him home, and home. For my poor self,
I am combined by a sacred vow,
And shall be absent. Wend you with this letter:
Command these fretting waters from your eyes,
With a light heart; trust not my holy Order,
If I pervert your course. Who's here?

- Enter *Lucio*.

Lucio. Good even;
Friar, where's the *Provost*?

Duke. Not within, Sir.

Lucio. Oh, pretty *Isabella*, I am pale at mine heart
to see thine eyes so red; thou must be patient; I am
fain to dine and sup with water and bran; I dare not
for my head fill my belly: one fruitful meal would
set me to't. But, they say, the Duke will be here to-
morrow.

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morrow. By my troth, *Isabel*, I lov'd thy brother : if the old fantastical Duke of dark corners had been at home, he had liv'd. [*Ex. Isabella.*]

Duke. Sir, the Duke is marvellous little beholden to your reports ; but the best is, he lives not in them.

Lucio. Friar, thou knowest not the Duke so well as I do ; he's a better woodman, than thou tak'st him for.

Duke. Well ; you'll answer this one day. Fare ye well.

Lucio. Nay, tarry, I'll go along with thee : I can tell thee pretty tales of the Duke.

Duke. You have told me too many of him already, Sir, if they be true ; if not true, none were enough.

Lucio. I was once before him for getting a wench with child.

Duke. Did you such a thing ?

Lucio. Yes, marry, did I ; but I was fain to forswear it ; they would else have marry'd me to the rotten medlar.

Duke. Sir, your company is fairer than honest : rest you well.

Lucio. By my troth, I'll go with thee to the lane's end : if bawdy Talk offend you, we'll have very little of it ; nay, *Friar*, I am a kind of burr, I shall stick.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE *changes to the* PALACE.

Enter Angelo and Escalus.

Escal. **E**VERY letter, he hath writ, hath disvouch'd other.

Ang. In most uneven and distracted manner. His actions shew much like to madness : pray heav'n, his wisdom be not tainted : and why meet him at the gates, and deliver our authorities there ?

Escal. I guess not.

Ang. And why should we proclaim it in an hour before his entring, that if any crave redress of injustice, they should exhibit their petitions in the street ?

Escal,

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Escal. He shews his reason for that; to have a dispatch of complaints, and to deliver us from devices hereafter, which shall then have no power to stand against us.

Ang. Well; I beseech you, let it be proclaim'd sometimes i'th' morn; I'll call you at your house: give notice to such men of Sort and Suit, as are to meet him.

Escal. I shall, Sir: fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

Ang. Good night:

This Deed unshapes me quite, makes me unpregnant,
And dull to all proceedings. A deflower'd maid!
And by an eminent body, that enforc'd
The Law against it! But that her tender shame
Will not proclaim against her maiden loss,
How might she tongue me? yet reason dares her:
For my authority bears a credent Bulk;
That no particular scandal once can touch,
But it confounds the breather. He should have liv'd,
Save that his riotous youth, with dangerous sense,
Might in the times to come have ta'en revenge;
By so receiving a dishonour'd life,
With ransom of such shame. Would yet, he had liv'd!
Alack, when once our grace we have forgot,
Nothing goes right; we would, and we would not.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE *changes to the Fields without the Town.*

Enter Duke in his own habit; and Friar Peter.

Duke. **T**H E S E letters at fit time deliver me.
The *Provost* knows our purpose, and our plot:

The matter being afoot, keep your instruction,
And hold you ever to our special drift;
Tho' sometimes you do blench from this to that,
As cause doth minister: go, call at *Flavius*' house,
And tell him, where I stay; give the like notice
Unto *Valentius*, *Rowland*, and to *Crassus*,

And

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And bid them bring the trumpets to the gate:
But send me *Flavius* first.

Peter. It shall be speeded well. [Exit Friar.

Enter Varrius.

Duke. I thank thee, *Varrius*; thou hast made good
haste:

Come, we will walk. There's other of our Friends
Will greet us here anon, my gentle *Varrius*. [Exeunt.

Enter Isabella and Mariana.

Isab. To speak so indirectly, I am loth:
I'd say the truth; but to accuse him so,
That is your Part; yet I'm advis'd to do it,
He says, t'availful purpose.

Mari. Be rul'd by him.

Isab. Besides, he tells me, that if peradventure
He speak against me on the adverse side,
I should not think it strange; for 'tis a physick,
That's bitter to sweet end.

Mari. I would, Friar *Peter* ———

Isab. Oh, peace; the Friar is come.

Enter Peter.

Peter. Come, I have found you out a Stand most fit
Where you may have such vantage on the Duke,
He shall not pass you. Twice have the trumpets
founded:

The generous and gravest citizens
Have hent the gates, and very near upon
The Duke is entering: therefore hence, away. [Exeunt.



A C T



A C T V.

S C E N E, *a publick Place near the City.**Enter Duke, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and Citizens at several doors.*

DUKE.



Y very worthy Cousin, fairly met;
Our old and faithful friend, we're glad
to see you.

Ang. and Escal. Happy Return be to your
royal Grace!

Duke. Many and hearty thanks be to you both:
We've made enquiry of you, and we hear
Such goodness of your justice, that our soul
Cannot but yield you forth to publick thanks,
Forerunning more requital.

Ang. You make my Bonds still greater.

Duke. Oh your desert speaks loud; and I should
wrong it,

To lock it in the wards of covert bosom,
When it deserves with characters of brass
A fortified residence, 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion. Give me your hand,
And let the Subjects see, to make them know
That outward courtesies would fain proclaim
Favours that keep within. Come *Escalus*;
You must walk by us on our other hand:
And good Supporters are you. [*As the Duke is going out,*

Enter Peter and Isabella.

Peter. Now is your time: speak loud, and kneel
before him.

Isab.

MEASURE for MEASURE. 69

Isab. Justice, O royal Duke; vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I'd fain have said, a maid :
Oh, worthy Prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
'Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me justice, justice, justice, justice,

Duke. Relate your wrongs; in what, by whom? be
brief:

Here is lord *Angelo* shall give you justice;
Reveal your self to him.

Isab. Oh, worthy Duke,
You bid me seek Redemption of the Devil:
Hear me your self; for that which I must speak
Must either punish me, not being believ'd,
Or wring redress from you: oh, hear me, hear me.

Ang. My lord, her Wits, I fear me, are not firm;
She hath been a suitor to me for her brother,
Cut off by course of justice.

Isab. Course of Justice!

Ang. And she will speak most bitterly, and strange.

Isab. Most strange, but yet most truly, will I speak:
That *Angelo's* forsworn: is it not strange?
That *Angelo's* a Murth'rer: is't not strange?
That *Angelo* is an adult'rous thief,
An hypocrite, a virgin-violater:
Is it not strange and strange?

Duke. Nay, it is ten times strange.

Isab. It is not truer he is *Angelo*,
Than this is all as true, as it is strange:
Nay, it is ten times true; for truth is truth
To th' end of reckoning.

Duke. Away with her: poor soul,
She speaks this in th' infirmity of sense.

Isab. O Prince, I conjure thee, as thou believ'st
There is another Comfort than this World,
That thou neglect me not; with that Opinion
That I am touch'd with madness. Make not impossible
That, which but seems unlike; 'tis not impossible,
But one the wicked'st caitiff on the ground,
May seem as shy, as grave, as just, as absolute,

70 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

As *Angelo*; even so may *Angelo*,
In all his dressings, carac'ts, titles, forms,
Be an arch-villain: believe it, royal Prince,
If he be less, he's nothing; but he's more,
Had I more name for badness.

Duke. By mine honesty,
If she be mad, as I believe no other,
Her madness hath the oddest frame of sense;
Such a dependency of thing on thing,
As e'er I heard in madness.

Isab. Gracious Duke,
Harp not on that; nor do not banish reason
For inequality; but let your reason serve
To make the Truth appear, where it seems hid;
Not hide the false, seems true.

Duke. Many that are not mad,
Have, sure, more lack of reason.
What would you say?

Isab. I am the sister of one *Claudio*,
Condemn'd upon the Act of Fornication
To lose his head; condemn'd by *Angelo*:
I, in probation of a sister-hood,
Was sent to by my brother; one *Lucio*,
As then the Messenger, ———

Lucio. That's I, an't like your Grace:
I came to her from *Claudio*, and desir'd her
To try her gracious fortune with lord *Angelo*,
For her poor brother's Pardon.

Isab. That's he indeed.

Duke. You were not bid to speak. [To *Lucio*.

Lucio. No, my good Lord, nor wish'd to hold my
peace.

Duke. I wish you now then;
Pray you, take note of it: and when you have
A business for your self, pray heav'n, you then
Be perfect.

Lucio. I warrant your Honour.

Duke. The Warrant's for your self; take heed to't.

Isab. This Gentleman told somewhat of my Tale.

Lucio. Right.

Duke.

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 71

Duke. It may be right, but you are in the wrong
To speak before your time. Proceed.

Isab. I went
To this pernicious caitiff Deputy.

Duke. That's somewhat madly spoken.

Isab. Pardon it:
The Phrase is to the matter.

Duke. Mended again: the matter; — proceed.

Isab. In brief; (to set the needless Process by,
How I persuaded, how I pray'd and kneel'd,
How he repell'd me, and how I reply'd;
For this was of much length) the vile Conclusion
I now begin with grief and shame to utter.
He would not, but by gift of my chaste Body
To his concupiscent intemp'rate lust,
Release my brother; and after much debatement,
My sisterly Remorse confutes mine Honour,
And I did yield to him: But the next morn betimes,
His purpose surfeiting, he sends a Warrant
For my poor brother's head.

Duke. This is most likely!

Isab. Oh, that it were as like, as it is true!

Duke. By heav'n, fond wretch, thou know'st not
what thou speak'st;
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful practice. First, his Integrity
Stands without blemish; next, it imports no reason,
That with such vehemence he should pursue
Faults proper to himself: if he had so offended,
He would have weigh'd thy brother by himself,
And not have cut him off. Some one hath set you on;
Confess the truth, and say, by whose advice
Thou cam'st here to complain.

Isab. And is this All?
Then, oh, you blessed ministers above!
Keep me in patience; and with ripen'd time,
Unfold the evil which is here wrapt up
In countenance: Heav'n shield your Grace from woe,
As I, thus wrong'd, hence unbeliev'd go.

Duke.

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Duke. I know you'd fain be gone. An Officer;
To prison with her, shall we thus permit
A blasting and a scandalous breath to fall
On him so near us? this needs must be a practice.
Who knew of your intent, and coming hither?

Isab. One that I would were here, *Friar Lodowick.*

Duke. A ghostly father, belike:

Who knows that *Lodowick*?

Lucio. My lord, I know him; 'tis a meddling *Friar*;
I do not like the man; had he been Lay, my lord,
For certain words he spake against your Grace
In your retirement, I had swing'd him soundly.

Duke. Words against me? this is a good *Friar*, belike;
And to set on this wretched woman here
Against our Substitute! let this *Friar* be found.

Lucio. But yesternight, my lord, she and that *Friar*,
I saw them at the prison: a sawcy *Friar*,
A very scurvy Fellow.

Peter. Blessed be your royal Grace!
I have stood by, my lord, and I have heard
Your royal ear abus'd. First, hath this Woman
Most wrongfully accus'd your Substitute;
Who is as free from touch or soil with her,
As she from one ungot.

Duke. We did believe no less.
Know you that *Friar Lodowick*, which she speaks of?

Peter. I know him for a man divine and holy;
Not scurvy, nor a temporary medler,
As he's reported by this gentleman;
And, on my Trust, a man that never yet
Did, as he vouches, misreport your Grace.

Lucio. My lord, most villanously; believe it.

Peter. Well; he in time may come to clear himself;
But at this instant he is sick, my lord,
Of a strange fever. On his meer request,
(Being come to knowledge that there was Complaint
Intended 'gainst lord *Angelo*) came I hither
To speak as from his mouth, what he doth know
Is true, and false; and what he with his oath
By all Probation will make up full clear,

Whenever

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 73

Whenever he's conven'd. First, for this woman;
To justify this worthy Nobleman,
So vulgarly and personally accus'd,
Her shall you hear disproved to her eyes,
'Till she her self confess it.

Duke. Good *Friar*, let's hear it.
Do you not smile at this, lord *Angelo*?
O heav'n! the vanity of wretched fools! ———
Give us some seats; come, Cousin *Angelo*,
In this I will be partial: be you Judge
Of your own Cause. Is this the witness, *Friar*?
[*Isabella is carried off, guarded.*]

Enter Mariana veil'd.

First, let her shew her face; and after, speak.

Mari. Pardon, my lord, I will not shew my face,
Until my husband bid me.

Duke. What, are you marry'd?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. Are you a maid?

Mari. No, my lord.

Duke. A widow then?

Mari. Neither, my lord.

Duke. Why, are you nothing then? neither maid,
widow, nor wife?

Lucio. My lord, she may be a punk; for many of
them are neither maid, widow, nor wife.

Duke. Silence that fellow: I would he had some
cause to prattle for himself.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Mari. My lord, I do confess, I ne'er was marry'd;
And I confess besides, I am no maid;
I've known my husband; yet my husband knows not,
That ever he knew me.

Lucio. He was drunk then, my lord; it can be no
better.

Duke. For the benefit of silence, would thou wert
so too.

Lucio. Well, my lord.

Duke. This is no witness for lord *Angelo*.

D

Mari,

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Mari. Now I come to't, my lord.
She that accuses him of fornication,
In self-same manner doth accuse my husband;
And charges him, my lord, with such a time,
When I'll depose I had him in mine arms,
With all th'effect of love.

Ang. Charges she more than me?

Mari. Not that I know.

Duke. No? you say, your husband. [To Mariana.

Mari. Why, just, my lord; and that is *Angelo*;
Who thinks, he knows, that he ne'er knew my body;
But knows, he thinks, that he knows *Isabel's*.

Ang. This is a strange abuse; let's see thy face.

Mari. My husband bids me; now I will unmask.

[Unveiling.

This is that face, thou cruel *Angelo*,
Which once thou swor't, was worth the looking on:
This is the hand, which, with a vow'd contract,
Was fast belock'd in thine: this is the body,
That took away the match from *Isabel*;
And did supply thee at thy garden-house
In her imagin'd person.

Duke. Know you this woman?

Lucio. Carnally, she says.

Duke. Sirrah, no more.

Lucio. Enough, my lord.

Ang. My lord, I must confess, I know this woman;
And five years since there was some speech of marriage
Betwixt my self and her; which was broke off,
Partly, for that her promised proportions
Came short of composition; but, in chief,
For that her Reputation was disvalu'd
In levity; since which time of five years
I never spake with her, saw her, nor heard from her,
Upon my faith and honour.

Mari. Noble Prince,
As there comes light from heav'n, and words from
breath;
As there is sense in truth, and truth in virtue,
I am affianc'd this man's wife, as strongly

As

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 75

As words could make up vows: and, my good lord,
But *Tuesday* night last gone, in's garden-house,
He knew me as a wife; as this is true,
Let me in safety raise me from my knees;
Or else for ever be confix'd here,
A marble monument.

Ang. I did but smile'till now.

Now, good my lord, give me the scope of Justice;
My patience here is touch'd; I do perceive,
These poor informal women are no more
But instruments of some more mightier member,
That sets them on. Let me have way, my lord,
To find this practice out.

Duke. Ay, with my heart;

And punish them unto your height of pleasure.
Thou foolish *Friar*, and thou pernicious woman,
Compact with her that's gone; think'st thou, thy oaths,
Tho' they would swear down each particular Saint,
Were testimonies 'gainst his worth and credit,
That's seal'd in approbation? You, lord *Escalus*,
Sit with my Cousin; lend him your kind pains
To find out this abuse, whence 'tis deriv'd.
There is another *Friar*, that set them on;
Let him be sent for.

Peter. Would he were here, my lord; for he indeed,
Hath set the women on to this complaint:
Your *Provost* knows the place, where he abides;
And he may fetch him.

Duke. Go, do it instantly.

And you, my noble and well-warranted Cousin,
Whom it concerns to hear this matter forth;
Do with your injuries, as seems you best,
In any chastisement: I for a while
Will leave you; but stir not you, 'till you have well
Determined upon these slanderers. [Exit.

Escal. My lord, we'll do it thoroughly. Signior *Lucio*,
did not you say, you knew that *Friar Lodowick* to be a
dishonest person?

Lucio. *Cucullus non facit monachum*; honest in nothing,
D 2 but

76 MEASURE *for* MEASURE.

but in his cloaths; and one that hath spoke most villanous speeches of the Duke.

Escal. We shall intreat you to abide here 'till he come, and inforce them against him; we shall find this *Friar* a notable fellow.

Lucio. As any in *Vienna*, on my word.

Escal. Call that same *Isabel* here once again: I would speak with her; pray you, my lord, give me leave to question; you shall see how I'll handle her.

Lucio. Not better than he, by her own report.

Escal. Say you?

Lucio. Marry, Sir, I think, if you handled her privately, she should sooner confess; perchance, publickly she'll be ashamed.

Enter Duke in the Friar's habit, and Provost; Isabella is brought in.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at mid-night.

Escal. Come on, mistress: here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of, here with the *Provost*.

Escal. In very good time: speak not you to him, 'till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum———

Escal. Come, Sir, did you yet set these women on to slander lord *Angelo*? they have confess'd, you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How? know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great Place; and let the devil Be sometime honour'd for his burning throne. Where is the Duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The Duke's in us; and we will hear you speak: Look, you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly at least. But oh, poor souls, Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox? Good-night to your redress: is the Duke gone? Then is your cause gone too. The Duke's unjust,

Thus

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 77

Thus to retort your manifest Appeal;
And put your Tryal in the Villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he, I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unrev'rend and unhallow'd Friar,
Is't not enough thou hast suborn'd these women
T'accuse this worthy man, but with foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain; and then glance from him
To th' Duke himself, to tax him with injustice?
Take him hence; to th' Rack with him: we'll touze you
Joint by Joint, but we will know his purpose:
What? unjust?

Duke. Be not so hot; the Duke dare no more
stretch

This finger of mine, than he dare rack his own:
His Subject am I not,
Nor here provincial; my business in this state
Made me a looker on here in *Vienna*;
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble,
'Till it o'er-run the stew: laws, for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong Statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.

Escal. Slander to th' State! away with him to prison.

Ang. What can you vouch against him, Signior

Lucio?

Is this the man, that you did tell us of?

Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, goodman
bald-pate;

Do you know me?

Duke. I remember you, Sir, by the sound of your
voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the
Duke.

Lucio. Oh, did you so? and do you remember what
you said of the Duke?

Duke. Most notedly, Sir.

Lucio. Do you so, Sir? and was the Duke a flesh-
monger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported
him to be?

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Duke. You must, Sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report : you spoke so of him, and much more, much worse.

Lucio. Oh thou damnable fellow! did not I pluck thee by the nose, for thy speeches?

Duke. I protest, I love the Duke as I love my self.

Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.

Escal. Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal ; away with him to prison ; where is the *Provost* ? away with him to prison ; lay bolts enough upon him ; let him speak no more ; away with those giglets too, and with the other confederate companion.

Duke. Stay, Sir, stay a-while.

Ang. What! resists he? help him, *Lucio.*

Lucio. Come, Sir ; come, Sir ; come, Sir ; foh, Sir ; why, you bald-pated lying rascal ; you must be hooded, must you ? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you ; show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour : will't not off ?

[*Pulls off the Friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.*]

Duke. Thou art the first knave, that e'er mad'st a Duke.

First, *Provost*, let me bail these gentle three.
Sneak not away, Sir ; for the *Friar* and you
Must have a word anon : lay hold on him.

Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.

Duke. What you have spoke I pardon ; sit you
down :

[*To Escalus.*]

We'll borrow place of him. Sir, by your leave :
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office ? if thou hast,
Rely upon it 'till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.

Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernable ;
When I perceive your Grace, like Pow'r divine,
Hath look'd upon my Passes : then, good Prince,
No longer Session hold upon my shame ;

But

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 79

But let my Tryal be mine own confession :
Immediate Sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.

Duke. Come hither, *Mariana* :

Say; wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?

Ang. I was, my lord.

Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly.
Do you the office, *Friar*; which consummate,
Return him here again: go with him, *Provost*.

[*Exeunt* Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and *Provost*.]

Escal. My lord, I am more amaz'd at his dishonour,
Than at the strangeness of it.

Duke. Come hither, *Isabel*;

Your *Friar* is now your Prince: as I was then
Advertising, and holy to your business,
Not changing heart with habit, I am still
Attornied at your service.

Isab. Oh, give me Pardon,
That I, your vassal, have employ'd and pain'd
Your unknown Sovereignty.

Duke. You are pardon'd, *Isabel* :
And now, dear maid, be you as free to us.
Your brother's death, I know, sits at your heart,
And you may marvel, why I obscur'd my self,
Labouring to save his life; and would not rather
Make rash remonstrance of my hidden power,
Than let him be so lost: Oh, most kind maid,
It was the swift celerity of his death,
Which, I did think, with slower foot came on,
That brain'd my purpose: but, peace be with him!
That life is better life, past fearing death,
Than That which lives to fear: make it your comfort;
So, happy is your brother.

Enter Angelo, Mariana, Peter, and *Provost*.

Isab. I do, my lord.

Duke. For this new-marry'd man, approaching here,
Whose salt imagination yet hath wrong'd
Your well-defended honour, you must pardon
For *Mariana's* sake: but as he adjudg'd your brother,
Being

80 MEASURE for MEASURE.

Being criminal, in double violation
Of sacred chastity, and of promise-breach,
Thereon dependant for your brother's life,
The very mercy of the law cries out
Most audible, even from his proper tongue,
An *Angelo* for *Claudio*; death for death.
Haste still pays haste, and leisure answers leisure;
Like doth quit like, and *Measure* still for *Measure*.
Then, *Angelo*, thy faults are manifested;
Which tho' thou would'st deny, denies thee vantage.
We do condemn thee to the very block,
Where *Claudio* stoop'd to death; and with like haste;
Away with him.

Mari. Oh, my most gracious lord,
I hope, you will not mock me with a husband?

Duke. It is your husband mock'd you with a husband:
Consenting to the safeguard of your honour,
I thought your marriage fit; else imputation,
For that he knew you, might reproach your life,
And choak your good to come: for his Possessions,
Altho' by confiscation they are ours,
We do enstate and widow you withal,
To buy you a better husband.

Mari. Oh, my dear lord,
I crave no other, nor no better man.

Duke. Never crave him; we are definitive.

Mari. Gentle, my Liege——

Duke. You do but lose your labour:
Away with him to death. Now, Sir, to you.

Mari. Oh, my good lord. Sweet *Isabel*, take my part;
Lend me your knees, and all my life to come
I'll lend you all my life, to do you service.

Duke. Against all sense you do importune her;
Should she kneel down, in mercy of this fact,
Her brother's ghost his paved bed would break,
And take her hence in horror.

Mari. *Isabel*,
Sweet *Isabel*, do yet but kneel by me,
Hold up your hands, say nothing; I'll speak all;
They say, best men are moulded out of faults;

And,

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 81

And, for the most, become much more the better
For being a little bad: so may my husband.

Oh, *Isabel*! will you not lend a knee?

Duke. He dies for *Claudio*'s death.

Isab. Most bounteous Sir, [Kneeling.

Look, if it please you, on this man condemn'd,
As if my brother liv'd: I partly think,
A due sincerity govern'd his deeds,
'Till he did look on me; since it is so,
Let him not die. My brother had but justice,
In that he did the thing for which he dy'd;
For *Angelo*, his act did not o'ertake his bad intent;
And must be bury'd but as an intent,
That perish'd by the way: thoughts are no subjects:
Intent, but meerly thoughts.

Mari. Meerly, my lord.

Duke. Your suit's unprofitable; stand up, I say:
I have bethought me of another fault.

Provost, how came it, *Claudio* was beheaded
At an unusual hour?

Prov. It was commanded so.

Duke. Had you a special Warrant for the deed?

Prov. No, my good lord; it was by private message.

Duke. For which I do discharge you of your Office:
Give up your keys.

Prov. Pardon me, noble lord.

I thought, it was a fault, but knew it not;
Yet did repent me, after more advice:
For testimony whereof, one in th' prison,
That should by private order else have dy'd,
I have reserv'd alive.

Duke. What's he?

Prov. His name is *Barnardine*.

Duke. I would, thou had'st done so by *Claudio*:
Go, fetch him hither; let me look upon him.

Escal. I'm sorry, one so learned and so wise
As you, lord *Angelo*, have still appear'd,
Should slip so grossly both in heat of blood,
And lack of temper'd judgment afterward.

Ang.

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Ang. I'm sorry, that such sorrow I procure;
And so deep sticks it in my penitent heart,
That I crave death more willingly than mercy:
'Tis my deserving, and I do intreat it.

Enter Provost, Barnardine, Claudio, and Julietta.

Duke. Which is that *Barnardine*?

Prov. This, my lord.

Duke. There was a *Friar* told me of this man:

Sirrah, thou'rt said to have a stubborn soul,
That apprehends no further than this world;
And squar'st thy life accordingly: thou'rt condemn'd;
But for those earthly faults, I quit them all:
I pray thee, take this mercy to provide
For better times to come: *Friar*, advise him;
I leave him to your hand. What muffled fellow's that?

Prov. This is another prisoner, that I sav'd,
Who should have dy'd when *Claudio* lost his head,
As like almost to *Claudio*, as himself.

Duke. If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand, and say, you will be mine,
He is my brother too; but fitter time for that.
By this, lord *Angelo* perceives he's safe;
Methinks, I see a quickning in his eye.
Well, *Angelo*, your evil quits you well;
Look, that you love your wife; her worth, worth yours.
I find an apt remission in my self,
And yet here's one in place I cannot pardon.
You, sirrah, that knew me for a fool, a coward, [*To Lucio.*
One of all luxury, an ass, a mad man;
Wherein have I deserved so of you,
That you extol me thus?

Lucio. 'Faith, my lord, I spoke it but according to the
trick; if you will hang me for it, you may: but I had
rather it would please you, I might be whipt.

Duke. Whipt first, Sir, and hang'd after.
Proclaim it, *Provost*, round about the city;
If any woman, wrong'd by this lewd fellow,
(As I have heard him swear himself there's one

Whom

MEASURE *for* MEASURE. 83

Whom he begot with child) let her appear,
And he shall marry her; the Nuptial finish'd,
Let him be whipt and hang'd.

Lucio. I beseech your Highness, do not marry me to
a whore: your Highness said even now, I made you a
Duke; good my lord, do not recompence me, in making
me a cuckold.

Duke. Upon mine honour, thou shalt marry her:
Thy slanders I forgive, and therewithal
Remit thy other forfeits; take him to prison:
And see our pleasure herein executed.

Lucio. Marrying a punk, my lord, is pressing to death,
whipping and hanging.

Duke. Sland'ring a Prince deserves it.
She, *Claudio*, that you wrong'd, look you restore.
Joy to you, *Mariana*: love her, *Angelo*:
I have confess'd her, and I know her virtue.
Thanks, good friend *Escalus*, for thy much goodness:
There's more behind, that is more grate. .
Thanks, *Provost*, for thy care and secresie;
We shall employ thee in a worthier place:
Forgive him, *Angelo*, that brought you home
The head of *Ragozine* for *Claudio's*;
Th' offence pardons it self. Dear *Isabel*,
I have a motion much imports your good,
Whereto if you'll a willing ear incline,
What's mine is yours, and what is yours is mine:
So bring us to our Palace, where we'll show
What's yet behind, that's meet you all should know.

[*Exeunt.*]

F I N I S.









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COMEDY
OF
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By Mr. *WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR.*



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OF
ERRORS



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W. CHETWOOD.

*Prompter to his Majesty's
Company of Commedians
at the Theatre Royal in
Drury-Lane.*

Dramatis Personæ.

SALINUS, *Duke of Ephesus.*

Ægeon, *a Merchant of Syracuse.*

Antipholis of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Sons to Æ-*
Antipholis of Syracuse, } *geon and Emilia, but unknown*
 } *to each other.*

Dromio of Ephesus, } *Twin Brothers, and Slaves to the*
Dromio of Syracuse, } *two Antipholis's.*

Balthazar, *a Merchant.*

Angelo, *a Goldsmith,*

A Merchant, Friend to Antipholis of Syracuse.

Dr. Pinch, *a School-master, and a Conjuror.*

Emilia, *Wife to Ægeon, an Abbess at Ephesus.*

Adriana, *Wife to Antipholis of Ephesus.*

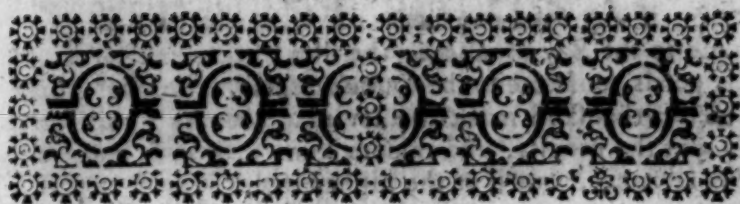
Luciana, *Sister to Adriana.*

Luce, *Servant to Adriana.*

Tailor, Officers, and other Attendants.

SCENE *Ephesus.*

The Plot taken from the Menæchmi of Plautus.



THE
COMEDY of ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter the Duke of Ephesus, Ægeon, Jailor,
and other attendants.*

ÆGEON.

Proceed, *Salinus*, to procure my fall,
And by the doom of death end woes and all.
Duke. Merchant of *Syracusa*, plead no more;
I am not partial to infringe our laws:
The enmity and discord which of late
Sprung from the ranc'rous outrage of your Duke,
To merchants, our well-dealing countrymen,
(Who wanting gilders to redeem their lives,
Have seal'd his rigorous statutes with their bloods)
Excludes all pity from our threatening looks.
For, since the mortal and intestine jars
'Twixt thy seditious countrymen and us,
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the *Syracusans* and our selves,
To admit no traffick to our adverse towns.

A 3

Nay,

Nay, more; if any born at *Ephesus*
 Be seen at *Syracusan* marts and fairs;
 Again, if any *Syracusan* born
 Come to the Bay of *Ephesus*, he dies;
 His goods confiscate to the Duke's dispose,
 Unless a thousand marks be levied
 To quit the penalty, and ransom him.
 Thy substance, valu'd at the highest rate,
 Cannot amount unto an hundred marks;
 Therefore by law thou art condemn'd to die.

Ageon. Yet this my comfort, when your words are
 done,

My woes end likewise with the evening sun.

Duke. Well, *Syracusan*, say in brief the cause,
 Why thou departed'st from thy native home;
 And for what cause thou cam'st to *Ephesus*.

Ageon. A heavier task could not have been impos'd,
 Than I to speak my grief unspeakable:

Yet that the world may witness that my end
 Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence,
 I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave.

In *Syracusa* was I born, and wed
 Unto a woman, happy but for me,

And by me too, had not our hap been bad:
 With her I liv'd in joy, our wealth increas'd

By prosperous voyages I often made

To *Epidamnus*, 'till my factor's death;

And he great store of goods at random leaving,

Drew me from kind embracements of my spouse:

From whom my absence was not six months old,

Before her self (almost at fainting under

The pleasing punishment that Women bear)

Had made provision for her following me,

And soon and safe arrived where I was.

There she had not been long, but she became

A joyful mother of two goodly sons;

And, which was strange, the one so like the other,

As could not be distinguish'd but by name,

That very hour, and in the self-same inn,

A poor mean Woman was delivered

Of such a burthen, male-twins both alike :
 Those (for their parents were exceeding poor)
 I bought, and brought up to attend my sons.
 My wife, not meanly proud of two such boys,
 Made daily motions for our home return :
 Unwilling I agreed ; alas, too soon !
 We came aboard.
 A league from *Epidamnium* had we sail'd,
 Before the always wind-obeying deep
 Gave any tragick instance of our harm ;
 But longer did we not retain much hope :
 For what obscured light the heav'ns did grant,
 Did but convey unto our fearful minds
 A doubtful warrant of immediate death ;
 Which tho' my self would gladly have embrac'd,
 Yet the incessant weeping of my wife,
 Weeping before for what she saw must come,
 And piteous plainings of the pretty babes
 That mourn'd for fashion, ignorant what to fear,
 Forc'd me to seek delays for them and me :
 And this it was, (for other means were none.)
 The sailors sought for safety by our boat,
 And left the ship then sinking-ripe to us ;
 My wife, more careful for the elder born,
 Had fasten'd him unto a small spare mast.
 Such as sea-faring men provide for storms ;
 To him one of the other Twins was bound,
 Whilst I had been like heedful of the other.
 The children thus dispos'd, my wife and I,
 Fixing our eyes on whom our care was fixt,
 Fasten'd our selves at either end the mast,
 And floating straight, obedient to the stream,
 Were carry'd towards *Corinth*, as we thought.
 At length the sun gazing upon the earth
 Dispers'd those vapours that offended us ;
 And by the benefit of his wish'd light
 The seas wax calm, and we discovered
 Two ships from far making amain to us,
 Of *Corinth* that, of *Epidaurus* this ;
 But ere they came ——— oh let me say no more ;

Gather the sequel by that went before.

Duke. Nay, forward old man, do not break off so;
For we may pity, tho' not pardon thee.

Egeon. Oh had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us;
For ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encountred by a mighty rock;
Which being violently born upon,
Our helpless ship was splitted in the midst;
So that in this unjust divorce of us
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul, seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carry'd with more speed before the wind,
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of *Corinth*, as we thought.
At length another ship had seiz'd on us;
And knowing whom it was their hap to save,
Gave helpful welcome to their shipwrackt guests,
And would have rest the fishers of their prey,
Had not their bark been very slow of sail;
And therefore homeward did they bend their course.
Thus have you heard me sever'd from my bliss,
That by misfortunes was my life prolong'd,
To tell sad stories of my own mishaps.

Duke. And for the sakes of them thou sorrow'st for,
Do me the favour to dilate at full
What hath befall'n of them and thee 'till now.

Egeon. My youngest boy, and yet my eldest care,
At eighteen years became inquisitive
After his brother, and importun'd me,
That his attendant, (for his case was like,
Rest of his brother, but retain'd his name,)
Might bear him company in quest of him:
Whom, whilst I labour'd of a love to see,
I hazarded the loss of whom I lov'd.
Five summers have I spent in farthest *Greece*,
Roaming clean through the bounds of *Asia*,
And coasting homeward, came to *Ephesus*:

Hopeless

Hopeless to find, yet loath to leave unfought,
Or that, or any place that harbours men.
But here must end the story of my life;
And happy were I in my timely death,
Could all my travels warrant me they live.

Duke. Hapless *Ægeon*, whom the fates have markt
To bear th' extremity of dire mishap;
Now trust me, were it not against our laws,
Against my crown, my oath, my dignity,
Which princes would, they may not disanul,
My soul should sue as advocate for thee,
But tho' thou art adjudged to the death,
And passed sentence may not be recall'd,
But to our honour's great disparagement,
Yet will I favour thee in what I can;
I therefore, merchant, limit thee this day
To seek thy life by beneficial help:
Try all the friends thou hast in *Ephesus*,
Beg thou, or borrow to make up the sum,
And live; if not, then thou art doom'd to die:
Jailor, take him to thy custody.

Jail. I will, my lord.

Ægeon. Hopeless and helpless doth *Ægeon* wend,
But to procrastinate his lifeless end. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse, a Merchant, and Dromio.

Mer. **T**Herefore give out, you are of *Epidamnium*,
Lest that your goods too soon be confiscate.
This very day a *Syracusan* merchant
Is apprehended for arrival here;
And not being able to buy out his life,
According to the statute of the town,
Dies ere the weary sun set in the west;
There is your money that I had to keep.

Ant. Go bear it to the *Centaur*, where we host;
 And stay there, *Dromio*, 'till I come to thee:
 'Till that I'll view the manners of the town,
 Within this hour it will be dinner-time,
 Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
 And then return and sleep within mine inn;
 For with long travel I am stiff and weary.
 Get thee away.

Dro. Many a man would take you at your word,
 And go indeed, having to good a means. [*Exit Dromio.*]

Ant. A trusty villain, Sir, that very oft,
 When I am dull with care and melancholy,
 Lightens my humour with his merry jests.
 What, will you walk with me about the town,
 And then go to the inn and dine with me?

Mer. I am invited, Sir, to certain merchants,
 Of whom I hope to make much benefit:
 I crave your pardon. Soon at five a clock,
 Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart,
 And afterward consort you 'till bed-time:
 My present business calls me from you now.

Ant. Farewel, 'till then: I will go lose my self,
 And wander up and down to view the city.

Mer. Sir, I commend you to your own content.
 [*Ex. Mer.*]

S C E N E III.

Ant. He that commends me to my own content,
 Commends me to the thing I cannot get.
 I to the world am like a drop of water,
 That in the ocean seeks another drop,
 Who falling there to find his fellow forth,
 Unseen, inquisitive, confounds himself:
 So I, to find a mother and a brother,
 In quest of them, unhappy, lose my self.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus.

Here comes the almanack of my true date.
 What now? how chance thou art return'd so soon?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Return'd so soon! rather approach'd too late:
The cadon burns, the pig falls from the spit,
The clock has stricken twelve upon the bell;
My mistress made it one upon my cheek;
She is so hot because the meat is cold;
The meat is cold because you come not home;
You come not home because you have no stomach;
You have no stomach having broke your fast:
But we that know what 'tis to fast and pray,
Are penitent for your default to-day.

Ant. Stop in your wind, Sir; tell me this, I pray,
Where you have left the money that I gave you?

E. Dro. Oh, six pence that I had a *Wednesday* last,
To pay the sadler for my mistress' crupper?
The sadler had it, Sir; I kept it not.

Ant. I am not in a sportive humour now;
Tell me and dally not, where is the money?
We being strangers here, how dar'st thou trust
So great a charge from thine own custody:

E. Dro. I pray you jest, Sir; as you sit at dinner:
I from my mistress come to you in post,
If I return, I shall be post indeed;
For she will score your fault upon my pate:
Methinks your maw, like mine, should be your clock,
And strike you home without a messenger.

Ant. Come, *Dromio*, come, these jests are out of season;

Reserve them 'till a merrier hour than this:
Where is the gold I gave in charge to thee?

E. Dro. To me, Sir; why, you gave no gold to me.

Ant. Come on, Sir knave, have done your foolishness,
And tell me how thou hast dispos'd thy charge?

E. Dro. My charge was but to fetch you from the mart
Home to your house, the *Phoenix*, Sir, to dinner;
My mistress and her sister stay for you.

Ant. Now as I am a christian answer me,
In what safe place you have bestow'd my money;
Or I shall break that merry sconce of yours,
'That stands on tricks when I am undispos'd:
Where are the thousand marks thou hadst of me?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I have some marks of yours upon my pate;
Some of my mistress' marks upon my shoulders;
But not a thousand marks between you both.
If I should pay your worship those again,
Perchance you will not bear them patiently.

Ant. Thy mistress' marks? what mistress, slave, hast thou?

E. Dro. Your worship's wife, my mistress at the *Phoenix*.

She that doth fast 'till you come home to dinner;
And prays that you will hie you home to dinner.

Ant. What, wilt thou flout me thus unto my face,
Being forbid? there take you that, Sir knave.

E. Dro. What mean you, Sir? for God sake hold your hands;

Nay, an you will not, Sir, I'll take my heels.

[*Ex. Dromio.*]

Ant. Upon my life, by some device or other,
The villain is o'er-wrought of all my money.

They say, this town is full of coufenage;

• As, nimble juglers, that deceive the eye;

• Dark-working forcerers, that change the mind;

• Soul-killing witches, that deform the body;

• Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,

• And many such like liberties of sin:

If it prove so, I will be gone the sooner.

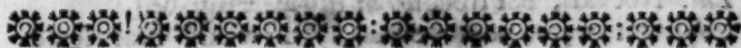
I'll to the *Centaur*, to go seek this slave;

I greatly fear my money is not safe.

[*Exit.*]



ACT



ACT II. SCENE I.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Adriana and Luciana

ADRIANA.

N Either my husband, nor the slave returned,
That in such haste I sent to seek his master!
Sure, *Luciana*, it is two a clock.

Luc. Perhaps some merchant hath invited him.
And from the mart he's somewhere gone to dinner:
Good sister, let us dine, and never fret.
A man is master of his liberty:

Time is their master, and when they see time
They'll go or come; if so, be patient, sister.

Adr. Why should their liberty than ours be more?

Luc. Because their business still lies out a-door.

Adr. Look, when I serve him so, he takes it ill.

Luc. Oh, know he is the bridle of your will.

Adr. There's none but asses will be bridled so.

Luc. Why, head-strong liberty is last with wo.

There's nothing situate under heav'n's eye,
But hath its bound in earth, in sea, and sky:
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's subjects, and at their controuls.
Man more divine, the master of all these,
Lord of the wide world, and wide wat'ry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sense and soul,
Of more preheminnence than fish and fowl,
Are masters to their females and their lords:
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Adr.

Adr. This servitude makes you to keep unwed.

Luc. Not this, but troubles of the marriage-bed.

Adr. But were you wedded, you would bear some way.

Luc. Ere I learn love I'll practise to obey.

Adr. How if your husband start some other where?

Luc. 'Till he come home again I would forbear.

Adr. Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;

They can be meek that have no other cause:

A wretched soul bruis'd with adversity,

We bid be quiet when we hear it cry;

But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,

As much, or more we should our selves complain;

So thou that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,

With urging helpless patience would'st relieve me:

But if thou live to see like right bereft,

This fool-begg'd patience in thee will be left,

Luc. Well, I will marry one day but to try;

Here comes your man, now is your husband nigh.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio Eph.

Adr. Say, is your tardy master now at hand?

E. Dro. Nay, he's at two hands with me, and that my two ears can witness.

Adr. Say, didst thou speak with him? know'st thou his mind?

E. Dro. Ay, ay, he told his mind upon mine ear, Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it.

Luc. Spake he so doubtfully, thou couldst feel his meaning?

E. Dro. Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so doubtfully, that I could scarce understand them.

Adr. But say, I pr'ythee, is he coming home? It seems he hath great care to please his wife.

E. Dro. Why, mistress, sure my master is horn-mad,

Adr. Horn-mad, thou villain?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. I mean not cuckold-mad ; but, sure he's stark
mad :

When I desir'd him to come to dinner,
He ask'd me for a thousand marks in gold :
'Tis dinner-time, quoth I ; my gold, quoth he :
Your meat doth burn, quoth I ? my gold, quoth he :
Where is the thousand marks I gave thee, villain ?
The pig, quoth I, is burn'd ; my gold, quoth he,
Will you come, quoth I ? my gold, quoth he :
My mistress, Sir, quoth I ; hang up my mistress ;
I know not thy mistress ; out on thy mistress :

Luc. Quoth who ?

E. Dro. Quoth my master :

I know, quoth he, no house, no wife, no mistress ;
So that my errand, due unto my tongue,
I thank him, I bare home upon my shoulders :
For in conclusion, he did beat me there :

Adr. Go back again, thou slave, and fetch him home.

E. Dro. Go back again, and be new beaten home ?
For God's sake send some other messenger.

Adr. Back, slave, or I will break thy pate across.

E. Dro. And he will bless that cross with other beating :
Between you I shall have a holy head.

Adr. Hence, prating peasant, fetch thy master home.

E. Dro. Am I so round with you as you with me,
That like a foot-ball you do spurn me thus ?
You spurn me hence, and he will spurn me hither :
If I last in this service, you must case me in leather.

[Exit.]

SCENE III.

Luc. Fie, how impatience lowreth in your face !

Adr. His company must do his minions grace,
Whilst I at home starve for a merry look :
Hath homely age th' alluring beauty took
From my poor cheek ? then he hath wasted it.
Are my discourses dull ? barren my wit ?
If voluble and sharp discourse be marr'd,
Unkindness blots it more than marble hard.

De

Do their gay vestments his affections bait?

That's not my fault: he's master of my state.

What ruins are in me that can be found,

By him not ruin'd? then is he the ground

Of my defeatures. My decayed fair

A sunny look of his would soon repair.

But, too unruly deer, he breaks the pale,

And feeds from home; poor I am but his slave.

Luc. Self-harming jealousy; fie, beat it hence.

Adr. Unfeeling fools can with such wrongs dispense;

I know his eye doth homage other-where;

Or else what lets it but he would be here?

Sister, you know he promis'd me a chain,

Would that alone, alone he would detain,

So he would keep fair quarter with his bed.

I see the jewel best enameled

Will lose his beauty; yet the gold bides still

That others touch, and often touching will:

Since that my beauty cannot please his eye,

I'll weep what's left away, and weeping die.

Luc. How many fond fools serve mad jealousy;

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The STREET.

Enter Antipolis of Syracuse.

Ant. THE gold I gave to *Dromio* is laid up
Safe at the *Centuar*, and the heedful slave
Is wander'd forth in care to seek me out.
By computation, and mine host's report,
I could not speak with *Dromio*, since at first
I sent him from the mart. See here he comes.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

How now, Sir? is your merry humour alter'd?

As you love stroaks, so jest with me again.

You

You know no *Centaur*? you receiv'd no gold?
Your mistress sent to have me home to dinner?
My house was at the *Phoenix*? wast thou mad,
That thus so madly thou didst answer me?

S. Dro. What answer, Sir? when spake I such a word?

Ant. Even now, even here, not half an hour since.

S. Dro. I did not see you since you sent me hence
Home to the *Centaur*, with the gold you gave me.

Ant. Villain, thou didst deny the gold's receipt,
And told'st me of a mistress and a dinner;
For which I hope thou felt'st I was displeas'd.

S. Dro. I'm glad to see you in this merry vein:
What means this jest, I pray you, master, tell me?

Ant. Yea, dost thou jeer and flout me in the teeth?
Think'st thou I jest? hold, take thou that, and that.

Beats Dro.

S. Dro. Hold, Sir, for God's sake, now your jest is
earnest;

Upon what bargain do you give it me?

Ant. Because that I familiarly sometimes
Do use you for my fool, and chat with you,
Your sawciness will jest upon my love,
And make a common of my serious hours.
When the sun shines let foolish gnats make sport,
But creep in crannies when he hides his beams:
If you will jest with me, know my aspect.
And fashion your demeanour to my looks;
Or I will beat this method in your scone.
But soft; who wafts us yonder? *

SCENE

* ——— wafts us yonder?

S. Dro. Scone, call you it? so you would leave
battering, I had rather have it a head; an you use
these blows long, I must get a scone for my head, and
inscone it too, or else I shall seek my wit in my shoul-
ders: but I pray, Sir, why am I beaten?

Ant. Dost thou not know?

S. Dro. Nothing, Sir, but that I am beaten.

SCENE V.

Enter Adriana and Luciana.

Adr. Ay, ay *Antipholis*, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath some sweet aspects,

I

Ant. Shall I tell you why?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, and wherefore; for they say, every
why hath a wherefore.

Ant. Why, first for flouting me; and then wherefore,
for urging it the second time to me.

S. Dro. Was there ever any man thus beaten out of
season?

When in the why and wherefore is neither rhyme nor
reason?

Well, Sir, I thank you.

Ant. Thank me, Sir, for what?

S. Dro. Marry Sir, for this something that you gave
me for nothing.

Ant. I'll make you amends next, to give you nothing
for something. But say, Sir, is it dinner-time?

S. Dro. No, Sir, I think the meat wants that I have.

Ant. In good time, Sir, what's that?

S. Dro. Basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, then 'twill be dry.

S. Dro. If it be, Sir, I pray you eat not of it.

Ant. Your reason?

S. Dro. Lest it make you cholerick, and purchase me
another dry basting.

Ant. Well, Sir, learn to jest in good time; there's
a time for all things.

S. Dro. I durst have deny'd that, before you were so
cholerick.

Ant. By what rule, Sir?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, by a rule as plain as the plain
bald pate of farther *Time* himself.

Ant. Let's hear it.

S. Dro.

I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.

The time was once, when thou unurg'dst wouldst vow,

' That never words were musick to thine ear,

' That never object pleasing in thine eye,

That

S. Dro. There's no time for a man to recover his hair that grows bald by nature.

Ant. May he not do it by fine and recovery?

S. Dro. Yes; to pay a fine for a peruke, and recover the lost hair of another man.

Ant. Why is *Time* such a niggard of hair, being, as it is, so plentiful an excrement?

S. Dro. Because it is a blessing that he bestows on beasts, and what he hath scantied men in hair, he hath given them in wit.

Ant. Why, but there's many a man hath more hair than wit.

S. Dro. Not a man of those but he hath the wit to lose his hair.

Ant. Why, thou didst conclude hairy men plain dealers without wit.

S. Dro. The plainer dealer, the sooner lost; yet he loseth it in a kind of jollity.

Ant. For what reason?

S. Dro. For two, and sound ones too.

Ant. Nay, not sound ones, I pray you.

S. Dro. Sure ones them.

Ant. Nay, not sure in a thing falling.

S. Dro. Certain ones then.

Ant. Name them.

S. Dro. The one to save the money that he spends in tying; the other, that at dinner they should not drop in his porridge.

Ant. You would all this time have prov'd, there is no time for all things.

S. Dro. Marry, and did, Sir; namely, no time to recover hair lost by nature.

Ant.

' That never touch well welcome to thy hand,
 ' That never wert sweet-savour'd in the taste,
 ' Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd, or carv'd.
 How comes it now, my husband, oh how comes it,
 That thou art thus estranged from thy self?
 Thy self I call it, being strange to me:
 That undividable incorporate
 Am better than thy dear self's better part.
 Ah do not tear away thy self from me:
 For know, my love, as easie may'st thou fall
 A drop of water in the breaking gulph,
 And take unmingled thence that drop again,
 Without addition or diminishing,
 As take from me thy self; and not me too.
 How dearly would it touch thee to the quick,
 Should'st thou but hear I were licentious?
 And that this body, consecrate to thee,
 By ruffian lust should be contaminate?
 Would'st thou not spit at me, and spurn at me,
 And hurl the name of husband in my face,
 And tear the stain'd skin of my harlot brow,
 And from my false hand cut the wedding-ring,
 And break it with a deep-divorcing vow?
 I know thou can'st; and therefore see thou do it.
 I am possess'd with an adulterate blot!
 My blood is mingled with the crime of lust:
 For if we two be one and thou play false,
 I do digest the poison of my flesh,
 Being trumpeted by thy contagion.
 Keep then fair league and truce with thy true bed;
 I live distain'd, thou undishonoured.

Ant. Plead you to me, fair dame? I know you not:

In

Ant. But your reason was not substantial, why, there is no time to recover.

S. Dro. Thus I mend it: Time himself is bald, and therefore to the world's end will have bald followers.

Ant. I knew 'twould be a bald conclusion.

SCENE V. &c.

In Ephesus I am but two hours old.
As strange unto your town as to your talk.

Luc. Fie, brother, how the world is chang'd with you;
When were you wont to use my sister thus?

She sent for you by Dromio home to dinner.

Ant. By Dromio?

S. Dro. By me?

Adr. By thee; and thus thou didst return from him,
That he did buffet thee, and in his blows
Deny'd my house for his, me for his wife.

Ant. Did you converse, Sir, with this gentlewoman?
What is the course and drift of your compact?

S. Dro. I Sir? I never saw her 'till this time.

Ant. Villain, thou liest; for even her very words
Didst thou deliver to me on the mart.

S. Dro. I never spoke with her in all my life

Ant. How can she thus then call us by our names.
Unless it be by inspiration?

Adr. How ill agrees it with your gravity,
To counterfeit thus grossly with your slave,
Abetting him to thwart me in my mood?
Be it my wrong, you are from me exempt,
But wrong not that wrong with a more contempt.
Come, I will fasten on this sleeve of thine;
Thou art an elm, my husband, I a vine:
Whose weakness marry'd to thy stronger state,
Makes me with thy strength to communicate;
If ought possess thee from me, it is dross,
Usurping ivy, brier, or idle moss,
Who all for want of pruning, with intrusion,
Infect thy sap, and live on thy confusion.

Ant. To me she speaks; she moves me for her
theam;

What, was I marry'd to her in my dream?

Or

* ——— as to your talk.

Who every word by all my wit being scann'd,
Wants wit in all one word to understand.

Luc. Fie, brother, &c.

Or sleep I now, and think I hear all this?
 What error drives our eyes and ears amiss?
 Until I know this sure uncertainty,
 I'll entertain the favour'd fallacy.

Luc. Dromio, go bid the servants spread for dinner.

Adr. Come, come, no longer will I be a fool,
 To put the finger in the eye and weep,
 Whilst man and master laugh my woes to scorn.
 Come, Sir, to dinner; *Dromio*, keep the gate;
 Husband, I'll dine above with you to-day,
 And thrive you of a thousand idle pranks;
 Sirrah, if any ask you for your master,
 Say he dines forth, and let no creature enter:
 Come, sister; *Dromio*, play the porter well.

Ant. Am I in earth, in heav'n, or in hell?
 Sleeping or waking, mad or well advis'd?
 Known unto these, and to my self disguis'd?
 I'll say as they say, and persevere so;
 And in this mist at all adventures go.

S. Dro.

— servants spread for dinner.

S. Dro. Oh for my beads, I cross me for a sinner.
 This is the *Fairy* land: oh spight of spights;
 We talk with goblins, owls, and elvish sprites;
 If we obey them not, this will ensue,
 They'll suck our breath, and pinch us black and blue.

Luc. Why prat'st thou to thy self,

Dromio, thou *Dromio*, snail, thou slug, thou sot.

S. Dro. I am transformed, master, am I not?

Ant. I think thou art in mind, and so am I.

S. Dro. Nay, master, both in mind and in my shape.

Ant. Thou hast thine own form.

S. Dro. No; I am an ape.

Luc. If thou art chang'd to ought, 'tis to an ass.

S. Dro. 'Tis true, she rides me, and I long for grass.
 'Tis so, I am an ass; else it could never be,
 But I shou'd know her as well as she knows me.

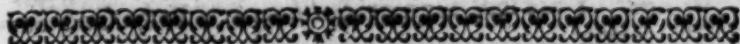
Adr. Come, come, &c.

S. Dro. Master, shall I be porter at the gate?

Adr. Ay, let none enter, lest I break your pate.

Duc. Come, come, *Antipholis*, we dine too late

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street before Antipholis's House.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus, Dromio of Ephesus, Angelo, and Balthazar.

E. ANTIPHOLIS.

GOOD Signior *Angelo*, you must excuse us;
My wife is shrewish when I keep not hours;
Say, that I linger'd with you at your shop
To see the making of her † carkanet,
And that to-morrow you will bring it home.
But here's a villain that would face me down
He met me on the mart, and that I beat him;
And charg'd him with a thousand marks in gold;
And that I did deny my wife and house:
Thou drunkard thou, what didst thou mean by this? •
† carkanet, a sort of Bracelet.

I

• ———— didst thou mean by this?

E. Dro. Say what you will, Sir, but I know what I know,

That you beat me at the mart, I have your hand to show;
If the skin were parchment, and the blows you gave
were ink,

Your hand-writing would tell you what I think.

E. Ant. I think, &c.

I think thou art an ass.

E. Dro. Marry, so it doth appear
By the wrongs I suffer, and the blows I bear;
I should kick being kickt; and being at that pass,
You would keep from my heels, and beware of an ass.

E. Ant. Y'are sad, Signior *Balthazar*. Pray God our cheer

May answer my good will, and your good welcome. *
But soft; my door is lockt; go bid them let us in.

E. Dro. *Maud, Bridget, Marian, Cissy, Gillian!*

S. Dro. within. Mome, 'malt horse, capon, coxcomb,
idior, patch.

Either get thee from the door, or sit down at the hatch:
Dost thou conjure for wenches, that thou call'st for such
store,

When one is one too many? go, get thee from the
door. * *Adr.*

* ——— and your good welcome.

Bal. I hold your dainties cheap, Sir, and your welcome dear.

E. Ant. Ah Signior *Balthazar*, either at flesh or fish,
A table full of welcome makes scarce one dainty dish.

Bal. Good Sir, is common that every churl affords.

E. Ant. And welcome more common; for that's nothing but words.

Bal. Small cheer, and good welcome, makes a merry feast.

E. Ant. Ay, to a niggardly host, and more sparing guest:

But tho' my cates be mean, take them in good part;
Better cheer may you have, but not with better heart,
But soft; my door is lockt; &c.

* ——— get thee from the door.

E. Dro. What patch is made our porter? my master stays in the street.

S. Dro. Let him walk from whence he came, lest he catch hold on's feet.

E. Ant.

Adr. within. Who is that at the door that keeps all this noise?

S. Dro. By my troth your town is troubled with unruly boys.

E. Ant. Are you there, wife? you might have come before.
Adr.

E. Ant. Who talks within there? ho, open the door.

S. Dro. Right, Sir, I'll tell you when, an you'll tell me wherefore.

E. Ant. Wherefore? for my dinner: I have not din'd to-day.

S. Dro. Nor to day here you must not: come again when you may.

E. Ant. What art thou that keep'st me out from the house I owe?

S. Dro. The porter for this time, Sir, and my name is *Dromio*.

E. Dro. O villain, thou hast stol'n both mine office and and my name.

The one ne'er got me credit, the other mickle blame;

If thou had'st been *Dromio* to-day in my place,

Thou would'st have chang'd thy face for a name, or thy name for an ass.

Luce. within. What a coile is there, *Dromio*? who are those at the gate?

E. Dro. Let my master in, *Luce*.

Luce. Faith, no; he comes too late;

And so tell your master.

E. Dro. O lord, I must laugh;

Have at you with a *Proverb*. Shall I set in my staff;

Luce. Have at you with another; that's when? can you tell?

S. Dro. If thy name be call'd *Luce*, *Luce*, thou hast answer'd him well.

E. Ant. Do you hear, you minion, you'll let us in, I hope?

Luc. I thought to have askt you.

S. Dro. And you said, no.

B

E. Dro.

Adr. Your wife, Sir knave! go get you from the gate. *

E. Ant.

E. Dro. So, come, help, well struck, there was blow for blow.

E. Ant. Thou baggage, let me in.

Luce. Can you tell for whose sake?

E. Dro. Master, knock the door hard.

Luce. Let him knock 'till it ake.

E. Ant. You'll cry for this, minion, if I beat the door down.

Luce. What needs all that, and a pair of stocks in the town?

Adr. within. Who is that? &c.

* ——— go get you from the gate,

E. Dro. If you went in pain, master, this knave would go sore.

Ang. Here is neither cheer, Sir, nor welcome; we would fain have either.

Bal. In debating which was best, we shall part with neither.

E. Dro. They stand at the door master; bid them welcome hither.

E. Ant. There's something in the wind that we cannot get in.

E. Dro. You would say so, master, if your garments were thin.

Your cake here is warm within: you stand here in the cold.

It would make a man as mad as buck to be so bought and sold.

E. Ant. Go fetch me something, I'll break ope the gate.

S. Dro. Break any breaking here, and I'll break your knave's pate.

E. Dro. A man may break a word with you, Sir, and words are but wind;

Ay, and break it in your face, so he break it not behind.

S. Dro.

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, fetch me an iron crow.

Bal. Have patience, Sir; oh let it not be thus.

Herein you war against your reputation,
And draw within the compass of suspect
Th' unviolated honour of your wife.
Once this; your long experience of her wisdom,
Her sober virtue, years and modesty,
Plead on her part some cause to you unknown;
And doubt not, Sir, but she will well excuse
Why at this time the doors are barr'd against you.
Be rul'd by me, depart in patience,
And let us to the *Tyger* all to dinner,
And about evening come your self alone,
To know the reason of this strange restraint.
If by strong hand you offer to break in,
Now in the stirring passage of the day,
A vulgar comment will be made of it;
And that supposed by the common rout,
Against your yet ungalled estimation,
That may with foul intrusion enter in,
And dwell upon your grave when you are dead:
For slander lives upon succession,
For ever hous'd where it once gets possession.

E. Ant. You have prevail'd; I will depart in quiet,
And in despite of mirth mean to be merry.
I know of excellent discourse,
Pretty and witty, wild, and yet too, gentle;

B 2

There

S. Dro. It seems thou wantest breaking; out upon thee, hind.

E. Dro. Here's too much; out upon thee; I pray thee let me in.

S. Dro. Ay, when fowls have no feathers, and fish have no fin.

E. Ant. Well, I'll break in; go borrow me a crow.

E. Dro. A crow without feather, master, mean you so?
For a fish without a fin, there's a fowl without a feather:
If a crow help us in, sirrah, we'll pluck a crow together,

E. Ant. Go, get thee gone, &c.

There will we dine : this woman that I mean,
 My wife (but I protest without desert)
 Hath oftentimes upbraided me withal ;
 To her will we to dinner. Get you home,
 And fetch the chain ; by this I know 'tis made ;
 Bring it, I pray you, to the *Porcupine* ;
 For there's the house : that chain I will bestow,
 (Be it for nothing but to fright my wife,)
 Upon mine hostess there, Good Sir, make haste :
 Since my own doors refuse to entertain me.
 I'll knock elsewhere, to see if they'll disdain me.

Ang. I'll meet you at that place, some hour, Sir
 hence.

E. Ant. Do so ; this jest shall cost me some expence.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

The House of Antipholis of Ephesus.

Enter Luciana, with Antipholis of Syracuse.

Luc. **A**ND may it be, that you have quite forgot

A husband's office ? shall, *Antipholis,*

Ev'n in the spring of love, thy love-springs rot ?

Shall love in buildings grow so ruinate ?

If you did wed my sister for her wealth,

Then for her wealth's-sake use her with more kindness ;

Or if you like elsewhere, do it by stealth,

Muffle your false love with some shew of blindness ;

Let not my sister read it in your eye ;

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator ;

Look sweet, speak fair ; become disloyalty :

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger ;

Bear a fair presence, tho' your heart be tainted ;

Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint ;

Be secret false : what need she be acquainted ?

What simple thief brags of his own attain ?

'Tis

'Tis double wrong, to truant with your bed,

And let her read it in thy looks at board :

Shame hath a bastard-fame, well managed ;

Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word :

Alas poor women, make us but believe

(Being compact of credit) that you love us ;

Tho' others have the arm, shew us the sleeve :

We in your motion turn, and you may move us.

Then, gentle brother, get you in again ;

Comfort my sister, cheer her, call her wife ;

'Tis holy sport, to be a little vain,

When the sweet breath of flattery conquers strife.

S. Ant. Sweet mistress ; what your name is else

I know not,

Nor by what wonder you do hit of mine :

Less in your knowledge and your grace you show not,

Than our earth's wonder, more than earth divine.

Teach me, dear creature, how to think and speak ;

Lay open to my earthly gross conceit,

Smother'd in errors, feeble, shallow, weak,

The foulded meaning of your words deceit ;

Against my soul's pure truth why labour you,

To make it wander in an unknown field ?

Are you a God ? would you create me new ?

Transform me then, and to your Pow'r I'll yield.

But if that I am I, then well I know

Your weeping sister is no wife of mine,

Nor to her bed a homage do I owe ;

Far more, far more to you do I decline :

Oh train me not, sweet mermaid, with thy note,

To drown me in thy sister's flood of tears ;

Sing *Siren* for thy self, and I will dote ;

Spread o'er the silver waves thy golden hairs,

And as a bed I'll take thee, and there lye :

And in that glorious supposition think

He gains by death that hath such means to die ;

Let love, being light, be drowned if she sink.

Luc. What, are you mad, that you do reason so ?

S. Ant. Not mad, but mated ; how, I do not know.

Luc. It is a fault that springeth from your eye.

S. Ant. For gazing in your beams, fair sun being by.

Luc. Gaze where you should, and that will clear your sight.

S. Ant. As good to wink, sweet love, as look on night.

Luc. Why call you me, love? call my sister so.

S. Ant. Thy sister's sister.

Luc. That's my sister.

S. Ant. No;

It is thy self, mine own self's better part:
Mine eye's clear eye, my dear heart's dearer heart,
My food, my fortune, and my sweet hope's aim,
My sole earth's heaven, and my heaven's claim.

Luc. All this thy sister is, or else should be.

S. Ant. Call thy self sister, sweet; for I mean thee:
Thee will I love, and with thee lead my life.
Thou hast no husband yet, nor I no wife;
Give me thy hand.

Luc. Oh soft, Sir, hold you still;
I'll fetch my sister, to get her good will.

[*Exit. Luc*

SCENE III.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Ant. Why how now, *Dromio*, where runn'st thou so fast?

S. Dro. D' you know me, Sir? am I *Dromio*? am I your man? am I my self?

S. Ant. Thou art *Dromio*, thou art my man, thou art thy self.

S. Dro. I am an ass, I am a woman's man and besides my self.

S. Ant. What woman's man? and how besides thyself?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, besides my self, I am due to a woman; one that claims me, one that haunts me, one that will have me.

S. Ant. What claim lays she to thee?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, such claim as you would lap to your

your horse, and she would have me as a beast : not that I being a beast she would have me, but that she being a very beastly creature, lays claim to me,

S. Ant. What is she ?

S. Dro. A very reverent body ; ay, such a one as a man may not speak of, without he say, Sir reverence : I have but lean luck in the match ; and yet is she a wond'rous fat marriage.

S. Ant. How dost thou mean, a fat marriage ?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, she's the kitchen-wench, and all grease, and I know not what use to put her to, but to make a lamp of her, and run from her by her own light, I warrant her rags, and the tallow in them, will burn a Poland winter : if she lives 'till doomsday, she'll burn a week longer than the whole world.

S. Ant. What complexion is she of ?

S. Dro. Swart, like my shoe, but her face nothing like so clean kept ; for why ? she sweats, a man may go over-shoes in the grime of it.

S. Ant. That's a fault that water will mend.

S. Dro. No, Sir, 'tis in grain ; Noab's flood could not do it.

S. Ant. What's her name ?

S. Dro. Nell, Sir ; but her Name is three quarters ; that is, an ell and three quarters will not measure her from hip to hip.

S. Ant. Then she bears some breadth ?

S. Dro. No longer from head to foot, than from hip to hip ; she is spherical, like a globe : I could find out countries in her.

S. Ant. In what part of her body stands Ireland ?

S. Dro. Marry, Sir, in her buttocks ; I found it out by the bogs.

S. Ant. Where Scotland ?

S. Dro. I found it out by the barrenness, hard in the palm of her hand.

S. Ant. Where France ?

S. Dro. In her forehead, arm'd and reverted, making war against her hair.

S. Ant. Where England ?

B 4

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I look'd for the chalky cliffs, but I could find no whiteness in them; but I guess, it stood in her chin, by the salt rheum that ran between *France* and it.

S. Ant. Where *Spain*?

S. Dro. Faith, I saw it not, but I felt it hot in her breath.

S. Ant. Where *America*, the *Indies*?

S. Dro. Oh Sir, upon her nose, all o'er embellish'd with rubies, carbuncles, sapphires, declining their rich aspect to the hot breath of *Spain*, who sent whole armadoes of carrafts to be ballast at her nose.

S. Ant. Where stood *Belgia*, the *Netherlands*?

S. Dro. Oh, Sir, I did not look so low, To conclude, this drudge, or diviner, laid claim to me, call'd me *Dromio*, swore I was assur'd to her, told me what privy marks I had about me, as the marks of my shoulder, the mole in my neck, the great wart on my left arm, that I amaz'd, ran from her as a witch. And I think, if my breast had not been made of faith, and my heart of steel, she had transform'd me to a curtal dog, and made me turn i' th' wheel.

S. Ant. Go hie thee presently; post to the road;
And if the wind blow any way from shore,
I will not harbour in this town to-night.
If any bark put forth, come to the mart;
Where I will walk till thou return to me:
If every one knows us, and we know none,
'Tis time I think to trudge, pack and be gone.

S. Dro. As from a bear man would run for life,
So fly I from her that would be my wife. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

S. Ant. There's none but witches do inhabit here;
And therefore 'tis high time that I were hence:
She that doth call me husband, even my soul
Doth for a wife abhor. But her fair sister,
Possess'd with such a gentle sovereign grace,
Of such enchanting presence and discourse,

Hath

Hath almost made me traitor to my self :
But lest my self be guilty of self wrong,
I'll stop mine ears against the mermaid's song.

Enter Angelo with a chain.

Ang. Master Antipholis.

S. Ant. Ay, that's my name.

Ang. I know it well, Sir, lo, here's the chain,
I thought t' have tane you at the *Porcupine* ;
The chain unfinish'd made me stay thus long.

S. Ant. What is your will that I shall do with this ?

Ang. What please your self, Sir ; I have made it for
you.

S. Ant. Made it for me, Sir ! I bespoke it not.

Ang. Not once, nor twice, but twenty times you
have :

Go home with it, and please your wife withal ;

And soon at supper-time I'll visit you,

And then receive my mony for the chain.

S. Ant. I pray you, Sir, receive the mony now,
For fear you ne'er see chain nor mony more.

Ang. You are a merry man, Sir ; fare you well.

[*Exit.*]

S. Ant. What I should think of this, I cannot tell :

But this I think, there's no man is so vain.

That would refuse so fair an offer'd chain.

I see a man here needs not live by shifts,

When in the streets he meets such golden gifts :

I'll to the mart, and there for *Dormio* stay ;

If any ship put out, then strait away.

[*Exit.*]





ACT IV. SCENE I.

The STREET.

Enter a Merchant, Angelo, and an Officer.

MERCHANT.

YOU know since *Pentecost* the sum is due ;
 And since I have not much importun'd you ;
 Nor now I had not, but that I am bound
 To *Persia*, and want gilders for my voyage :
 Therefore make present satisfaction ;
 Or I'll attach you by this officer.

Ang. Ev'n just the sum that I do owe to you,
 Is owing to me by *Antipholis* ;
 And in the instant that I met with you,
 He had of me a chain ; at five a clock
 I shall receive the mony for the same :
 Please you but walk with me down to his house,
 I will discharge my bond, and thank you too.

Enter Antiph. Ephe. and Drom. Ephe. as from the Courtezans.

Off. That labour you may save : see where he comes.

E. Ant. While I go to the goldsmith's house, go thou
 And buy a rope's end ; that will I bestow
 Among my wife and her confederates,
 For locking me out of doors by day.
 But soft ; I see the goldsmith : get thee gone.
 Buy thou a rope, and bring it home to me.

E. Dro. I buy a thousand pound a year ; I buy a rope !
 [Exit Dromio.]

E. Ant.

E. Ant. A man is well help up that trusts to you :
I promised your presence, and the chain :
But neither chain nor goldsmith came to me :
Belike you thought our love would last too long
If it were chain'd together ; therefore came not.

Ang. Saving your merry humour, here's the note,
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, the chargeful fashion,
Which do amount to three odd ducats more
Than I stand debted to this gentleman ;
I pray you see him presently discharg'd ;
For he is bound to sea, and stays but for it.

E. Ant. I am not furnish'd with the present mony,
Besides I have some business in the town ;
Good Signior take the stranger to my house,
And with you take the chain, and bid my wife
Disburse the sum on the receipt thereof ;
Perchance I will be there as soon as you.

Ant. Then you will bring the chain to her your self.

E. Ant. No ; bear it with you, lest I come not time enough.

Ang. Well, Sir, I will, have you the chain about you ?

E. Ant. And if I have not, Sir, I hope you have :
Or else you may return without your mony.

Ang. Nay come, I pray you, Sir, give me the chain,
Both wind and tide stay for the gentleman ;
And I to blame have held him here too long.

E. Ant. Good lord, you use this dalliance to excuse
Your breach of promise to the *Porcupine* :
I should have chid you for not bringing it ;
But like a shrew, you first begin to brawl.

Mer. The hour steals on ; I pray you, Sir, dispatch.

Ang. You hear how he importunes me ; the chain.

E. Ant. Why, give it to my wife, and fetch your mony.

Ang. Come, come, you know I gave it you ev'n now.
Or send the chain, or send me by some token.

E. Ant. Fie, now you run this humour out of breath :
Come, where's the chain ? I pray you let me see it.

Mer. My business cannot brook this dalliance :
Good Sir, say, if you'll answer me, or no ;

If not, I'll leave him to the officer.

E. Ant. I answer you? why should I answer you?

Ang. The money that you owe me for the chain.

E. Ant. I owe you none 'till I receive the chain.

Ang. You know I gave it you half an hour since.

E. Ant. You gave me none; you wrong me much to say so.

Ang. You wrong me more, Sir, in denying it;
Consider how it stands upon my credit.

Mer. Well officer, arrest him at my suit.

Offi. I do, and charge you in the Duke's name to obey me.

Ang. This touches me in reputation.
Either consent to pay the sum for me,
Or I attach you by this officer.

E. Ant. Consent to pay for that I never had!
Arrest me, foolish fellow, if thou dar'st.

Ang. Here is thy fee; arrest him, officer;
I would not spare my brother in this case,
If he should scorn me so apparently.

Offi. I do arrest you, Sir; you hear the suit.

E. Ant. I do obey thee 'till I give thee bail.
But, sirrah, you shall buy this sport as dear
As all the metal in your shop will answer.

Ang. Sir, Sir, I shall have law in *Ephesus*,
To your notorious shame, I doubt it not.

SCENE II.

Enter Dromio, Sir, from the bay.

S. Dro. There is a bark of *Epidamnium*,
That stays but till her owner comes aboard;
Then, Sir, she bears away. Our freightage, Sir,
I have convey'd aboard; and I have bought
The *Oyl*, the *Balsamum*, and *Aqua-vitæ*.
The ship is in her trim; the merry wind
Blows fair from land; they stay for nought at all,
But for their owner, master, and your self.

E. Ant. How low! a mad man! why, thou peevish
sheep, What

What ship of *Epidamnum* stays for me?

S. Dro. A ship you sent me to, to hire wafrage.

E. Dro. Thou drunken slave, I sent thee for a rope;
And told thee to what purpose, and what end.

S. Dro. You sent me for a rope's-end as soon:
You sent me to the bay, Sir, for a bark.

E. Ant. I will debate this matter at more leisure,
And teach your ears to list me with more heed.

To *Adriana*, villain, hie thee strait,
Give her this key, and tell her in the desk

That's cover'd o'er with *Turkish* tapestry
There is a purse of ducats, let her send it:

Tell her I am arrested in the street,
And that shall bail me; hie thee, slave; be gone:

On officer, to prison 'till it come. [Exit]

S. Dro. *Adriana*! that is where we din'd,
Where *Dowdabel* did claim me for her husband;

She is too big I hope for me to compass.

Thither I must, altho' against my will,
For servants must their masters minds fulfil. [Exit]

SCENE III.

E. Antipholis's House.

Enter *Adriana* and *Luciana*.

Adr. **A** H *Luciana*, did he tempt thee so?
Might'st thou perceive austerely in his eye

That he did plead in earnest, yea or no?

Look'd he or red or pale, or sad or merrily?

What observation mad'st thou in this case,

Of his heart's meteors tilting in his face?

Luc. First he deny'd you had in him a right.

Adr. He meant, he did me none, the more my spight.

Luc. Then swore he that he was a stranger here.

Adr. And true he swore, though yet forsworn, he
were.

Luc. Then pleaded I for you.

Adr.

Adr. And what said he ?

Luc. That love I begg'd for you, he begg'd of me.

Adr. With what persuasion did he tempt thy love ?

Luc. With words that in an honest suit might move,
First he did praise my beauty, then my speech.

Adr. Did'st speak him fair ?

Luc. Have patience, I beseech.

Adr. I cannot nor I will not hold me still ;
My tongue, though not my heart, shall have it's will,
He is deformed, crooked, old and sere,
Ill-fac'd, worse-body'd, shapeless every where ;
Vicious, ungentle, foolish, blunt, unkind,
Stigmatical in making, worse in mind,

Luc. Who would be jealous then of such a one ?
No evil lost, is wail'd, when it is gone.

Adr. Ah ! but I think him better than I say,
And yet would herein others eyes were worse,
Far from her nest the lapwing cries away ;
My heart prays for him, tho' my tongue do curse.

S C E N E IV.

Enter S. Dromio.

S. Dro. Here, go ; the desk, the purse ; sweet now
make haste.

Luc. How hast thou lost thy breath ?

S. Dro. By running fast.

Adr. Where is thy master. *Dromio* ? is he well ?

S. Dro. No, he's in *Tartar Limbo*, worse than hell ;
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him,
One whose hard heart is button'd up with steel ;
A fiend, a fury, pitiless and rough,
A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff ;
A back-friend, a shoulder-clapper, one that counter-
mands

The passages of allies, creeks, and narrow lands ;
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well ;
One that before the judgment carries poor souls to hell.

Adr. Why man, what is the matter ?

S. Dro.

S. Dro. I do not know the matter ; he is rested on the case.

Adr. What, is he arrested ? tell me at whose suit.

S. Dro. I know not at whose suit he is arrested ; but he's in a suit of buff which rested him, that I can tell. Will you fend him, mistress redemption, the money in his desk ?

Adr. Go fetch it, sister. This I wonder at,

[*Exit. Luc.*

That he unknown to me should be in debt !

Tell me, was he arrested on a bond ?

S. Dro. Not on a bond, but a stronger thing,
A chain, a chain ; do you not hear it ring ?

Adr. What, the chain ?

S. Dro. No, no ; the bell ; 'tis time that I were gone.*

Enter Luciana.

Adr. Go, *Dromio* ; there's the mony, bear it strait,
And bring thy master home immediately.

Come, sister, I am prest down with conceit ;

Conceit, my comfort and my injury. [*Exeunt.*

* ——— that I were gone.

It was two ere I left him, and now the clock strikes one.

Adr. The hour's come back, that I did never hear.

S. Dro. O yes, if any hour meet a serjeant, it turns back for very fear,

Adr. As if *Time* were in debt, how fondly dost thou reason ?

S. Dro. *Time* is a very bankrout, and owes more than he's worth.

Nay, he's a thief too ; have you not heard men say,
That *Time* comes stealing on by night and day ?

If *Time* be in debt and theft, and a serjeant in the way,
Hath he not reason to turn back an hour in a day ?

Enter, &c.

SCENE

SCENE V.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Syracuse.

S. Ant. **T**Here's not a man I meet but doth salute me,
As if I were their well-acquainted friend;
And every one doth call me by my name.
Some tender money to me, some invite me;
Some other give me thanks for kindnesses;
Some offer me commodities to buy.
Ev'n now a taylor call'd me in his shop,
And show'd me silks that he had bought for me,
And therewithal took measure of my body.
Sure these are but imaginary wiles,
And *Lapland* forcerers inhabit here.

Enter Dromio of Syracuse.

S. Dro. Master, here's the gold you sent me for:
what, have you got the picture of old *Adam* new apparel'd?

S. Ant. What gold is this? what *Adam* dost thou mean?

S. Dro. Not that *Adam* that kept the paradise, but that *Adam* that keeps the prison; he that goes in the calves-skin, that was kill'd for the prodigal: he that came behind you, Sir, like an evil angel, and bid you forsake your liberty.

S. Ant. I understand thee not.

S. Dro. No? why 'tis a plain case; he that went like a base-viol in a case of leather; the man, Sir, that when gentlemen are tired gives them a fob, and rests them; he, Sir, that takes pity on decay'd men, and gives them suits of durance; he that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his mace, than a moris pike.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. What! thou mean'st an officer?

S. Dro. Ay, Sir, the serjeant of the band; he that brings any man to answer it that breaks his bond; one that thinks a man always going to bed, and faith, God give you good rest.

S. Ant. Well, Sir, there rest in your foolery.
Is there any ship puts forth to-night? may we be gone?

S. Dro. Why, Sir, I brought you word an hour since, that the bark *Expedition* puts forth to-night, and then were you hinder'd by the serjeant, to tarry for the hoy *Delay*; here are the angels that you sent for, to deliver you.

S. Ant. The fellow is distract, and so am I,
And here we wander in illusions;
Some blessed power deliver us from hence.

SCENE VI.

Enter a Courtesan.

Cur. Well met, well met, master *Antipholis*.
I see, Sir, you have found the goldsmith now:
Is that the chain you promis'd me to-day?

S. Ant. Satan avoid, I charge thee tempt me not.*

* ——— tempt me not.

S. Dro. Master, is this mistress *Satan*?

S. Ant. It is the devil.

S. Dro. Nay she is worse, she's the devil's dam;
and here she comes in the habit of a light wench,
and thereof comes that the wenches say, God dam
me, that's as much as to say, God make me a light
wench, It is written, they appear to men like an-
gels of light; light is an effect of fire, and fire will
burn; *ergo*, light wenches will burn; come not near
her.

Cur. Your man and you are marvellous merry, Sir.
Will you go with me, we'll mend our dinner here;

S. Dro. Master, if you do expect spoon-meat, be-
speak a long spoon.

S. Ant.

Cur. S. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or for my diamond the chain you promis'd,
And I'll be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

S. Dro. Some devils ask but the parings of one's
nail, a ruff, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin, a nut,
a cherry stone; but she more covetous would have a
chain. Master be wise, and if you give it her, the de-
vil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.

Cur. I pray you Sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so?

S. Ant. Avant, thou witch! come *Dromio* let us go.*

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.

Cur. Now out of doubt *Antipholis* is mad,
Else would he never so demean himself.
A ring he hath of mine worth forty ducats,
And for the same he promis'd me a chain;
Both one and other he denies me now.
The reason that I gather he is mad,
(Besides this present instance of his rage)
Is a mad tale he told to-day at dinner,
Of his own doors being shut against his entrance.
Belike his wife acquainted with his fits

S. Ant. Why, *Dromio*?

S. Dro. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must
eat with the devil.

S. Ant. Avoid thou fiend, what tell'st thou me of
supping?

Thou art (as you are all) a forceress:
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.

Cur. Give me, &c.

* ——— let us go.

S. Dro. Fly pride, says the peacock; mistress that
you know.

SCENE VII. &c.

On.

On purpose shut the doors against his way.
My way is now to hie home to his house,
And tell his wife; that being lunatick,
He rush'd into my house, and took perforce
My ring away. This course I fittest chuse,
For forty ducats is too much to lose.

[Exit,

SCENE VIII.

The STREET.

Enter Antipholis of Ephesus with a Tailor.

E. Ant. **F**ear me not man, I will not break away,
I'll give thee ere I leave thee so much
mony,
To warrant thee, as I am rested for.
My wife is in a wayward mood to-day,
And will not lightly trust the messenger.
That I should be attach'd in *Ephesus*,
I tell you 'twill sound harshly in her ears.

Enter Dromio of Ephesus with a rope's-end.

Here comes my man, I think he brings the mony.
How now, Sir, have you that I sent you for?

E. Dro. Here's that I warrant you will pay them all,

E. Ant. But where's the mony?

E. Dro. Why, Sir, I gave the mony for the rope.

E. Ant. Five hundred ducats, villain, for a rope?

E. Dro. I'll serve you, Sir, five hundred at the rate.

E. Ant. To what end did I bid thee hie thee home?

E. Dro. To a ropes-end, Sir, and to that end am I
return'd.

E. Ant. And to that end, Sir, I will welcome you.

[Beats Dromio]

Off. Good Sir, be patient.

E. Dro. Nay, 'tis for me to be patient, I am in ad-
versity.

Off.

Offi. Good now hold thy tongue.

E. Dro. Nay, rather persuade him to hold his hands.

E. Ant. Thou whorson, senseless villain!

E. Dro. I would I were senseless, Sir, that I might not feel your blows.

E. Ant. Thou art sensible in nothing but blows, and so is an ass.

E. Dro. I am an ass indeed, you may prove it by my long ears. I have serv'd him from the hour of my nativity to this instant, and have nothing at his hands for my service but blows. When I am cold, he heats me with beating; when I warm, he cools me with beating; I am wak'd with it when I sleep, rais'd with it when I sit, driven out of doors with it when I go from home, welcom'd home with it when I return; nay I bear it on my shoulders, as a beggar wont her brat; and I think when he hath lam'd me, I shall beg with it from door to door.

SCENE IX.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Courtezan and Pinch.

E. Ant. Come, go along; my wife is coming yonder.

E. Dro. Mistress, *respice finem*, respect your end, or rather prophesie like the parrot, beware the rope's-end.

E. Ant. Wilt thou still talk? [*Beats Dro.*]

Cur. How say you now? is not your husband mad?

Adr. His incivility confirms no less.

Good doctor *Pinch*, you are a conjurer,

Establish him in his true sense again,

And I will please you what you will demand.

Luc. Alas, how fiery and how sharp he looks!

Cur. Mark how he trembles in his ecstasie!

Pinch. Give me your hand, and let me feel your pulse.

E. Ant. There is my hand, and let it feel your ear.

Pinch. I charge thee, Satan, hous'd within this man,
To yield possession to my holy prayers,
And to thy state of darkness hie thee strait,
I conjure thee by all the saints in heav'n.

E. Ant. Peace, doating wizard, peace, I am not mad.

Adr.

Adr. Oh that thou wert not, poor distressed soul !

E. Ant. You minion you, are these your customers ?
Did this companion with the saffron face
Revel and feast it at my house to-day,
Whilst upon me the guilty doors were shut,
And I deny'd to enter in my house ?

Adr. Oh husband, God doth know you din'd at home,
Where would you had remain'd until this time,
Free from these slanders and this open shame.

E. Ant. Din'd at home ? thou villain, what say'st thou ?

E. Dro. Sir, sooth to say, you did not dine at home.

E. Ant. Were not my doors lock'd up, and I shut out ?

E. Dro. Perdie, your doors were lock'd, and you shut
out.

E. Ant. And did not she her self revile me there ?

E. Dro. Sans fable, she her self revil'd you there.

E. Ant. Did not her kitchen-maid rail, taunt, and scorn
me ?

E. Dro. Certes she did, the kitchen-vestal scorn'd you.

E. Ant. And did not I in rage depart from thence ?

E. Dro. In verity you did, my bones bear witness,
That since have felt the vigour of your rage.

Adr. Is't good to sooth him in these contraires ?

Pinch. It is no shame ; the fellow finds his vein,
And yielding to him, humours well his frenzy.

E. Ant. Thou hast suborn'd the goldsmith to arrest me.

Adr. Alas, I sent you mony to redeem you,
By *Dromio* here, who came in haste for it.

E. Dro. Mony by me ? heart and good-will you might,
But surely master not a rag of mony.

E. Ant. Went'st not thou to her for a purse of ducats ?

Adr. He came to me, and I deliver'd it.

Luc. And I am witness with her that she did.

E. Dro. God and the rope-maker do bear me witness,
That I was sent for nothing but a rope.

Pinch. Mistress, both man and master are posselt,
I know it by their pale and deadly looks ;
They must be bound and laid in some dark room.

E. Ant. Say, wherefore didst thou lock me forth to-
day,

And

And why dost thou deny the bag of gold ?

Adr. I did not, gentle husband, lock thee forth.

E. Dro. And gentle master I receiv'd no gold,
But I confes, Sir, that we were lock'd out.

Adr. Dissembling villain, thou speak'st false in both.

E. Ant. Dissembling harlot, thou art false in all,
And art confederate with a damned pack,
To make a loathsome abject scorn of me :
But with these nails I'll pluck out those false eyes,
That would behold in me this shameful sport.

Enter three or four, and offer to bind him : He strives.

Adr. Oh bind him, bind him, let him not come near me.

Pinch. More company, the fiend is strong within him.

Luc. Ay me, poor man, how pale and wan he looks !

E. Ant. What, will you murder me ? thou jailor thou,

I am thy prisoner, wilt thou suffer them
To make a rescue ?

Off. Masters ; let him go :

He is my prisoner, and you shall not have him.

Pinch. Go bind this man, for he is frantick too.

Adr. What wilt thou do, thou peevish officer ?
Hast thou delight to see a wretched man
Do outrage and displeasure to himself ?

Off. He is my prisoner, if I let him go
The debt he owes will be requir'd of me.

Adr. I will discharge thee, ere I go from thee ;
Bear me forthwith unto his creditor,

[They bind Ant. and Dro.]

And knowing how the debt grows I will pay it.
Good master doctor see him safe convey'd
Home to my house. Oh most unhappy day !

E. Ant. Oh most unhappy strumpet !

E. Dro. Master, I'm here enter'd in bond for you.

E. Ant. Out on thee, villain ! wherefore dost thou
mad me ?

E. Dro.

E. Dro. Will you be bound for nothing? be mad, good master, cry the devil.

Luc. God help poor souls, how idly do they talk!

Adr. Go bear him hence; sister, stay you with me. Say now, whose suit is he arrested at?

[*Exeunt Pinch, Ant. and Dro.*]

SCENE X.

Manent Officer, Adri. Luci. and Curtezan.

Offi. One *Angelo*, a goldsmith; do you know him?

Adr. I know the man; what is the sum he owes?

Offi. Two hundred ducats.

Adr. Say, how grows it due?

Offi. Due for a chain your husband had of him.

Adr. He did bespeak a chain for me, but had it not.

Cur. When as your husband all in rage to-day
Came to my house, and took away my ring,
(The ring I saw upon his finger now)
Strait after did I meet him with a chain.

Adr. It may be so, but I did never see it.
Come jailor, bring me where the goldsmith is,
I long to know the truth hereof at large.

SCENE XI.

Enter Antipholis Syracusan with his rapier drawn, and Dromio Syrac.

Luc. God for thy mercy! they are loose again.

Adr. And come with naked swords;
Let's call more help to have them bound again.

Off. Away, they'll kill us. [*They run out.*]

Manent Ant. and Dro.

S. Ant. I see these witches are afraid of swords.

S. Dro. She that would be your wife, now ran from you.

S. Ant. Come to the *Centaur*, fetch our stuff from thence:

I long that we were safe and sound aboard.

S. Dro. Faith, stay here this night, they will surely do us no harm; you saw they spake us fair, gave us gold; methinks they are such a gentle nation, that but for the mountain of mad flesh that claims marriage of me, I could find in my heart to stay here still, and turn witch.

S. Ant. I will not stay to-night for all the town,
Therefore away, to get out stuff aboard. [Exeunt.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before a Priory.

Enter the Merchant and Angelo.

ANGELO.

I Am sorry, Sir, that I have hinder'd you,
But I protest he had the chain of me,
Tho' most dishonestly he did deny it.

Mer. How is the man esteem'd here in the city?

Ang. Of very reverent reputation, Sir,
Of credit infinite, highly belov'd,
Second to none that lives here in the city;
His word might bear my wealth at any time.

Mer. Speak softly: yonder, as I think, he walks.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Syracuse.

Ang. 'Tis so; and that self chain about his neck,
Which he forswore most monstrously to have.

Good Sir, draw near to me, I'll speak to him.

Signior *Antipholis*, I wonder much

That you would put me to this shame and trouble,

And

And not without some scandal to your self,
With circumstance and oaths so to deny
This chain, which now you wear so openly ;
Besides the charge, the shame, imprisonment,
You have done wrong to this my honest friend,
Who but for staying on our controversie
Had hoisted sail, and put to sea to-day :

This chain you had of me, can you deny it ?

S. Ant. I think I had, I never did deny it.

Mer. Yes, that you did, Sir, and forswore it too.

S. Ant. Who heard me to deny it or forswear it ?

Mer. These ears of mine thou knowest did hear thee :

Fie on thee, wretch, 'tis pity that thou liv'st
To walk where any honest men resort.

S. Ant. Thou art a villain to impeach me thus.
I'll prove mine honour and my honesty
Against thee presently, if thou dar'st stand.

Mer. I dare, and do defie thee for a villain,

[*They draw.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Adriana, Luciana, Clurtezan and others.

Adr. Hold, hurt him not for God's sake, he is mad ;
Some get within him, take his sword away :

Bind *Dromio* too, and bear them to my house,

S. Aro. Run, master, run, for God's sake take a
house ;

This is some Priory ; in, or we are spoil'd.

[*Exeunt to the Priory.*]

Enter Lady Abbess.

Abb. Be quiet People, wherefore throng you hither ?

Adr. To fetch my poor distracted husband hence ;
Let us come in, that we may bind him fast,
And bear him home for his recovery.

Ang. I knew he was not in his perfect wits.

Mer. I'm sorry now that I did draw on him.

Abb. How long hath this possession held the man?

Adr. This week he hath been heavy, sower, sad,
And much, much different from the man he was :
But 'till this afternoon his passion
Ne'er brake into extremity of rage.

Abb. Hath he not lost much wealth by wreck at sea?
Bury'd some dear friend? hath not else his eye
Stray'd his affection in unlawful love?

A sin prevailing much in youthful men,
Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing.
Which of these sorrows is he subject to?

Adr. To none of these, except it be the last,
Namely, some love that drew him oft from home.

Abb. You should for that have reprehended him.

Adr. Why so I did.

Abb. Ay, but not rough enough.

Adr. As roughly as my modesty would let me.

Abb. Haply in private.

Adr. And in assemblies too.

Abb. Ay, but not enough.

Adr. It was the copy of our conference.

In bed he slept not for my urging it;
At board he fed not for my urging it;
Alone it was the subject of my theam;
In company I often glane'd at it;
Still did I tell him it was vile and bad.

Abb. And therefore came it that the man was mad,
'The venom'd clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing,
'And thereof comes it that his head is light.
'Thou say'st his meat was sauc'd with thy upbraidings,
Unquiet meals make ill digestions.
'Thereof the raging fire of fever bred;
And what's a fever but a fit of madness?
'Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd with thy brawls,
'Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
'But muddy and dull melancholy,
'Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair,
'And at her heels a huge infectious troop

• Of pale distemperatures, and foes to life ?
In food, in sport, and life-preserving rest
To be disturb'd would mad or man or beast :
The consequence is then, thy jealous fits
Have scar'd thy husband from the use of wits.

Luc. She never reprehended him but mildly,
When he demean'd himself rough, rude, and wildly.
Why bear you these rebukes, and answer not ?

Adr. She did betray me to my own reproof.
Good people enter, and lay hold on him.

Abb. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adr. Then let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office,
And will have no attorney but my self,
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient, for I will not let him stir,
'Till I have us'd th' approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers
To make of him a formal man again ;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;
Therefore depart and leave him here with me,

Adr. I will not hence, and leave my husband here ;
And ill it doth beseem your holiness
To separate the husband and the wife.

Abb. Be quiet and depart, thou shalt not have him.

Luc. Complain unto the Duke of this indignity.

Adr. Come go, I will fall prostrate at his feet,
And never rise, until my tears and prayers
Have won his Grace to come in person hither,
And take perforce my husband from the Abbess.

Enter Merchant and Angelo.

Mer. By this I think the dial points at five :
Anon I'm sure the Duke himself in person

Comes this way to the melancholy vale ;
The place of death and sorry execution.
Behind the ditches of the abbey here.

Ang. Upon what cause ?

Mer. To see a reverend *Syracusan* merchant,
Who put unluckily into this bay
Against the laws and statutes of this town,
Beheaded publicly for his offence.

Ang. See where they come, we will behold his death.

Luc. Kneel to the Duke before he pass the abbey.

S C E N E III.

*Enter the Duke, and Ægeon bare-headed, with the
Headsmen, and other Officers.*

Duke. Yet once again proclaim it publicly.
If any friend will pay the sum for him
He shall not die, so much we tender him.

Adr. Justice, most sacred Duke, against the Abbess.

Duke. She is a virtuous and a reverend lady ;
It cannot be that she hath done thee wrong.

Adr. May it please your Grace, *Antipholis* my husband,

Whom I made lord of me and all I had,
At your important letters, this ill day
A most outrageous fit of madness took him,
Thas desp'rately he hurry'd through the street,
With him his bondmen all as mad as he,
Doing displeasure to the citizens,
By rushing in their houses ; bearing thence
Rings, jewels, any thing his rage did like.
Once did I get him bound, and sent him home,
Whilst to take order for the wrongs I went,
That here and there his fury had committed :
Anon, I wot not by what strong escape,
He broke from those that had the guard of him,
And with his mad attendant and himself,
Each one with ireful passion, with drawn swords
Met us again, and madly bent on us,
Chas'd us away ; 'till raising of more aid

We

We came again to bind them ; then they fled
 Into this abbey, whither we pursu'd them,
 And here the Abbess shuts the gates on us,
 And will not suffer us to fetch him out,
 Nor send him forth that we may bear him hence.
 Therefore, most gracious Duke, with thy command,
 Let him be brought forth, and born hence for help.

Duke. Long since thy husband serv'd me in my wars,
 And I to thee ingag'd a Prince's word,
 When thou didst make him master of thy bed,
 To do him all the grace and good I could.
 Go some of you knock at the abbey gate,
 And bid the lady Abbess come to me.
 I will determine this before I stir.

S C E N E IV.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. O mistress, mistress, shift and save your self ;
 My master and his man are both broke loose,
 Beaten the maids a-row, and bound the doctor,
 Whose beard they have sing'd off with brands of fire ;
 And ever as it blaz'd, they threw on him
 Great pails of puddled mire to quench the hair ;
 My master preaches patience to him, and the while
 His man with scissars nicks him like a fool :
 And sure, unless you send some present help,
 Between them they will kill the conjurer.

Adr. Peace fool, thy master and his man are here,
 And that is false thou dost report to us.

Mess. Mistress, upon my life I tell you true,
 I have not breath'd almost since I did see it.
 He crys for you, and vows if he can take you,
 To scorch your face, and to disfigure you.

[*Cry within.*
 Hark, hark, I hear him, mistress ; fly, be gone.

Duke. Come stand by me, fear nothing : guard with
 halberds.

Adr. Ay me, it is my husband ; witness you,
 That he is born about invisible.

Ev'n now we hous'd him in the abbey here,
And now he's there, past thought of human reason,

S C E N E V.

Enter Antipholis and Dromio of Eph.

E. Ant. Justice, most gracious Duke, oh grant me justice.

Even for the service that long since I did thee,
When I bestrid thee in the wars, and took
Deep scars to save thy life, even for the blood
That then I lost for thee, now grant me justice.

Egeon. Unless the fear of death doth make me dote,
I see my son *Antipholis*, and *Dromio*.

E. Ant. Justice, sweet Prince, against that woman
there ;

She whom thou gav'st to me to be my wife ;
That hath abused and dishonour'd me,
Ev'n in the strength and height of injury ;
Beyond imagination is the wrong

That she this day hath shameless thrown on me.

Duke. Discover how, and thou shalt find me just.

E. Ant. This day, great Duke, she shut the doors up-
on me ;

Whilst she with harlots feasted in my house.

Duke. A grievous fault ; say woman, didst thou so ?

Adr. No, my good lord ; my self, he and my sister,
'To-day did dine together ; so befall my soul,
As this is false he burthens me withal.

Luc. Ne'er may I look on day, nor sleep on night,
But she tells to your Highness simple truth.

Ang. O perjur'd woman ! they are both forsworn.
In this the mad-man justly chargeth them.

E. Ant. My Liege, I am advised what I say.

Neither disturb'd with the effect of wine,

Nor heady rash provok'd with raging ire,

Albeit my wrongs might make one wiser mad.

This woman lock'd me out this day from dinner ;

That goldsmith there, were he not pack'd with her,

Could witness it ; for he was with me then,

Who

Who parted with me to go fetch a chain,
 Promising to bring it to the *Porcupine*,
 Where *Balthazar* and I did dine together.
 Our dinner done, and he not coming thither,
 I went to seek him ; in the street I met him,
 And in his company that gentleman.
 There did this perjur'd goldsmith swear me down,
 That I this day from him receiv'd the chain,
 Which God he knows I saw not ; for the which
 He did arrest me with an officer.
 I did obey, and sent my peasant home
 For certain ducats ; he with none return'd.
 Then fairly I bespoke the officer
 To go in person with me to my house.
 By th'way we met my wife, her sister, and
 A rabble more of vile confederates ;
 They brought one *Pinch*, a hungry lean-fac'd villain,
 ' A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
 ' A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune teller,
 ' A needy, hollow ey'd, sharp-looking-wretch,
 ' A living dead man. This pernicious slave
 Forsooth took on him as a conjurer ;
 And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face, as 'twere, out-facing me,
 Cries out I was possesst. Then all together
 They fell upon me, bound me, bore me thence,
 And in a dark and dankish vault at home
 There left me and my man, both bound together ;
 'Till gnawing with my teeth my bonds asunder,
 I gain'd my freedom, and immediately
 Ran hither to your Grace, whom I beseech
 To give me ample satisfaction
 For these deep shames and great Indignities.

Ang. My lord, in truth thus far I witness with him ;
 That he din'd not at home, but was lock'd out.

Duke. But had he such a chain of thee, or no ?

Ang. He had, my lord ; and when he ran in here,
 These People saw the chain about his neck.

Mer. Besides I will be sworn these ears of mine
 Heard you confess you had the chain of him,

After

After you first forswore it on the mart,
And thereupon I drew my sword on you ;
And then you fled into this abbey here,
From whence I think you're come by miracle.

E. Ant. I never came within these abbey walls,
Nor ever didst thou draw thy sword on me ;
I never saw the chain, so help me heav'n ;
And this is false you burthen me withal.

Duke. Why, what an intricate impeach is this ?
I think you all have drunk of *Circe's* cup :
If here you hous'd him, here he would have been,
If he were mad, he would not plead so coldly :
You say he din'd at home, the goldsmith here
Denies that saying, Sirrah, what say you ?

E. Dro. Sir, he din'd with her there, at the *Porcu-*
pine.

Cur. He did, and from my finger snatch'd that ring.

E. Ant. 'Tis true, my Liege, this ring I had of her.

Duke. Saw'st thou him enter at the abbey here ?

Cur. As sure, my Liege, as I do see your Grace.

Duke. Why this is strange ; go call the Abbess hi-
ther ;

I think you are all mated, or stark mad.

[*Ex. one to the Abbess.*]

SCENE VI.

Ægeon. Most mighty Duke, vouchsafe me speak a
word :

Haply I see a friend will save my life,
And pay the sum that may deliver me.

Duke. Speak freely, *Syracusan*, what thou wilt.

Ægeon. Is not your name, Sir, call'd *Antipholis* ?
And is not that your bond-man *Dormio* ?

E. Dro. Within this hour I was his bond-man, Sir,
But he, I thank him, gnaw'd in two my cords,
Now am I *Dormio*, and his man unbound.

Ægeon. I am sure both of you remember me.

E. Dro. Our selves we do remember, Sir, by you ;
For lately we were bound as you are now.

You

You are not *Pinch's* patient, are you, Sir?

Ægeon. Why look you strange on me? you know me well.

E. Ant. I never saw you in my life till now.

Ægeon. Oh! grief hath chang'd me since you saw me last.

And careful hours with time's deformed hand
Have written strange defeatures in my face;
But tell me yet, dost thou not know my Voice?

E. Ant. Neither.

Ægeon. *Dormio*, nor thou?

E. Dro. No, trust me, nor I,

Ægeon. I am sure thou dost.

E. Dro. I, Sir? but I am sure I do not; and whatsoever a man denies, you are now bound to believe him.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! oh time's extremity,
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?

'Tho' now this grained face of mine be hid
'In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
'And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
'Yet hath my night of life some memory,
'My wasting lamp some fading glimmer left
'My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
'All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
'Tell me thou art my son *Antipholis*.

E. Ant. I never saw my Father in my life.

Ægeon. But seven years since, in *Syracusa* bay,
Thou know'st we parted; but perhaps my son,
Thou sham'st t'acknowledge me in misery.

E. Ant. The Duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so:
I ne'er saw *Syracusa* in my life.

Duke. I tell thee, *Syracusan*; twenty years
Have I been patron to *Antipholis*,
During which time he ne'er saw *Syracusa*:
I see thy age and dangers make thee dote.

SCENE

SCENE VII.

Enter the Abbess, with Antipholis Syracusan and Dromio Syracusan.

Abb. Most mighty Duke, behold a man much wrong'd,
[*All gather to see him.*]

Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Duke. One of these men is *Genius* to the other;

And so of these which is the natural man,

And which the spirit? who deciphers them?

S. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, command him away.

E. Dro. I, Sir, am *Dromio*, pray let me stay.

S. Ant. *Ægeon*, art thou not? or else his ghost?

S. Dro. O, my old master! who hath bound him here?

Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty.

Speak, old *Ægeon*, if thou be'st the man

That hadst a wife once call'd *Æmilia*,

That bore thee at a burthen two fair sons?

Oh if thou be'st the same *Ægeon*, speak;

And speak unto the same *Æmilia*.

Duke. Why here begins the morning story right:

These two *Antipholis's*, these two so like,

And those two *Dromio's*, one in semblance;

Besides her urging of her wrack at sea,

These plainly are the parents to these children,

Which accidentally are met together.

Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art *Æmilia*;

If thou art she, tell me where is that son

That floated with thee on the fatal raft.

Abb. By men of *Epidamnum*, he and I,

And the twin *Dromio*, all were taken up;

But by and by rude fishermen of *Corinth*

By force took *Dromio* and my son from them,

And me they left with those of *Epidamnum*.

What then became of them I cannot tell;

I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. *Antipholis*, thou cam'st from *Corinth* first.

S. Ant.

S. Ant. No, Sir, not I, I came from *Syracuse*.

Duke. Stay, stand apart, I know not which is which.

E. Ant. I came from *Cerinth*, my most gracious Lord.

E. Dro. And I with him.

E. Ant. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,

Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.

Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?

S. Ant. I, gentle mistress.

Adr. And are not you my husband?

E. Ant. No, I say nay to that.

S. Ant. And so do I, yet she did call me so:

And this fair gentlewoman here

Did call me brother. What I told you then,

I hope I shall have leisure to make good,

If this be not a dream I see and hear.

Ang. That is the chain, Sir, which you had of me,

S. Ant. I think it be, Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. And you, Sir, for this chain arrested me.

Ang. I think I did, Sir, I deny it not.

Adr. I sent you mony, Sir, to be your bail

By *Dromio*, but I think he brought it not.

E. Dro. No, none by me,

S. Ant. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you,

And *Dromio* my man did bring them me:

I see we still did meet each other's man,

And I was ta'en for him, and he for me,

And thereupon these errors all arose.

E. Ant. These ducats pawn I for my father here.

Duke. It shall not need, thy father hath his life.

Cur. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.

E. Ant. There take it, and much thanks for my good cheer.

Abb. Renowned Duke, - vouchsafe to take the pains

To go with us into the abbey here,

And hear at large discoursed all our fortunes:

And all that are assembled in this place,

That by this sympathiz'd one day's error

Have

Have suffer'd wrong; go, keep us company,
 And ye shall have full satisfaction,
 Thirty three years have I been gone in travel
 Of you my sons, and 'till this present hour
 My heavy burthens are delivered;
 The Duke, my husband, and my children both,
 And you the kalenders of their nativity,
 Go to a gossip's feast, and go with me,
 After so long grief such nativity!
Duke. With all my heart I'll gossip at this feast.

S C E N E VIII.

Manent the two Antiph, and two Dromio's.

S. Dro. Master, shall I fetch your Stuff from ship-board?

E. Ant. Dromio, what stuff of mine hast thou im-bark'd?

S. Dro. Your goods that lay at host, Sir, in the *Centaur*.

S. Ant. He speaks to me; I am your master, *Dromio*.

Come go with us, we'll look to that anon;

Embrace thy brother there, rejoice with him. [*Exit.*

S. Dro. There is a fat friend at your master's house,
 That kitchen'd me for you to-day at dinner:
 She now shall be my sister, not my wife.

E. Dro. Methinks you are my glass, and not my brother:

I see by you I am a sweet fac'd youth.

Will you walk in to see their gossiping?

S. Dro. Not I, Sir; you're my elder.

E. Dro. That's a question:

How shall I try it?

S. Dro. We'll draw cuts for the senior:

'Till then, lead thou first,

E. Dro. Nay, then thus——

[*Embracing.*

We came into the world like brother and brother:

And now let's go hand in hand, not one before another.

[*Exeunt.*



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Lud. Du Guernier inv.

V. 2. p. 61. 7

MUCH ADO
ABOUT
NOTHING.

By *Mr.* WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.



L O N D O N :

Printed for J. T O N S O N, and the rest of the
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MDCCXXXIV.

Dramatis Personæ.

DON PEDRO *Prince of Arragon.*

Leonato, *Governor of Messina:*

Don John, *Bastard-Brother to Don Pedro.*

Claudio, *a young Lord of Florence, Favorite to Don Pedro.*

Benedick, *a young Lord of Padua, favour'd likewise by Don Pedro.*

Balthazar, *Servant to Don Pedro.*

Antonio, *Brother to Leonato.*

Borachio, *Confident to Don John.*

Conrade, *Friend to Borachio.*

Dogberry, } *two foolish Officers.*
Verges, }

Innogen, *Wife to Leonato.*

Hero, *Daughter to Leonato and Innogen.*

Beatrice, *Neice to Leonato.*

Margaret, { *two Gentlemen attending on Hero.*
Ursula, }

A Friar, Messenger, Watch, Town-Clerk, Sexton, and Attendants.

SCENE Messina.

The Story from Ariosto, Orli. Fur. l. 5.

Much



Much Ado *about* Nothing.

A C T I S C E N E I.

A Court before Leonato's House.

*Enter Leonato, Innogen, Hero and Beatrice with
a Messenger.*

LEONATO.



Learn in this letter, that Don *Pedro* of
Arragon comes this night to *Messina*.

Mess. He is very near by this; he was
not three leagues off when I left him.

Leon. How many gentlemen have
you lost in this action?

Mess. But few of any sort, and none
of name.

Leon. A victory is twice it self, when the achiever
brings home full numbers; I find here that Don *Pedro*
hath bestowed much honour on a young *Florentine*, call'd
Claudio.

Mess. Much deserved on his parr, and equally re-
membred by Don *Pedro*: he hath born himself beyond
the promise of his age, doing in the figure of a lamb the
feats of a lion: he hath indeed better better'd expecta-
tion, than you must expect of me to tell you how.

Leon. He hath an uncle here in *Messina* will be very
much glad of it.

4 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Mess. I have already deliver'd him letters, and there appears much joy in him, even so much, that joy could not shew it self modest enough, without a badge of bitterness.

Leon. Did he break out into tears?

Mess. In great measure.

Leon. A kind overflow of kindness; there are no faces truer than those that are so wash'd; how much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping?

Beat. I pray you, is Signior *Montano* return'd from the wars or no?

Mess. I know none of that name, Lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leon. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means Signior *Benedick* of *Padua*.

Mess. O he's return'd, and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beat. He set up his bills here in *Messina*, and challeng'd *Cupid* at the sight; and my uncle's fool reading the challenge, subscrib'd for *Cupid*, and challeng'd him at the bird-bolt. I pray you, how many hath he kill'd and eaten in these wars? but how many hath he kill'd? for indeed I promise to eat all of his killing.

Leon. Faith, niece, you tax Signior *Benedick* too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Mess. He hath done good service, Lady, in these wars.

Beat. You had musty victuals, and he hath help to eat it; he's a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Mess. And a good soldier too, Lady.

Beat. And a good soldier to a lady? but what is he to a lord?

Mess. A lord to a lord, a man to a man, stuff'd with all honourable virtues.

Beat. It is so indeed, he is no less than a stuff man: but for the stuffing well, we are all mortal.

Leon. You must not, Sir, mistake my niece; there is a kind of merry war, betwixt Signior *Benedick* and her; they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them.

Beat

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 5

Beat. Alas, he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man govern'd with one: So that, if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between himself and his horse, for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? he hath every month a new sworn brother.

Mess. Is it possible?

Beat. Very easily possible; he wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block.

Mess. I see, Lady, the gentleman is not in your books.

Beat. No; if he were I would burn my study. But I pray you who is his companion? is there no young squarer now, that will make a voyage with him to the devil?

Mess. He is most in the company of the right noble *Claudio*.

Beat. O lord, he will hang upon him like a disease; he is sooner caught than the pestilence, and the taker runs presently mad. God help the noble *Claudio*, if he have caught the *Benedick*, it will cost him a thousand pound ere it be cur'd.

Mess. I will hold friends with you Lady.

Beat. Do good friend.

Leon. You'll ne'er run mad, neice.

Beat. No, not 'till a hot *January*.

Mess. Don *Pedro* is approach'd.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar and Don John.

Pedro. Good Signior *Leonato*, you are come to meet your trouble: the fashion of the world is to avoid cost, and you encounter it.

Leon. Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your Grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave.

Pedro. You embrace your charge most willingly: I think this is your daughter.

Leon. Her mother hath many times told me so.

Bene. Were you in doubt, that you ask'd her?

6 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Leon. Signior *Benedick*, no, for then were you a child.

Pedro. You have it full *Benedick*, you may guess by this what you are, being a man: truly the lady fathers her self; be happy, lady, for you are like an honourable father.

Bene. If Signior *Leonato* be her father, she would not have his head on her shoulders for all *Messina*, as like him as she is.

Beat. I wonder that you will still be talking, Signior *Benedick*, no body marks you.

Bene. What, my dear lady *Disdain*! are you yet living?

Beat. Is it possible *disdain* should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it, as Signior *Benedick*? courtely it self must convert to *disdain*, if you come in her presence.

Bene. Then is courtely a turn-coat; but it is certain I am lov'd of all ladies, only you excepted; and I would I could find in my heart that I had not a hard heart, for truly I love none.

Beat. A dear happiness to women, they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor. I thank God and my cold blood, I am of your humour for that; I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me.

Bene. God keep your ladyship still in that mind, so some gentlemen or other shall scape a predestinate scratcht face.

Beat. Scratching could not make it worse, if 'twere such a face as yours were.

Bene. Well you are a rare parrot teacher.

Beat. A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours.

Bene. I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and so good a continuer; but keep your way a God's name, I have done.

Beat. You always end with a jade's trick, I know you of old.

Pedro. This is the sum of all: *Leonato*, Signior *Claudio*, and Signior *Benedick*; my dear friend *Leonato* hath invised you all; I tell him we shall stay here

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 7

at the least a month, and he heartily prays some occasion may detain us longer: I dare swear he is no hypocrite, but prays from his heart.

Leon. If you swear, my lord, you shall not be forsworn. Let me bid you welcome, my lord, being reconciled to the prince your brother; I owe you all duty.

John. I thank you, I am not of many words, but I thank you.

Leon. Please it your grace lead on?

Pedro. Your hand *Leonato*, we will go together.

[*Exeunt all but Benedick and Claudio.*]

Claud. *Benedick*, didst thou note the daughter of Signior *Leonato*?

Bene. I noted her not, but I look'd on her.

Claud. Is she not a modest young lady?

Bene. Do you question me, as an honest man should do, for my simple true judgment? or would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?

Claud. No, I pry'thee speak in sober judgment.

Bene. Why i'faith methinks she is too low for an high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise; only this commendation I can afford her, that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her.

Claud. Thou think'st I am in sport, I pray thee tell me truly how thou lik'st her.

Bene. Would you buy her, that you enquire after her?

Claud. Can the world buy such a jewel?

Bene. Yea, and a case to put it into; but speak you this with a sad brow? or do you play the flouting jack, to tell us *Cupid* is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter? come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the song?

Claud. In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that I ever look'd on.

Bene. I can see yet without spectacles, and I see no such matter; there's her cousin, if she were not possessed with such a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty,

8 MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

as the first of *May* doth the last of *December*: but I hope you have no intent to turn husband, have you?

Claud. I would scarce trust my self, though I had sworn the contrary, if *Hero* would be my wife.

Bene. Is't come to this, in faith? hath not the world one man, but he will wear his cap with suspicion? shall I never see a batchelor of threescore again? go to i'faith, if thou wilt needs thrust thy neck into a yoke, wear the print of it, and sigh away *Sundays*: look Don *Pedro* is return'd to seek you.

Re-enter Don Pedro and Don John.

Pedro. What secret hath held you here, that you follow'd not to *Leonato's* house?

Bene. I would your Grace would constrain me to tell.

Pedro. I charge thee on thy allegiance.

Bene. You hear, Count *Claudio*, I cannot be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance mark you this, on my allegiance, he is in love; with whom? now that is your Grace's part: mark how short his answer is, with *Hero*, *Leonato's* short daughter.

Claud. If this were so, so were it uttered.

Bene. Like the old tale, my lord, it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so.

Claud. If my passion change not shortly, God forbid it should be otherwise.

Pedro. Amen, if you love her, for the Lady is very well worthy.

Claud. You speak this to fetch me in, my Lord.

Pedro. By my troth I speak my thought.

Claud. And in faith, my Lord, I spoke mine.

Bene. And by my two faiths and troths, my Lord, I speak mine.

Claud. That I love her, I feel.

Pedro. That she is worthy, I know.

Bene. That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake.

Pedro. Thou wast ever an obstinate heretick in the despite of beauty.

Claudio

MUCH ADO about NOTHING. 9

Claud. And never could maintain his part, but in the force of his will.

Bene. That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheate winded in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick, all women shall pardon me; because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none; and the fine is, for the which I may go the finer, I will live a batchelor.

Pedro. I shall see thee, ere I die, look pale with love.

Bene. With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord, not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up at the door of a brothel-house for the sign of blind *Cupid*.

Pedro. Well, if ever thou dost fall from this faith, thou wilt prove a notable argument.

Bene. If I do, hang me in a bottle like a cat, and shoot at me, and he that hits me, let him be clapt on the shoulder, and call'd *Adam*.

Pedro. Well, as time shall try; in time the savage bull doth bear the yoke.

Bene. The savage bull may, but if ever the sensible *Benedick* bear it, pluck off the bull's-horns, and set them in my forehead, and let me be vilely painted; and in such great letters as they write, *Here is good Horse to hire*, let them signifie under my sign, *Here you may see Benedick the marry'd man*.

Claud. If this should ever happen, thou would'st be horn-mad.

Pedro. Nay, if *Cupid* hath not spent all his quiver in *Venice*, thou wilt quake for this shortly.

Bene. I look for an earthquake too then.

Pedro. Well, you will temporize with the hours; in the mean time, good Signior *Benedick*, repair to *Leonato's*, commend me to him, and tell him I will not fail him at supper, for indeed he hath made great preparation.

Bene. I have almost matter enough in me for such an ambassage, and so I commit you,

10 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Claud. To the tuition of God. From my house, if I had it.

Pedro. The sixth of *July*, your loving friend, *Benedick*.

Bene. Nay, mock not, mock not; the body of your discourse is sometime guarded with fragments, and the guards are but slightly basted on neither: ere you flout old ends any further, examine your conscience, and so I leave you. [Exit.

Claud. My Liege, your highness now may do me good.

Pedro. My love is thine to teach, teach it but how, And thou shalt see how apt it is to learn Any hard lesson that may do thee good.

Claud. Hath *Leonato* any son, my lord?

Pedro. No child but *Hero*, she's his only heir: Dost thou affect her, *Claudio*?

Claud. O my lord,

When you went onward on this ended action
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand
Than to drive liking to the name of love;
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is,
Saying I lik'd her ere I went to war.

Pedro. Thou wilt be like a lover presently,
And tire the hearer with a book of words:
If thou dost love fair *Hero*, cherish it,
And I'll break with her: was't not to this end,
That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

Claud. How sweetly do you minister to love,
That know love's grief by his completion!
But lest my liking might too sudden seem,
I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

Pedro. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?

The fairest grant is the necessity;
Look what will serve, is fit; 'tis once thou lovest,
And I will fit thee with the remedy.
I know we shall have revelling to-night,
I will assume thy part in some disguise,

And

MUCH ADO about NOTHING. II

And tell fair *Hero* I am *Claudio*,
And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,
And take her hearing prisoner with the force
And strong encounter of my amorous tale:
Then after to her father will I break,
And the conclusion is, she shall be thine:
In practice let us put it presently.

[*Exeunt.*]

Re-enter Leonato and Antonio.

Leon. How now brother, where is my cousin your son? hath he provided this musick?

Ant. He is very busy about it; but brother, I can tell you news that you yet dream'd not of.

Leon. Are they good?

Ant. As the event stamps them; but they have a good cover; they show well outward. The Prince and Count *Claudio*, walking in a thick pleached alley in my orchard, were thus over-heard by a man of mine: the Prince discover'd to *Claudio* that he lov'd my niece your daughter, and meant to acknowledge it this night in a dance; and if he found her accordant, meant to take the present time by the top, and instantly break with you of it.

Leon. Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?

Ant. A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and question him your self.

Leon. No, no; we will hold it as a dream, 'till it appear it self: but I will acquaint my daughter with all, that she may be the better prepared for answer, if peradventure this be true; go you and tell her of it: cousins, you know what you have to do. O, I cry you mercy, friend, go you with me and I will use your skill; good cousin have a care this busie time.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Don John and Conrade.

Conr. What the good year my lord, why are you thus out of measure sad?

John. There is no measure in the occasion that breeds, therefore the sadness is without limit.

Conr. You should hear reason.

John. And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?

Conr. If not a present remedy, yet a patient sufferance.

John.

12 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

John. I wonder that thou (being, as thou say'st thou art, born under *Saturn*) goest about to apply a moral medicine to a mortifying mischief: I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I have stomach, and wait for no man's leisure; sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no man's business; laugh when I am merry, and claw no man in his humour.

Conr. Yea, but you must not make the full show of this, 'till you may do it without controlement; you have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take root, but by the fair weather that you make your self; it is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest.

John. I had rather be a canker in a hedge, than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this (though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man) it must not be deny'd but I am a plain-dealing villain; I am trusted with a muzzel, and infranchis'd with a clog, therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth, I would bite; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me.

Conr. Can you make no use of your discontent?

John. I will make all use of it, for I use it only.
Who comes here? what news, *Borachio*?

Enter Borachio.

Bora. I came yonder from a great supper; the Prince, your Brother is royally entertain'd by *Leonato*, and I can give yon intelligence of an intended marriage.

John. Will it serve for any model to build mischief on? what is he for a fool that betroths himself to unquietness?

Bora. Marry it is your brother's right hand.

John. Who, the most exquisite *Claudio*?

Bora. Even he.

John. A proper Squire; and who, and who? which way looks he?

Bora.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 13

Bora. Marry on *Hero*, the daughter and heir of *Leonato*.

John. A very forward *March* chick! How come you to this?

Bora. Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was smoking in a musty room, comes me the Prince and *Claudio* hand in hand in sad conference: I whipt behind the arras, and there heard it agreed upon that the Prince should woo *Hero* for himself, and having obtain'd her, give her to Count *Claudio*.

John. Come, come, let us thither; this may prove food to my displeasure: that young start-up hath all the glory of my overthrow; if I can cross him any way, I bless my self every way; you are both sure, and will assist me?

Comr. To the death, my lord.

John. Let us to the great supper, - their cheer is the greater that I am subdu'd; would the cook were of my mind: shall we go prove what's to be done?

Bora. We'll wait upon your lordship. [Exeunt.]



ACT II. SCENE I

Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato, Antonio, Innogen, Hero, Beatrice, Margaret and Ursula.

LEONATO.

AS not Count *John* here at supper?

Ant. I saw him not.

Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I can never see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy Disposition.

Beat.



12 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

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ACT II. SCENE I.

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LEONATO.

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Beat. How tartly that gentleman looks! I can never see him, but I am heart-burn'd an hour after.

Hero. He is of a very melancholy Disposition.

Beat.



14 MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

Beat. He were an excellent man that were made just in the mid-way between him and *Benedick*; the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other too like my lady's eldest son, evermore tatling.

Leon. Then half Signior *Benedick's* tongue in Count *John's* mouth, and half Count *John's* melancholy in Signior *Benedick's* face.

Beat. With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, if he could get her good-will.

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

Ant. In faith she's too curst.

Beat. Too curst is more than curst, I shall lessen God's sending that way; for it is said, God sends a curst cow short horns, but to a cow too curst he sends none.

Leon. So by being too curst, God will send you no horns.

Beat. Just, if he send me no husband, for the which blessing I am at him upon my knees every morning and evening: Lord! I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face, I had rather lie in woollen.

Leon. You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Beat. What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman? he that hath a beard is more than a youth, and he that hath no beard is less than a man; and he that is more than a youth, is not fit for me; and he that is less than a man, I am not for him: therefore I will even take six pence in earnest of the bearherd, and lead his apes into hell.

Leon. Well then, go you into he'll.

Beat. No, but to the gate, and there will the devil meet me like an old cuckold, with his horns on his head, and say, get you to heaven; *Beatrice*, get you to heav'n, here's no place for you maids: so deliver I up my apes, and away to St. Peter, for the heav'ns; he shews me where the batchelors sit, and there live we as merry as the day is long.

Anti

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 15

Ant. Well neice, I trust you will be rul'd by your father. [To Hero.]

Beat. Yes, faith, it is my cousin's duty to make curtsie, and say, as it please you; but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another curtsie, and say, father, as it pleases me.

Leon. Well neice, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Beat. Not till God make men of some other metal than earth; would it not grieve a woman to be over-master'd with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of way-ward marle? no, uncle, I'll none; *Adam's* sons are my brethren, and truly I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Leon. Daughter, remember what I told you; if the Prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Beat. The fault will be in the musick, cousin, if you be not woo'd in good time; if the Prince be too importunate, tell him there is measure in every thing, and so dance out the Answer; for hear me. *Hero*, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a *Scotch* jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a *Scotch* jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding mannerly modest, as a measure, full of state and anchentry; and then comes repentance, and with his bad legs falls into the cinque-pace faster and faster, 'till he sinks into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Beat. I have a good eye, uncle, I can see a church by day-light.

Leon. The revellers are entring, brother; make good room.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick, Balthazar, and others in Masquerade,

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk, and especially when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero.

18 MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend the lute should be like the case.

Pedro. My visor is *Philemon's* roof, within the house is *Jove*.

Hero. Why then your visor should be thatch'd.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Bene. Well, I would you did like me.

Marg. So would not I for your own sake, for I have many ill qualities.

Bene. Which is one?

Marg. I say my Prayers aloud.

Bene. I love you the better, the hearers may cry Amen.

Marg. God match me with a good dancer.

Balth. Amen.

Marg. And God keep him out of my sight when the dance is done: answer clerk.

Balth. No more words, the clerk is answer'd.

Ursu. I know you well enough, you are Signior *Antonio*.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. I know you by the wagling of your head.

Ant. To tell you true, I counterfeit him.

Urs. You could never do him so ill, well, unless you were the very man: here's his dry hand up and down; you are he, you are he.

Ant. At a word, I am not.

Urs. Come, come, do you think I do not know you by your excellent wit? can virtue hide it self? go to, mum, you are he; graces will appear, and there's an end.

Beat. Will you not tell me who told you so?

Bene. No, you shall pardon me.

Beat. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Bene. Not now.

Beat. That I was disdainful, and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales; well, this was Signior *Benedick* that said so.

Bene. What's he?

Beat. I am sure you know him well enough.

Bene. Not I, believe me.

Beat. Did he never make you laugh?

Bene. I pray you what is he?

Beat.

MUCH ADO about NOTHING. 17

Beat. Why, he is the Prince's jester, a very dull fool, only his gift is in devising impossible flanders: none but libertines delight in him, and the commendation is not in his wit, but in his villany; for he both pleaseth men and angers them, and then they laugh at him, and bear him; I am sure he is in the fleet, I would he had boarded me.

Bene. When I know the gentleman, I'll tell him what you say.

Beat. Do, do, he'll but break a comparison or two on me, which peradventure not mark'd, or not laugh'd at, strikes him into melancholy, and then there's a partridge wing sav'd, for the fool will eat no supper that night. We must follow the leaders.

Bene. In every good thing.

Beat. Nay, if they lead to any ill, I will leave them at the next turning.

[*Exeunt.*]

Musick for the Dance.

John. Sure my brother is amorous on *Hero*, and hath withdrawn her father to break with him about it: the ladies follow her, and but one visor remains.

Bora. And that is *Claudio*, I know him by his bearing.

John. Are not you Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. You know me well, I am he.

John. Signior, you are very near my brother in his love; he is enamour'd on *Hero*, I pray you dissuade him from her, she is no equal for his birth; you may do the part of an honest man in it.

Claud. How know you he loves her?

John. I heard him swear his affection.

Bora. So did I too, and he swore he would marry her to-night.

John. Come let us to the banquet.

[*Exeunt John and Bora.*]

Claud. Thus answer I in name of *Benedick*, But hear this ill news with the ears of *Claudio*.

'Tis certain so, the prince wooes for himself.

Friendship is constant in all other things,

Save in the office and affairs of love;

Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;

Let every eye negotiate for it self,

And

18 MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

And trust no agent; beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.
This is an accident of hourly proof,
Which I mistrusted not. Farewel then, *Hero!*

Enter Benedick.

Bene. Count Claudio?

Claud. Yea the same.

Bene. Come, will you go with me?

Claud. Whither?

Bene. Even to the next willow, about your own business;
Count. What fashion will you wear the garland of? about
your neck, like an Usurer's chain? or under your arm,
like a Lieutenant's scarf? you must wear it one way, for
the Prince hath got your *Hero*.

Claud. I wish him joy of her.

Bene. Why that's spoken like an honest drover; so they
sell bullocks: but did you think the Prince would have
served you thus?

Claud. I pray you leave me.

Bene. Ho! now you strike like the blind man; 'twas the
boy that stole your meat, and you'll beat the post.

Claud. If it will not be, I'll leave you.

[*Exit.*]

Bene. Alas poor hurt fowle, now will he creep into
fedges. But that my lady *Beatrice* should know me, and
not know me! the Prince's fool! ha: it may be I go un-
der that title, because I am merry; yea, but so I am apt to
do my self wrong: I am not so reputed. It is the base
(tho' bitter) disposition of *Beatrice*, that puts the word into
her person, and so gives me out; well, I'll be reveng'd as
I may.

Enter Don Pedro.

Pedro. Now Signior, where's the Count? did you see
him?

Bene. Troth my lord, I have play'd the part of lady
Fame. I found him here as melancholy as a lodge in a
warren. I told him (and I think, told him true) that your
Grace had got the will of this young lady, and I offer'd him
my company to a willow tree, either to make him a gar-
land, as being forsaken, or to bind him a rod, as being
worthy to be whipt.

Pedro.

MUCH ADO about NOTHING. 19

Pedro. To be whipt! what's his fault?

Bene. The flat transgression of a school-boy, who being over-joy'd with finding a bird's nest, shews it his companion, and he steals it,

Pedro. Wilt thou make a trust, a transgression? the transgression is in the stealer.

Bene. Yet it had not been amiss the rod had been made, and the garland too; for the garland he might have worn himself, and the rod he might have bestow'd on you, who (as I take it) have stol'n his bird's nest.

Pedro. I will but teach them to sing, and restore them to the owner.

Bene. If their singing answer your saying, by my faith you say honestly.

Pedro. The lady *Beatrice* hath a quarrel to you; the gentleman that danc'd with her, told her she is much wrong'd by you.

Bene. O she misus'd me past the indurance of a block; an oak but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her; she told me, not thinking I had been my self, that I was the Prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; hudling jest upon jest, with such impossible conveyance upon me, that I stood like a man at a mark, with a whole army shooting at me; she speaks Ponyards, and every word stabs; if her breath were as terrible as terminations, there were no living near her, she would infect to the North-Star; I would not marry her, though she were indow'd with all that *Adam* had left him before he transgress'd; she would have made *Hercules* have turn'd spit, yea and have cleft his club to make the fire too. Come, talk not of her, you shall find her the infernal *Asè* in good apparel. I would to God some scholar would conjure her, for certainly while she is here, a man may live as quiet in hell as in a sanctuary, and people sin upon purpose, because they would go thither; so indeed all disquiet, horror, and perturbation follow her.

Enter Claudio, Beatrice, Leonato and Hero.

Ped. Look here she comes.

Bene. Will your Grace command me any service to the world's end? I will go on the slightest errand now to

20 MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

to the *Antipodes* that you can devise to send me on; I will fetch you a tooth-picker now from the farthest inch of *Asia*; bring you the length of *Prestor John's* foot; fetch you a hair off the great *Cham's* beard; do you any ambassage to the pigmies, rather than hold three words conference with this harpy; you have no employment for me?

Pedro. None, but to desire your good company.

Bene. O God, Sir, here's a dish I love not. I cannot endure this Lady's tongue. [Exit.]

Pedro. Come Lady, come, you have lost the heart of Signior *Benedick*.

Beat. Indeed my Lord, he lent it me a while, and I gave him use for it, a double heart for a single one; marry, once before he won it of me with false dice, therefore your Grace may well say I have lost it.

Pedro. You have put him down, Lady, you have put him down.

Beat. So I would not he should do me, my Lord, lest I should prove the mother of fools: I have brought Count *Claudio*, whom you sent me to seek.

Pedro. Why how now Count, wherefore are you sad?

Claudio. Not sad, my Lord.

Ped. How then? sick?

Claudio. Neither, my Lord.

Beat. The Count is neither sad, nor sick nor merry, nor well; but civil Count, civil as an orange, and something of a jealous complexion.

Pedro. I faith Lady I think your blazon to be true; though I'll be sworn, if he be so, his conceit is false. Here *Claudio*, I have wooed in thy name, and fair *Hero* is won; I have broke with her father, and his good will obtained, name the day of marriage, and God give thee joy.

Leon. Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes: his Grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it.

Beat. Speak Count, 'tis your cue.

Claudio. Silence is the perfectest herald of joy; I were

but

MUCH ADO about NOTHING. 21

but little happy, if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours; I give away my self for you, and doat upon the exchange.

Beat. Speak Cousin, or (if you cannot) stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither.

Pedro. In faith Lady, you have a merry heart.

Beat. Yea my Lord, I thank it, poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care; my cousin tells him in his ear that he is in my heart.

Claud. And so she doth, cousin.

Beat. Good Lord, for alliance! thus goes every one to the world but I, and I am sun-burn'd, I may sit in a corner, and cry heigh ho for a husband.

Pedro. Lady Beatrice, I will get you one.

Beat. I would rather have one of your father's getting: hath your Grace ne'er a brother like you? your father got excellent husbands, if a maid could come by them.

Pedro. Will you have me, Lady?

Beat. No, my Lord, unless I might have another for working-days; your Grace is too costly to wear every day: but I beseech your Grace pardon me, I was born to speak all mirth and no matter.

Pedro. Your silence most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for out of question you were born in a merry hour.

Beat. No sure my Lord, my mother cry'd; but then there was a star danc'd, and under that I was born. Cousins, God give you joy.

Leon. Neice, will you look to those things I told you of?

Beat. I cry you mercy, uncle: by your Grace's pardon.

[Exit Beatrice.]

Pedro. By my troth a pleasant spirited Lady.

Leon. There's little of the melancholy element in her, my Lord; she is never sad but when she sleeps, and not ever sad then; for I have heard my daughter say, she hath often dream'd of unhappiness, and wak'd her self with laughing.

Pedro. She cannot endure to hear tell of a husband.

Leon. O by no means, she mocks all her wooers out of suit.

Pedro.

22 MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

Pedro. She were an excellent wife for *Benedick*.

Leon. O Lord, my Lord, if they were but a week marry'd they would talk themselves mad.

Pedro. Count *Claudio*, when mean you to go to church?

Claud. To morrow, my Lord; time goes on crutches, 'till love have all his rites.

Leon. Not 'till *Monday*, my dear son, which is hence a just seven-night, and a time too brief too, to have all things answer my mind.

Pedro. Come, you shake the head at so long a breathing; but I warrant thee *Claudio*, the time shall not go dully by us; I will in the *Interim* under take one of *Hercules's* labours, which is to bring Signior *Benedick* and the Lady *Beatrice* into a mountain of affection the one with the other; I would fain have it a match, and I doubt not to fashion it, if you three will but minister such assistance as I shall give you direction.

Leon. My Lord, I am for you, though it cost me ten nights watchings.

Claud. And I my Lord.

Pedro. And you too, gentle *Hero*?

Hero. I will do any modest office, my Lord, to help my cousin to a good husband.

Pedro. And *Benedick* is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far I can praise him, he is of a noble strain, of approv'd valour, and confirm'd honesty. I will teach you how to humour your cousin, that she shall fall in love with *Benedick*; and I, with your two helps, will so practise on *Benedick*, that in despite of his quick wit, and his queasie stomach, he shall fall in love with *Beatrice*: if we can do this, *Cupid* is no longer an archer, his glory shall be ours, for we are the only Love-Gods; go in with me, and I will tell you my drift. [Exeunt.]

Enter Don John and Borachio.

John. It is so, the Count *Claudio* shall marry the Daughter of *Leonato*.

Bora. Yea my Lord, but I can cross it.

John. Any bar, any cross, any impediment will be medicinable to me; I am sick in displeasure to him, and

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 23

and whatsoever comes athwart his affection, ranges evenly with mine. How canst thou cross his marriage?

Bora. Not honestly my Lord, but so covertly that no dishonesty shall appear in me,

John. Shew me briefly how.

Bora. I think I told your lordship a year since, how much I am in the favour of *Margaret*, the waiting-gentlewoman to *Hero*.

John. I remember.

Bora. I can, at any unseasonable instant of the night, appoint her to look out at her Lady's chamber window.

John. What life is in that, to be the death of this marriage?

Bora. The poison of that lyes in you to temper; go you to the Prince your brother, spare not to tell him, that he hath wrong'd his honour in marrying the renowned *Claudio*, (whose estimation you do mightily hold up) to a contaminated stale, such a one as *Hero*.

John. What proof shall I make of that?

Bora. Proof enough, to misuse the Prince, to vex *Claudio*, to undo *Hero*, and kill *Leonato*; look you for any other issue?

John. Only to despite them, I will endeavour any thing.

Bora. Go then find me a meet hour, to draw on *Pedro*, and the Count *Claudio*, alone; tell them that you know *Hero* loves me; intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and *Claudio*, as in a love of your brother's honour who hath made this match, and his friend's reputation, who is thus like to be cozen'd with the semblance of a maid, that you have discover'd thus; they will hardly believe this without tryal: offer them instances which shall bear no less likelihood than to see me at her chamber window, hear me call *Margaret*, *Hero*; hear *Margaret* term me *Berachio*, and bring them to see this, the very night before the intended wedding; for in the mean time I will so fashion the matter, that *Hero* shall be absent, and there shall appear such seeming truths of *Hero's* disloyalty, that
jealousie

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jealousy shall be call'd assurance; and all the preparation overthrown.

John. Grow this to what adverse issue it can, I will put it in practice: be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats.

Bora, Be thou constant in the accusation, and my cunning shall not shame me.

John. I will presently go learn their day of marriage. [*Exeunt.*]

Leonato's Garden.

Enter Benedick and a Boy.

Bene. Boy.

Boy. Signior.

Bene. In my chamber widow lies a book, bring it hither to me in the orchard.

Boy. I am here already, Sir. [*Exit Boy.*]

Bene. I know that, but I would have thee hence, and here again. I do much wonder, that one man seeing how much another man is a fool, when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will after he hath laugh'd at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love! and such a man is *Claudio*. I have known when there was no musick with him but the drum and the fife, and now had he rather hear the taber and the pipe: I have known when he would have walk'd ten mile a-foot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier, and now is he turn'd orthographer, his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted, and see with these eyes? I cannot tell, I think not. I will not be sworn, but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, 'till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool: one woman is fair, yet I am well; another is wise, yet I am well; another virtuous, yet I am well. But 'till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 25

near me; noble, or not for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God. Ha! the Prince and Monsieur Love: I will hide me in the arbour.

Enter Don Pedro, Leonato, Claudio and Balthazar.

Pedro. Come, shall we hear this musick?

Claud. Yea, my good lord; how still the evening is,

As hush'd on purpose to grace harmony.

Pedro. See you where *Benedick* hath hid himself?

Claud. O very well, my lord; the musick ended, We'll fit the kid-fox with a penny-worth.

Pedro. Come *Balthazar*, we'll hear that song again.

Balth. O good my lord, tax not so bad a voice To slander musick any more than once.

Pedro. It is the witness still of excellency, To put a strange face on his own perfection; I pray thee sing, and let me woo no more.*

The SONG.

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more,

Men were deceivers ever,

One

* ——— woo no more.

Balth. Because you talk of wooing, I will sing, Since many a wooer doth commence his suit To her he thinks not worthy, yet he woos, Yet will he swear he loves.

Pedro. Nay, pray thee come. Or if thou wilt hold longer argument, Do it in notes.

Balth. Note this before my notes, There's not a note of mine that's worth the noting.

Pedro. Why these are very crotchets that he speaks; Note notes forsooth, and nothing.

Bene. Now divine air; now is his soul ravish'd! is it not strange, that sheeps guts should hale souls out of men's bodies? well, a horn for my money, when all's done.

The song, &c

B

26 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never,
Then sigh not so, but let them go,
And be you blith and bonny,
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into hey nony, nony.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more,
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The frauds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leasy:
Then sigh not so, &c.

Pedro. By my troth a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha, no; no faith; thou sing'st well enough
for a shift.

Bene. If he had been a Dog that should have howl'd
thus they would have hang'd him, and I pray God
his bad voice bode no mischief; I had as lief have
heard the night-raven, come what plague could have
come after it.

Pedro. Yea marry, dost thou hear *Balthazar*? I pray
thee get us some excellent musick; for to-morrow
we would have it at the lady *Hero's* chamber win-
dow.

Balth. The best I can, my lord. [*Exit Balthazar.*]

Pedro. Do so: farewell. Come hither *Leonato*;
what was it you told me of to-day, that your niece
Beatrice was in love with Signior *Benedick*?

Claud. O ay, stalk on; stalk on, the fowl sits. I
did never think that lady would have loved any man.

Leon. No, nor I neither; but most wonderful, that
she should so doat on Signior *Benedick*, whom she
hath in all outward behaviours seem'd ever to abhor.

Bene. Is't possible, sits the wind in that corner?

Leon. By my troth, my lord, I cannot tell what to
think of it; but that she loves him with an enraged
affection, it is past the infinite of thought.

Pedro. May be she doth but counterfeit.

Claud. Faith, like enough.

Leon.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 27

Leon. O God! counterfeit? there was never counterfeit of passion came so near the life of passion as she discovers it.

Pedro. Why, what effects of passion shews she?

Claud. Bait the hook well, the fish will bite.

Leon. What effects, my lord? she will fit you, you heard my daughter tell you how.

Claud. She did indeed.

Pedro. How, how, I pray you? you amaze me I would have thought her spirit had been invincible against all assaults of affection.

Leon. I would have sworn it had, my lord, especially against *Benedick*.

Bene. I should think this a gull, but that the white-bearded fellow speaks it; knavery cannot sure hide himself in such reverence.

Claud. He hath ta'en th' infection, hold it up.

Pedro. Hath she made her affection known to *Benedick*?

Leon. No, and swears she never will, that's her torment.

Claud. 'Tis true indeed, so your daughter says: shall I, says she, that have so oft encounter'd him with scorn, write to him that I love him?

Leon. This says she now, when she is beginning to write to him; for she'll be up twenty times a-night, and there will she sit in her smock, 'till she have writ a sheet of paper; my daughter tells us all.

Claud. Now you talk of a sheet of paper, I remember a pretty jest your daughter told us of.

Leon. O, when she had writ it, and was reading it over, she found *Benedick* and *Beatrice* between the sheet.

Claud. That.

Leon. O, she tore the letter into a thousand half-peace, rail'd at her self, that she should be so immodest, to write to one that she knew wou'd flout her: I measure him, says she, by my own spirit, for I should flout him if he writ to me, yea tho' I love him, I should.

Claud. Then down upon her knees she falls, weeps,

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foes, beats her heart, tears her hair, prays, curses!
O sweet *Benedick*! God give me patience!

Leon. She doth indeed, my daughter says so, and the ecstasie hath so much overborn her, that my daughter is sometimes afraid she will do desperate outrage to her self; it is very true.

Pedro. It were good that *Benedick* knew of it by some other, if she will not discover it.

Claud. To what end? he would but make a sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.

Pedro. If he should, it were an alms to hang him; she's an excellent sweet lady, and (out of all suspicion) she is virtuous.

Claud. And she is exceeding wise.

Pedro. In every thing but in loving *Benedick*.

Leon. O my lord, wisdom and blood combating in so tender a body, we have ten proofs to one, that blood hath the victory; I am sorry for her, as I have just cause, being her uncle and her guardian.

Pedro. I would she had bestow'd this dotage on me; I would have doff'd all other respects, and made her half my self; I pray you tell *Benedick* of it, and hear what he will say.

Leon. Were it good, think you?

Claud. *Hero* thinks surely she will die, for she says she will die if he love her not, and she will die ere she make her love known; and she will die if he woo her, rather than she will bave one breath of her accustomed crossness.

Pedro. She doth well; if she should make tender of her love, 'tis very possible he'll scorn it; for the man, as you know all, hath a contemptible spirit.

Claud. He is a very proper man.

Pedro. He hath indeed a good outward happiness.

Claud. 'Fore God, and in my mind very wise.

Pedro. He doth indeed shew some sparks that are like wit.

Leon. And I take him to be valiant.

Pedro. As *Hector*, I assure you; and in the managing of quarrels you may see he is wise, for either he avoids them with great discretion, or undertakes them
with

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 29

with a christian-like fear.* Well, I am sorry for your
neice: shall we go see *Benedick*, and tell him of her
love?

Claud. Never tell him, my lord, let her wear it out
with good counsel.

Leon. Nay, that's impossible, she may wear her heart
out first.

Pedro. Well, we will hear further of it by your
daughter; let it cool the while. I love *Benedick* well,
and I could wish he would modestly examine himself,
to see how much he is unworthy to have so good a
lady.

Leon. My lord, will you walk? dinner is ready.

Claud. If he do not dote on her upon this, I will
never trust my expectation.

Pedro. Let there be the same net spread for her, and
that must your daughter and that gentlewoman carry;
the sport will be, when they hold an opinion of one
another's dotage, and no such matter; that's the
scene that I would see, which will be merely a dumb
show; let us send her to call him in to dinner.

[*Exeunt.*]

Beno. This can be no trick, the conference was
sadly born; they have the truth of this from *Hero*;
they seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections
have the full bent. Love me! why it must be requi-
red: I hear how I am censur'd; they say I will bear
my self proudly, if I perceive the love come from her;
they say too, that she will rather die than give any
sign of affection—I did never think to marry—I
must not seem proud—happy are they that hear their
de-

*——— a christian-like fear.

Leon. If he do fear God, he must necessarily keep
peace; if he break the peace, he ought to enter into
a quarrel with fear and trembling.

Pedro. And so will he do, for the man doth fear
God, howsoever it seems not in him, by some large
jest he will make.

Well, &c.

B 3

30 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

detractions, and can put them to mending: they say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me——by my troth it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her,—I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have rail'd so long against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? no: the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live 'till I were marry'd. Here comes *Beatrice*: by this day she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

Enter Beatrice.

Beat. Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner.

Bene. Fair *Beatrice*, I thank you for your pains.

Beat. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you take pains to thank me; if it had been painful, I would not have come.

Bene. You take pleasure then in the message.

Beat. Yea, just so much as you may take upon a knife's point, and choak a daw withal: you have no stomach, Signior; fare you well. [*Exit.*]

Bene. Ha! against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner: there's a double meaning in that. I took no more pains for those thanks, than you took pains to thank me; that's as much as to say, any pains that I take for you is as easy as thanks. If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew; I will go get her picture. [*Exit.*]

A C T

ACT III. SCENE I.

Continues in the Garden.

Enter Hero, Margaret and Ursula.

HERO.

GOOD *Margaret* run thee into the parlour,
There shalt thou find my cousin *Beatrice*,
Proposing with the prince and *Claudio*;
Whisper her ear, and tell her I and *Ursula*
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say that thou overheard'st us,
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles ripen'd by the sun
Forbidden the sun to enter; like to favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it: there will she hide her,
To listen to our purpose; this is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come I warrant presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now *Ursula*, when *Beatrice* doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of *Benedick*;
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit.
My talk to thee must be how *Benedick*
Is sick in love with *Beatrice*; of this matter
Is little *Cupid's* crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say: now begin.

Enter Beatrice.

For look where *Beatrice* like a lapwing runs
Close by the ground to hear our conference.

Ursu. The pleasantest angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait;

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So angle we for *Beatrice*, who ev'n now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture;
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.
No truly *Ursula* she's too disdainful,
I know her spirits are as coy and wild,
As † haggards of the rock.

Ursu. But are you sure
That *Benedick* loves *Beatrice* so intirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Ursu. And did they bid you tell her of it, Madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I perswaded them, if they lov'd *Benedick*,
To with him wrestle with affection,
And never to let *Beatrice* know of it.

Ursu. Why did you so? doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever *Beatrice* shall couch upon?

Hero. O God of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of *Beatrice*.
Dildain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Mis-prizing what they look on, and her wit
Values it self so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak; she cannot love,
Nor take no shape, nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Ursu. Sure I think so;
And therefore certainly it were not good
She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

Hero. Why you speak truth. I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward; if fair-fac'd,
• She'd swear the gentleman should be her sister;
• If black, why nature drawing of an anticke,
• Made a foul blot; if tall, a launce ill-headed;
• If low, an agat very vilely cut;
• If speaking, why a vane blown with all winds;

† wild hawks.

• If silent, why a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out,
And never gives to truth and virtue that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Ursu. Sure, sure such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No, for to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As *Beatrice* is, cannot be commendable.

But who dare tell her so? if I should speak,
She'd mock me into air, O she would laugh me
Out of my self, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let *Benedick*, like covered fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a bitter death to die with mocks,
Which is as bad as 'tis to die with tickling.

Ursu. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.

Hero. No, rather I will go to *Benedick*,
And counsel him to fight against his passion.
And truly I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with; one doth not know
How much an ill word may im poison liking.

Ursu. O do not do your cousin such a wrong.
She cannot be so much without true judgment,
(Having so sweet and excellent a wit,
As she is priz'd to have) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as *Benedick*.

Hero. He is the only man of *Italy*,
Always excepted my dear *Claudio*.

Ursu. I pray you be not angry with me, Madam,
Speaking my fancy; Signior *Benedick*,
For shape, for bearing, argument and valour,
Goes foremost in report through *Italy*.

Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.

Ursu. His excellence did earn it ere he had it.
When are you married, Madam?

Hero. Why every day, to-morrow; come, go in.
I'll shew thee some attires, and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.

Ursu. She's ta'en, I warrant you; we have caught her,
Madam.

Hero. If it prove so, then living goes by haps;
B 5 Some

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Some *Cupids* kill with arrows, some with traps.

[*Exeunt.*]

Beat. What fire is in my ears? can this be true?

Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?

Contempt, farewell, and maiden pride adieu!

No glory lives behind the back of such.

And *Benedick* love on, I will requite thee,

Taming my wild heart to thy loving hands;

If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee

To bind our loves up in an holy band.

For others say thou dost deserve, and I

Believe it better than reportingly. [*Exit.*]

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, Benedick and Leonato.

Pedro. I do but stay 'till your marriage be consummate, and then I go toward *Arragon*.

Claud. I'll bring you thither, my lord, if you'll vouchsafe me.

Pedro. Nay, that would be as great a soil in the new gloss of your marriage, as to shew a child his new coat, and forbid him to wear it. I will only be bold with *Benedick* for his company, for from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot he is all mirth; he hath twice or thrice cut *Cupid's* bow-string, and the little hangman dare not shoot at him; he hath a heart as sound as a bell, and his tongue is the clapper; for what his heart thinks, his tongue speaks.

Bene. Gallants, I am not as I have been.

Leon. So say I; methinks you are sadder.

Claud. I hope he is in love.

Pedro. Hang him truant, there's no true drop of blood in him, to be truly touch'd with love; if he be sad, he wants money.

Bene. I have the tooth-ach.

Pedro. Draw it.

Bene. Hang it.

Claud. You must hang it first, and draw it afterwards.

Pedro. What? sigh for the tooth-ach!

Leon. Which is but a humour, or a worm.

Bene. Well, every one can master a grief but he that has it.

Claud.

Claud. Yet say I he is in love.

Pedro. There is no appearance of fancy in him, unless it be a fancy that he hath to strange disguises, as to be a *Dutch* man to-day, a *French* man to-morrow. † Or in the shape of two countries at once, a *German* from the waist downward, all stops, and a *Spaniard* from the hip upward, no doublet: Unless he have a fancy to this foolery, as it appears he hath, he is no fool for fancy, as you would have it to appear he is.

Claud. If he be not in love with some woman, there is no believing old signs; he brushes his hat a-mornings; what should that bode?

Pedro. Hath any man seen him at the barber's?

Claud. No, but the barber's man hath been seen with him, and the old ornament of his cheek hath already stuf't tennis-balls.

Leon. Indeed he looks younger than he did by the loss of a beard.

Pedro. Nay, he rubs himself with civet, can you smell him out by that?

Claud. That's as much as to say, the sweet youth's in love.

Pedro. The greatest note of it is his melancholy.

Claud. And when was he wont to wash his face?

Pedro. Yea, or to paint himself? for the which I hear what they say of him.

Claud. Nay, but his jesting spirit, which is now crept into a lute-string, and now govern'd by stops----

Pedro. Indeed that tells a heavy tale for him. Conclude he is in love.

Claud. Nay, but I know who loves him.

Pedro. That would I know too: I warrant one that knows him not.

Claud. Yes, and his ill conditions, and in despite of all, dies for him.

Pedro. She shall be buried with her face upwards.

Bene. Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. Old Signior, walk aside with me, I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you which those hobby-horses must not hear.

Edit. 1600.

Pedro.

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Pedro. For my life to break with him about *Beatrice*.

Claud. 'Tis even so. *Hero* and *Margaret* have by this play'd their parts with *Beatrice*, and then the two bears will not bite one another when they meet.

Enter Don John.

John. My lord and brother, God save you.

Pedro. Good-den, brother.

John. If your leisure serv'd, I would speak with you.

Pedro. In private?

John. If it please you; yet Count *Claudio* may hear, for what I would speak of concerns him.

Pedro. What's the matter?

John. Means your lordship to be married to-morrow.

[*To Claudio.*

Pedro. You know he does.

John. I know not that, when he knows what I know.

Claud. If there be any impediment I pray you discover it.

John. You may think I love you not, let that appear hereafter, and aim better at me by that I now will manifest; for my brother, I think he holds you well, and in dearth of heart hath help to effect your ensuing marriage; surely, suit ill spent, and labour ill bestow'd.

Pedro. Why, what's the matter?

John. I came hither to tell you, and circumstances shorten'd, (for she hath been too long a talking of) the lady is disloyal.

Claud. Who, *Hero*?

John. Even she, *Leonato's Hero*, your *Hero*, every man's *Hero*.

Claud. Disloyal?

John. The word is too good to paint out her wickedness; I could say she were worse; think you of a worse title, and I will fit her to it: wonder not 'till further warrant; go but with me to-night, you shall see her chamber-window enter'd, even the night before her wedding-day; if you love her, then to-morrow wed her; but it would better fit your honour to change your mind.

Claud.

Claud. May this be so?

Pedro. I will not think it.

John. If you dare not trust that you see, confess not that you know; if you will follow me, I will shew you enough; and when you have seen more and heard more, proceed accordingly.

Claud. If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her to-morrow, in the congregation where I should, there will I shame her.

Pedro. And as I wooed for thee to obtain her, I will join with thee to disgrace her.

John. I will disparage her no farther, 'till you are my witnesses; bear it coldly but 'till night, and let the issue shew itself.

Pedro. O day untowardly turned!

Claud. O mischief strangely thwarting!

John. O plague right well prevented!

So will you say when you have seen the sequel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *The Street.*

Enter Dogberry and Verges, with the watch.

Dogb. Are you good men and true?

Verg. Yea, or else it were pity but they should suffer salvation, body and soul.

Dogb. Nay, that were a punishment too good for them, if they should have any allegiance in them, being chosen for the Prince's watch.

Verg. Well, give them their charge, neighbour Dogberry.

Dogb. First, who think you the most disartless man to be constable?

Watch. Hugh Oatecake, Sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blest you with a good name; to be a well-favour'd man is the gift of fortune, but to write and read comes by nature.

Watch. Both which, master constable——

Dogb. You have: I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, Sir, why give God thanks,
and

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and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity: you are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch, therefore bear you the lanthorn; this is your charge; you shall comprehend all vagrom men, you are to bid any man stand in the Prince's name.

2 Watch. How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then take no note of him, but let him go, and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Dogb. True, and they are to meddle with none but the Prince's subjects: you shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to tattle and talk, is most tolerable, and not to be endur'd.

2 Watch. We will rather sleep than talk; we know what belongs to a watch.

Dogb. Why you speak like an ancient and most quiet watchman, for I cannot see how sleeping should offend; only have a care that your bills be not stolen: well, you are to call at all the alehouses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed.

2 Watch. How if they will not?

Dogb. Why then let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for.

2 Watch. Well, Sir.

Dogb. If you meet a thief, you may suspect him by virtue of your office to be no true man; and for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why the more is for your honesty.

2 Watch. If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?

Dogb. Truly by your office you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defil'd, the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him shew himself what he is, and steal out of your company.

Verg. You have been always call'd a merciful man, partner.

Dogb.

Dogb. Truly I would not hang a dog by my will, much more a man who hath any honesty in him.

Verg. If you hear a child cry in the night, you must call to the nurse and bid her still it.

2 Watch. How if the nurse be asleep, and will not hear us?

Dogb. Why then depart in peace, and let the child wake her with crying: for the ewe that will not hear her lamb when it baes, will never answer a calf when he bleats.

Verg. 'Tis very true.

Dogb. This is the end of the charge: you, constable, are to present the Prince's own person, if you meet the Prince in the night you may stay him.

Verg. Nay, bi'r lady, that I think he cannot.

Dogb. Five shillings to one on't with any man that knows the statutes, he may stay him; marry, notwithstanding the Prince be willing: for indeed the watch ought to offend no man; and it is an offence to stay a man against his will.

Verg. Bi'r lady, I think it be so.

Dogb. Ha, ha, ha! well, masters, good night; an there be any matter of weight chances, call up me; keep your fellow's counsel and your own, and good night; come neighbour.

2 Watch. Well, masters, we hear our charge; let us go sit here upon the church-bench 'till two, and then all to bed.

Dogb. One word more, honest neighbours. I pray you watch about Signior Leonato's door, for the wedding being there to-morrow, there is a great coil to-night; adieu; be vigilant I beseech you.

[*Exeunt Dogb. and Verg.*]

Enter Borachio and Conrade.

Bora. What, Conrade?

Watch. Peace, stir not. [*Aside.*]

Bora. Conrade, I say.

Conr. Here man, I am at thy elbow.

Bora. Mass and my elbow itch'd, I thought there would a scab follow.

Conr. I will owe thee an answer for that, and now forward with thy tale. *Bora.*

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Bora. Stand thee close then under this pent-house, for it drizles rain, and I will, like a true drunkard, utter all to thee.

Watch. Some treasons, masters; yet stand close.

Bora. Therefore know, I have earned of Don *John* a thousand ducats.

Conr. Is it possible that any villany should be so deat?

Bora. Thou shouldst rather ask if it were possible any villany should be so rich? for when rich villains have need of poor ones, poor ones may make what price they will.

Conr. I wonder at it.

Bora. That shows thou art unconfirm'd, thou knowest that the fashion of a doublet, or a hat, or a cloak, is nothing to a man.

Conr. Yes, it is apparel.

Bora. I mean the fashion.

Conr. Yes, the fashion is the fashion.

Bora. Tush, I may as well say the fool's the fool; but seest thou not what a deformed thief this fashion is?

Watch. I know that *Deformed*; he has been a vile thief this seven years; he goes up and down like a gentleman: I remember his name.

Bora. Didst thou not hear some body?

Conr. No, 'twas the vane on the house.

Bora. Seest thou not, I say, what a deformed thief this fashion is, how giddily he turns about all the hot-bloods between fourteen and five and thirty, sometimes fashioning them like *Pharaph's* soldiers in the * *rechy* painting, sometimes like the *God Bell's* priests in the old church-window, sometimes like the shaven *Hercules* in the smirch'd worm-eaten tapestry, where his codpiece seems as massy as his club.

Conr. All this I see, and see that the fashion wears out more apparel than the man; but art not thou thyself giddy with the fashion, that thou hast shifted out of thy tale into telling me of the fashion?

Bora. Not so neither; but know that I have to-night wooed *Margaret*, the lady *Hero's* gentlewoman,

* *rechy*, valuable,

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by the Name of *Hero*; she leans me out at her mistress's chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night——I tell this tale vildly——I should first tell thee how the Prince, *Claudio*, and my master planted and placed, and possessed by my master Don *John*, saw far off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

Conr. And thought thy *Margaret* was *Hero*?

Bora. Two of them did, the Prince and *Claudio*, but the devil my master knew she was *Margaret*; and partly by his oaths which first possess them, partly by the dark night which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villany, which did confirm any slander that Don *John* had made; away went *Claudio* enraged, swore he would meet her as he was appointed next morning at the temple, and there before the whole congregation shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.

1 Watch. We charge you in the Prince's name stand.

2 Watch. Call up the right master constable, we have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the common-wealth.

1 Watch. And one *Deformed* is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.

Conr. Masters, masters.

2 Watch. You'll be made bring *Deformed* forth, I warrant you.

Conr. Masters, never speak, we charge you, let us obey you to go with us.

Bora. We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being taken up of these mens bills.

Conr. A commodity in question I warrant you: come we'll obey you. [Exeunt.]

S C E N E, Leonato's House.

Enter *Hero*, *Margaret* and *Ursula*.

Hero. Good *Ursula*, wake my cousin *Beatrice*, and desire her to rise.

Ursu. I will, lady.

Hero. And bid her come hither.

Ursu.

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Ursu. Well.

Marg. Troth I think your other rebato were better.

Hero. No, pray thee good *Meg*, I'll wear this.

Marg. By my troth it's not so good, and I warrant your cousin will say so.

Hero. My cousin's a fool, and thou'art another. I'll wear none but this.

Marg. I like the new tire within excellently, if the hair were a thought browner; and your gown's a most rare fashion i'faith. I saw the Dutchess of Milan's gown that they praise so.

Hero. O, that exceeds, they say.

Marg. By my troth, it's but a night-gown in respect of yours; cloth of gold and cuts, and lac'd with silver, set with pearls, down-sleeves, side-sleeves and skirts, round, underborn with a blueish tinsel; but for a fine, quaint, graceful and excellent fashion, yours is worth ten on't.

Hero. God give me joy to wear it, for my heart is exceeding heavy.

Marg. 'Twill be heavier soon by the weight of a man.

Hero. Fle upon thee, art not asham'd?

Marg. Of what, lady? of speaking honourably? is not marriage honourable in a beggar? is not your lord honourable without marriage? I think you would have me say (saying your reverence) a husband. If bad thinking do not wrest true speaking, I'll offend no body; is there any harm in the heavier for a husband? none I think, if it be the right husband, and the right wife, otherwise 'tis light and not heavy; ask my lady *Beatrice* else, here she comes.

Enter Beatrice.

Hero. Good morrow, coz.

Beat. Good morrow, sweet *Hero*.

Hero. Why how now? do you speak in the sick tune?

Beat. I am out of all other tune, methinks.

Marg. Clap us into *Light o' love*; that goes without a burden; do you sing it, and I'll dance it.

Beat. Yes light o' love with your heels; then if your husband have stables enough, you'll look he shall lack no barns.

Marg.

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Marg. O illegitimate construction! I scorn that with my heels.

Beat. 'Tis almost five a clock, cousin; 'tis time you were ready; by my troth I am exceeding ill, hey ho!

Marg. For a hawk, a horse, or a husband?

Beat. For the letter that begins them all, H.

Marg. Well, if you be not turn'd Turk, there's no more failing by the star.

Beat. What means the fool, trow?

Marg. Nothing I, but God send every one their heart's desire.

Hero. These gloves the Count sent me, they are an excellent perfume.

Beat. I am stuff, cousin, I cannot smell.

Marg. A maid and stuff! there's a goodly catching of cold.

Beat. O God help me, God help me, how long have you profess'd apprehension?

Marg. Ever since you left it; doth not my wit become me rarely?

Beat. It is not seen enough, you should wear it in your cap. By my troth, I am sick.

Marg. Get you some of this distill'd *Carduus Benedictus*; and lay it to your heart, it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beat. *Benedictus*? why *Benedictus*? you have some moral in this *Benedictus*.

Marg. Moral? no by my troth, I have no moral meaning, I meant plain holy-thistle; you may think perchance that I think you are in love, nay, b'rlady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can, nor indeed I cannot think, if I would think my heart out with thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet *Benedick* was such another, and now is he become a man; he swore he would never marry, and yet now in despite of his heart he eats his meat without grudging; and how you may be converted

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verted I know not, but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beat. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Marg. Not a false gallop.

Ursula. Madam withdraw; the Prince, the Count, Signior *Benedick*, Don *John*, and all the gallants of the town are come to fetch you to church.

Hera. Help to dress me, good coz, good *Meg*, good *Ursula*. [*Exeunt*.]

Enter Leonato, with *Dogberry* and *Verges*.

Leon. What would you with me, honest neighbour?

Dogb. Marry Sir, I would have some confidence with you that decerns you nearly.

Leon. Brief I pray you, for you see 'tis a busy time with me.

Dogb. Marry this it is, Sir.

Ver. Yes in truth it is, Sir.

Leon. What is it, my good friends?

Dogb. Goodman *Verges*, Sir, speaks a little of the matter, an old man, Sir, and his wits are not so blunt, as God help I would desire they were, but in faith as honest as the skin between his brows.

Verg. Yes, I thank God, I am as honest as any man living, that is an old man and no honefter than I.

Dogb. Comparisons are odorous, palabras, neighbour *Verges*.

Leon. Neighbours, you are tedious.

Dogb. It pleases your worship to say so, but we are the poor Duke's officers; but truly for mine own part, if I were as tedious as a King, I could find in my heart to bestow it all of your worship.

Leon. All thy tediousness on me, ha?

Dogb. Yea, and twice a thousand times more than 'tis, for I hear as good exclamation on your worship as of any man in the city; and tho' I be but a poor man, I am glad to hear it.

Verg. And so am I.

Leon. I would fain know what you have to say.

Verg. Marry Sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 45

worship's presence, hath ta'en a couple as arrant knaves as any in *Messina*.

Dogb. A good old man, Sir, he will be talking as they say; when the age is in, the wit is out, God help us, it is a world to see: well said i' faith, neighbour *Verges*, well, he's a good man; an two men ride an horse, one must ride behind; an honest soul, i' faith Sir, by my troth he is, as ever broke bread, but God is to be worship'd; all men are not alike, alas good neighbour!

Leon. Indeed neighbour he comes too short of you,

Dogb. Gifts that God gives.

Leon. I must leave you.

Dogb. One word, Sir; our watch have indeed comprehended two auspicious persons, and we would have them this morning examin'd before your worship.

Leon. Take their examination your self, and bring it me, I am now in great haste as may appear unto you.

Dogb. It shall be suffigance.

Leon. Drink some wine ere you go: fare you well.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, they stay for you to give your daughter to her husband.

Leon. I'll wait upon them. I am ready. [*Ex. Leon.*]

Dogb. Go, good partner, go get you to *Francis Sea-coal*, bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the jail; we are now to examine those men.

Verg. And we must do it wisely.

Dogb. We will spare for no wit, I warrant; here's that shall drive some of them to non-come. Only get the learned writer to set down our excommunication, and meet me at the Jail. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.
A CHURCH.

Enter D. Pedro, D. John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio,
Benedick, Hero, *and* Beatrice.

LEONATO.

COME, friar *Francis*, be brief, only to the plain
form of marriage, and you shall recount their
particular duties afterwards.

Friar. You come hither, my lord, to marry this
lady?

Claud. No.

Leon. To be marry'd to her, friar; you come to
marry her.

Friar. Lady, you come hither to be marry'd to this
Count.

Hero. I do.

Friar. If either of you know any inward impedi-
ment why you should not be conjoin'd, I charge you
on your souls to utter it.

Claud. Know you any, *Hero*?

Hero. None, my lord.

Friar. Know you any, Count?

Leon. I dare make his answer, none.

Claud. O what men dare do! what men may do!
what men daily do!

Bene. How now! Interjections? why then some be
of laughing, as ha, ha, he!

Claud. Stand thee by, friar: father, by your leave,
Will you with free and unconstrained soul,
Give me this maid your daughter?

Leon. As freely, son, as God did give her me.

Claud. And what have I to give you back, whose
worth

May counterpoise this rich and precious gift?

Pedro. Nothing, unless you render her again.

Claud.

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Claud. Sweet Prince, you learn me noble thankfulness:

There *Leonato*, take her back again;
Give not this rotten orange to your friend.
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:
Behold how like a maid she blushes here!
O what authority and shew of truth
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,
To witness simple virtue? would you not swear,
All you that see her, that she were a maid,
By these exterior shews? but she is none:
She knows the heat of a luxurious bed;
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

Leon. What do you mean, my Lord?

Claud. Not to be marry'd,
Not knit my soul to an approved wanton.

Leon. Dear my Lord, if you in your own proof
Have vanquish'd the resistance of her youth,
And made defeat of her virginity——

Claud. I know what you would say: if I have known
her,

You'll say, she did embrace me as a husband,
And so extenuate the forehead sin.

No, *Leonato*,
I never tempted her with word too large;
But as a brother to his sister, shew'd
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

Claud. Out on thy seeming, I will write against it;
You seem to me as *Dian* in her orb,
As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown:
But you are more intemperate in your blood
Than *Venus*, or those pamper'd animals
That rage in savage sensuality.

Hero. Is my lord well, that he doth speak so wide?

Leon. Sweet Prince, why speak not you?

Pedro. What should I speak?

I stand dishonour'd, that have gone about
To link my dear friend to a common stale.

Leon. Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

John.

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John. Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Bene. This looks not like a nuptial.

Hero. True! O God!

Claud. *Leonato*, stand I here?

Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?

Is this face *Hero's*? are our eyes our own?

Leon. All this is so; but what of this, my lord.

Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter,

And by that fatherly and kindly power

That you have in her, bid her answer truly.

Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.

Hero. O God defend me, how am I beset!

What kind of catechizing call you this?

Leon. To make you answer truly to your name.

Hero. Is it not *Hero*? who can blot that name

With any just reproach?

Claud. Marry that can *Hero*;

Hero her self can blot out *Hero's* virtue.

What man was he talk'd with you yesternight

Out at your window betwixt twelve and one?

Now if you are a maid answer to this.

Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my Lord.

Pedro. Why then you are no maiden, *Leonato*.

I am sorry you must hear; upon mine honour,

My self, my brother, and this griev'd Count

Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night

Talk with a ruffian at her chamber-window,

Who hath indeed, most like a liberal villain,

Confess'd the vile encounters they have had

A thousand times in secret.

John. Fie, fie, they are not to be nam'd, my Lord,
Not to be spoken of;

There is not chastity enough in language,

Without offence, to utter them: thus, pretty lady,

I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.

Claud. O *Hero*! what a *Hero* hadst thou been,

If half thy outward graces had been plac'd

About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart?

But are thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell.

Thou

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 49

Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang,
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it more be gracious.

Leon. Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?

Beat. Why how now, cousin, wherefore sink you down?

John. Come, let us go; these things come thus to light,
Smother her Spirits up.

[*Exeunt D. Pedro, D. John, and Claud.*]

Bene. How doth the lady?

Beat. Dead I think; help, uncle.

Hero! why *Hero!* uncle! Signior *Benedict!* friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand,
Death is the fairest cover for her shame
That may be wish'd for.

Beat. How now, cousin *Hero?*

Friar. Have comfort, Lady.

Leon. Dost thou look up?

Friar. Yea, wherefore should she not?

Leon. Wherefore? why doth not every earthly thing
Cry shame upon her? could she here deny
The story that is printed in her blood?

Do not live, *Hero*, do not ope thine eyes:

For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,

Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,

My self would on the rereward of reproaches

Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?

Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?

I've one too much by thee. Why had I one?

Why ever wast thou lovely in mine eyes?

Why had not I, with charitable hand,

Took up a beggar's issue at my gates?

Who smeer'd thus, and ruin'd with infamy,

I might have said, no part of it is mine,

This shame derives itself from unknown loins:

But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,

And mine that I was proud on, mine so much,

That I my self was to my self not mine,

C

Valuir g

50 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Valuing of her; why she, O she is fall'n
Into a pit of ink, that the wide sea
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again,
And salt too little which may season give
To her foul tainted flesh.

Bene. Sir, Sir, be patient;
For my part, I am so attir'd in wonder,
I know not what to say.

Beat. O, on my soul my cousin is bely'd.

Bene. Lady, were you her bedfellow last night?

Beat. No truly, not; altho' until last night
I have this twelvemonth been her bedfellow.

Leon. Confirm'd, confirm'd! O that is stronger made:
Which was before barr'd up with ribs of iron.
Would the Prince lye? and *Claudio* would he lye,
Who lov'd her so, that speaking of her foulness,
Wash'd it with tears? hence from her, let her die.

Friar. Hear me a little,
For I have only been silent so long,
And given way unto this course of fortune,
By noting of the lady. I have mark'd
A thousand blushing apparitions
To start into her face, a thousand innocent shames
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes,
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire
To burn the errors that these princes hold
Against her maiden truth. Call me a fool,
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenure of my book; trust not my age,
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here,
Under some biting error.

Leon. Friar, it cannot be:
Thou seest that all the grace that she hath left,
Is, that she will not add to her damnation
A sin of perjury, she not denies it:
Why seek'st thou then to cover with excuse,
That which appears in proper nakedness?

Friar. Lady, what man is he you are accus'd of?

Hero. They know that do accuse me, I know none:

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If I know more of any man alive
Than that which maiden modesty doth warrant,
Let all my sins lack mercy. O my father,
Prove you that any man with me convers'd
At hours unmeet, or that I yesternight
Maintain'd the change of words with any creature;
Refuse me, hate me, torture me to death.

Friar. There is some strange misprision in the Princes.

Bene. Two of them have the very bent of honour,
And if their wisdoms be misled in this,
The practice of it lives in *John* the bastard,
Whose spirits toil in frame of villanies.

Leon. I know not: if they speak but truth of her,
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
Nor age so eat up my invention,
Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,
But they shall find awak'd in such a kind,
Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
Ability in means, and choice of friends,
To quit me of them thoroughly.

Friar. Pause a while,
And let my counsel sway you in this case.
Your Daughter here the princess (left for dead)
Let her awhile be secretly kept in,
And publish it that she is dead indeed:
Maintain a mourning ostentation,
And on your family's old monument
Hang mournful Epitaphs, and do all rites
That appertain unto a burial.

Leon. What shall become of this? what will this do?

Friar. Marry, this well carry'd, shall on her behalf
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:
But not for that dream I on this strange course,
But on this travel look for greater birth:
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,
Shall be lamented, pity'd, and excus'd,

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Of every hearer: for it so falls out,
 That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 While we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
 Why then we rack the value, then we find
 The virtue that possession would not shew us
 Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*:
 • When he shall hear she dy'd upon his words,
 • Th'idea of her *love shall sweetly creep
 • Into his study of imagination,
 • And every lovely organ of her life
 • Shall come apparel'd in more precious habit;
 • More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 • Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 • Than when she liv'd indeed. Then shall he mourn,
 If ever love had interest in his liver,
 And wish he had not so accus'd her;
 No, though he thought his accusation true:
 Let this be so, and doubt not but success
 Will fashion the event in better shape
 Than I can lay it down in likelihood.
 But if all aim but this be levell'd false,
 The supposition of the lady's death
 Will quench the wonder of her infamy.
 And if it sort not well, you may conceal her,
 As best befits her wounded reputation,
 In some reclusive and religious life,
 Out of all eyes, tongues, minds, and injuries.

Bene. Signior *Leonato*, let the friar advise you:
 And though you know my inwardness and love
 Is very much unto the Prince and *Claudio*,
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this
 As secretly and justly, as your soul
 Should with your body.

Leon. Being that I flow in grief,
 The smallest twine may lead me.

Friar. 'Tis well consented, presently away,
 For to strange sores, strangely they strain the cure.
 Come, lady, die to live; this wedding-day
 Perhaps is but prolong'd: have patience and en-
 dure.

[*Exeunt.*
Manent

* *life.*

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Manent Benedick and Beatrice.

Bene. Lady *Beatrice*, have you wept all this while?

Beat. Yea, and I will weep a while longer.

Bene. I will not desire that.

Beat. You have no reason, I do it freely.

Bene. Surely I do believe your fair cousin is wrong'd.

Beat. Ah how much might the man deserve of me that would right her?

Bene. Is there any way to shew such friendship?

Beat. A very even way, but no such friend.

Bene. May a man do it?

Beat. It is a man's office, but not yours.

Bene. I do love nothing in the world so well as you; is not that strange?

Beat. As strange as the thing I know not; it were as possible for me to say, I loved nothing so well as you; but believe me not; and yet I lye not; I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin.

Bene. By my sword, *Beatrice*, thou lov'st me.]

Beat. Do not swear by it and eat it.

Bene. I will swear by it that you love me; and I will make him eat it that says I love you not.

Beat. Will you not eat your word?

Bene. With no sauce that can be devis'd to it; I protest I love thee.

Beat. Why then God forgive me.

Bene. What offence, sweet *Beatrice*?

Beat. You have stay'd me in a happy hour; I was about to protest I lov'd you.

Bene. And do it with all thy heart.

Bene. I love you with so much of my heart, that none is left to protest.

Bene. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beat. Kill *Claudio*.

Bene. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beat. You kill me to deny; farewell.

Bene. Tarry, sweet *Beatrice*.

Beat. I am gone, tho' I am here; there is no love in you; nay, I pray you let me go.

Bene. *Beatrice*.

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Beat. In faith, I will go.

Bene. We'll be friends first.

Beat. You dare easier be friends with me, than fight with mine enemy.

Bene. Is *Claudio* thine enemy?

Beat. Is he not approved in the height a villain that hath slander'd, scorn'd, dishonour'd my kinswoman! O that I were a man! what bear her in hand, until they come to take hands, and then with publick accusation, uncover'd slander, unmitigated rancour— O God that I were a man, I would eat his heart in the market-place.

Bene. Hear me, *Beatrice*.

Beat. Talk with a man out at a window?— a proper saying!

Bene. Nay, but *Beatrice*.

Beat. Sweet *Hero*! she is wrong'd, she is slander'd, she is undone.

Bene. But—

Beat. Princes and Counts! surely a princely testimony, a goodly count-comfect, a sweet gallant surely! O that I were a man for his sake! Or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! but manhood is melted into curtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turn'd into tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as *Hercules*, that only tells a lye, and swears it; I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving.

Bene. Tarry, good *Beatrice*? by this hand I love thee.

Beat. Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it.

Bene. Think you in your soul the Count *Claudio* hath wrong'd *Hero*?

Beat. Yea, as sure as I have a thought or a soul.

Bene. Enough, I am engag'd, I will challenge him, I will kiss your hand, and so leave you; by this hand, *Claudio* shall render me dear account; as you hear of me, so think of me; go comfort your cousin, I must say she's dead, and so farewell. [Exit.]

Enter

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 55

*Enter Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the
Town-Clerk and Sexton in Gowns.*

To. Cl. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Dog. O, a stool and cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Verg. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Dog. Nay, that's certain, we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examin'd? let them come before master constable.

To. Cl. Yea marry, let them come before me; what is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

To. Cl. Pray write down, *Borachio*. Yours, Sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, Sir, and my name is *Conrade*.

To. Cl. Write down master gentleman *Conrade*; masters, do you serve God? masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves, and it will go near to be thought so shortly; how answer you for your selves?

Conr. Marry, Sir, we say we are none.

To. Cl. A marvellous witty fellow I assure you, but I will go about with him. Come you hither, sirrah, a word in your ear, Sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

To. Cl. Well, stand aside, 'fore God they are both in a tale: have you writ down that they are none?

Sexton. Master town-clerk, you go not the way to examine; you must call the watch that are their accusers.

To. Cl. Yea, marry, that's the easiest way, let the watch come forth; masters, I charge you in the prince's name accuse these men.

Enter Watchmen.

Watch. This man said, Sir, that Don *John* the prince's brother was a villain.

To. Cl. Write down, prince *John* a villain; why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother villain.

Bora. Master town-clerk.

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To. Cl. Pray thee fellow peace, I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 Watch. Marry, that he had receiv'd a thousand ducats of Don *John*, for accusing the lady *Hero* wrongfully.

To. Cl. Flat Burglary as ever was committed.

Dogb. Yea by th' Mass that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 Watch. And that Count *Claudio* did mean, upon his words, to disgrace *Hero* before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

To. Cl. O villain! thou wilt be condemn'd into everlasting redemption for this.

Sexton. What else?

2 Watch. This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince *John* is this morning secretly stoll'n away: *Hero* was in this manner accus'd, and in this very manner refus'd, and upon the grief of this suddenly dy'd. Master constable, let these men be bound and brought to *Leonato*; I will go before, and shew him their examination.

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Sexton. Let them be in the hands of *Coxcomb*. [*Exit.*]

Dogb. God's my Life, where's the sexton? let him write down the Prince's officer *Coxcomb*: come, bind them, thou naughty varlet.

Conr. Away, you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down an ass! but masters, remember that I am an ass, though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass; no, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be prov'd upon thee by good witness; I am a wise fellow, and which is more, an officer; and which is more, an householder; and which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any in *Messina*, and one that knows the law, go to, and a rich fellow enough, go to, and a fellow that hath had losses, and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him; bring him away; O that I had been writ down an ass!

[*Exeunt.*]
A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Before Leonato's House.

Enter Leonato and Antonio.

ANTONIO.

IF you go on thus, you will kill your self,
And 'tis not wisdom thus to second grief,
Against your self.

Leon. I pray thee cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
Nor let no comfort else delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs doth sute with mine.
Bring me a father that so lov'd his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain:
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape and form;
If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
And hallow, wag, cry hem, when he should groan,
' Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk
' With candle-walters; bring him yet to me,
' And I of him will gather patience.
' But there is no such man; for brother, men
' Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
' Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
' Their counsel turns to passion, which before
' Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
' Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
' Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
' No, no, 'tis all men's office, to speak patience
' To those that wring under the load of sorrow;
' But no man's virtue nor sufficiency
' To be so moral, when he shall endure

sorrow.

C 5

Th

58 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

' The like himself; therefore give me no counsel,
' My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Ant. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

Leon. I pray thee peace; I will be flesh and blood;

' For there was never yet philosopher,
' That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;
' However they have writ the style of Gods,
' And made a pishi at chance and sufferance.

Ant. Yet bend not all the harm upon your self,
Make those that do offend you suffer too.

Leon. There thou speak'st reason, nay I will do so.
My soul doth tell me *Hero* is bely'd,
And that shall *Claudio* know, so shall the Prince,
And all of them that thus dishonour her.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio.

Ant. Here comes the Prince and *Claudio* hastily.

Pedro. Good den, good den.

Claud. Good day to both of you.

Leon. Hear you, my lords?

Pedro. We have some haste, *Leonato*.

Leon. Some haste, my lord! well, fare you well,
my lord.

Are you so hasty now? well, all is one.

Pedro. Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man.

Ant. If he could right himself with quarrelling,
Some of us would lie low.

Claud. Who wrongs him?

Leon. Marry thou dost wrong me, thou dissembler
thou.

Nay never lay thy hand upon thy sword,
I fear thee not.

Claud. Marry, beshrew my hand,
If it should give your age such cause of fear;
In faith my hand meant nothing to my sword.

Leon. Tush, tush, man, never flear and jest at me;
I speak not like a dotard nor a fool,
As under privilege of age to brag.
What I have done being young, or what would do,
Were I not old: know *Claudio*, to thy head,
Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,
That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by,

And

And with grey hairs and bruise of many days
Do challenge thee to tryal of a man;
I say, thou hast bely'd my innocent child,
Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,
And she lies bury'd with her ancestors,
O in a tomb where never scandal slept,
Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villany!

Claud. My villany?

Leon. Thine *Claudio*, thine I say.

Pedro. You say not right, old man.

Leon. My lord, my lord,

I'll prove it on his body if he dare;
Despight his nice fence and his active practice,
His *May* of youth and bloom of lustyhood.

Claud. Away, I will not have to do with you.

Leon. Canst thou so † daffe me? thou hast kill'd
my child;

If thou kill'st me, boy, thou shalt kill a man.

Ant. He shall kill two of us, and men indeed;
But that's no matter, let him kill one first;
Win me and wear me, let him answer me;
Come, follow me, boy, come boy, follow me,
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your † foining fence;
Nay, as I am a gentleman, I will.

Leon. Brother.

Ant. Content your self; God knows I lov'd my neice,
And she is dead, slander'd to death by villains,
That dare as well answer a man indeed,
As I dare take a serpent by the tongue.
Boys, apes, braggarts, jacks, milklops!

Leon. Brother *Anthony*.

Ant. Hold you content; what, man? I know them,
yea,

And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple:
Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
That lye, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
Go antickly, and show an outward hideousness,
And speak of half a dozen dangerous words,
How they might hurt their enemies if they durst;
And this is all.

Leon.

† daffe, a country word for daunt.

† foining, pushing, or making a pass in fencing.

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Leon. But brother *Anthony*.

Ant. Come, 'tis no matter,

Do not you meddle, let me deal in this.

Pedro. Gentlemen both, we will not wake your pain.
My heart is sorry for your daughter's death; [*tience.*
But on my honour she was charg'd with nothing
But what was true, and very full of proof.

Leon. My lord, my lord——

Pedro. I will not hear you.

Leon. No! come brother away, I will be heard.

Ant. And shall, or some of us will smart for it.

[*Exe. ambo.*

Enter Benedick.

Pedro. See, see, here comes the man we went to seek.

Claud. Now Signior, what news?

Bene. Good day, my lord.

Pedro. Welcome Signior; you are almost come to
part almost a fray.

Claud. We had like to have had our two noses
snapt off with two old men without teeth.

Pedro. *Leonato* and his brother; what think'st thou?
had we fought, I doubt we should have been too young
for them.

Bene. In a false quarrel there is no true valour: I
came to seek you both.

Claud. We have been up and down to seek thee,
for we are high proof melancholly, and would fain
have it beaten away: wilt thou use thy wit?

Bene. It is in my scabbard; shall I draw it?

Pedro. Dost thou wear thy wit by thy side?

Claud. Never any did so, though very many have
been beside their wit. I will bid thee draw, as we do
the minstrels; draw to pleasure us.

Pedro. As I am an honest man he looks pale: art
thou sick or angry?

Claud. What! courage man: what tho' care kill'd
a cat, thou hast mettle enough in thee to kill care.

Bene. Sir, I shall meet your wit in the career, if you
charge it against me. I pray you chuse another subject.

Claud. Nay, then give him another staff, this last
was broke cross.

Pedro.

Pedro. By this light, he changes more and more: I think he be angry indeed.

Claud. If he be, he knows how to turn his girdle.

Bene. Shall I speak a word in your ear?

Claud. God blefs me from a challenge!

Bene. You are a Villain; I jest not. I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare. Do me right, or I will protest your cowardise. You have kill'd a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you. Let me hear from you.

Claud. Well, I will meet you, so I may have good cheer.

Pedro. What, a feast?

Claud. I' faith I thank him, he hath bid me to a calves-head and a capon, the which if I do not carve most curiously, say my knife's naught. Shall I not find a woodcock too?

Bene. Sir, your wit ambles well, it goes easily.

Pedro. I'll tell thee how *Beatrice* prais'd thy wit the other day: I said thou hadst a fine wit; right, says she, a fine little one; no, said I, a great wit; just, said she, a great gross one; nay said I, a good wit; just, said she, it hurts no body; nay said I, the gentleman is wise; certain, said she, a wise gentleman; nay said I, he hath the tongues; that I believe, said she, for he swore a thing to me on *Monday* night which he forswore on *Tuesday* morning; there's a double tongue, there's two tongues. Thus did she an hour together transshape thy particular virtues, yet at last she concluded with a sigh, thou wast the properest man in *Italy*.

Claud. For the which she wept heartily, and said she car'd not.

Pedro. Yea, that she did; but yet for all that, and if she did not hate him deadly, she would love him dearly; the old man's daughter told us all.

Claud. All, all; and moreover, God saw him when he was hid in the garden.

Pedro. But when shall we set the salvage bull's horn on the sensible *Benedick's* head?

Claud. Yea, and text underneath, here dwells *Benedick* the married man.

Bene.

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Bene. Fare you well, boy, you know my mind, I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour; you break jests as braggards do their blades, which God be thank'd hurt not. My lord, for your many courtesies I thank you; I must discontinue your company; your brother the bastard is fled from *Messina*; you have among you killed a sweet and innocent lady. For my lord lack-beard there, he and I shall meet, and 'till then peace be with him. [Exit Benedick.

Pedro. He is in earnest.

Claud. In most profound earnest, and I'll warrant you for the love of *Beatrice*.

Pedro. And hath challeng'd thee?

Claud. Most sincerely.

Pedro. What a pretty thing man is, when he goes in his doublet and hose, and leaves off his wit!

Enter Dogberry, Verges, Conrade and Borachio guarded.

Claud. He is then a giant to an ape, but then is an ape a doctor to such a man.

Pedro. But soft you, let me see, pluck up my heart and be sad, did he not say my brother was fled?

Dogb. Come you, Sir, if justice cannot tame you, she shall ne'er weigh more reasons in her balance; nay, if you be a cursing hypocrite once, you must be look'd to.

Pedro. How now, two of my brother's men bound? *Borachio* one!

Claud. Hearken after their offence, my lord.

Pedro. Officers, what offence have these men done?

Dogb. Marry, Sir, they have committed false report, moreover they have spoken untruths; secondarily they are flanders; sixth and lastly, they have bely'd a lady; thirdly, they have verifys'd unjust things; and to conclude, they are lying knaves.

Pedro. First, I ask thee what they have done; thirdly, I ask thee what's their offence; sixth and lastly, why they are committed; and to conclude, what you lay to their charge?

Claud. Rightly reason'd, and in his own division; and by my troth, there's one meaning well suited.

Pedro.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 63

Pedro. Whom have you offended, masters, that you are thus bound to your answer? This learned constable is too cunning to be understood. What's your offence?

Bora. Sweet Prince, let me go no further to mine answer: do you hear me, and let this Count kill me: I have deceiv'd even your very eyes; what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light, who in the night overheard me confessing to this man, how Don *John* your brother incens'd me to slander the lady *Hero*, how you were brought into the orchard, and saw me court *Margaret* in *Hero's* garments, how you disgrac'd her when you should marry her; my villany they have upon record, which I had rather seal with my death, than repeat over to my shame; the Lady is dead upon mine and my master's false accusation; and briefly, I desire nothing but the reward of a villain.

Pedro. Runs not this speech like iron through your blood?

Claud. I have drunk poison while he utter'd it.

Pedro. But did my brother set thee on to this?

Bora. Yea, paid me richly for the practice of it.

Pedro. He is compos'd and fram'd of treachery, And fled he is upon this villany.

Claud. Sweet *Hero*! now thy image doth appear In the rare semblance that I lov'd it first.

Dogb. Come bring away the plaintiffs, by this time our sexton hath reform'd Signior *Leonato* of the matter; and masters, do not forget to specify, when time and place shall serve, that I am an ass.

Verg. Here, here comes master Signior *Leonato*, and the sexton too.

Enter Leonato.

Leon. Which is the villain? let me see his eyes, That when I note another man like him, I may avoid him; which of these is he?

Bora. If you would know your wronger, look on me.

Leon. Art thou, art thou the slave that with thy breath Has kill'd mine innocent child?

Bora.

64 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Bora. Yea, even I alone.

Leon. No, not so villain, thou bely'st thy self;
Here stand a pair of honourable men,
A third is fled that had a hand in it:
I thank you princes for my daughter's death;
Record it with your high and worthy deeds,
'Twas bravely done, if you bethink you of it.

Claud. I know not how to pray your patience,
Yet I must speak: chase your revenge your self,
Impose me to what penance your invention
Can lay upon my sin; yet sinn'd I not,
But in mistaking.

Pedro. By my soul nor I;
And yet to satisfy this good old man,
I would bend under any heavy weight
That he'll enjoin me to.

Leon. You cannot bid my daughter live again,
That were impossible; but I pray you both
Possess the People in *Messina* here
How innocent she dy'd; and if your love
Can labour aught in sad invention,
Hang her an epitaph upon her tomb,
And sing it to her bones, sing it to-night:
To-morrow morning come you to my house,
And since you could not be my son-in-law,
Be yet my nephew; my brother hath a daughter
Almost the copy of my child that's dead,
And she alone is heir to both of us,
Give her the right you should have given her cousin,
And so dies my revenge.

Claud. O noble Sir!
Your over-kindness doth wring tears from me:
I do embrace your offer, and dispose
For henceforth of poor *Claudio*.

Leon. To-morrow then I will expect your coming,
To-night I take my leave. This naughty man
Shall face to face be brought to *Margaret*,
Who I believe was pack'd in all this wrong,
Hid'd to it by your brother.

Bora. No, by my soul she was not;
Nor knew not what she did when she spoke to me.

But

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 65

But always hath been just and virtuous,
In any thing that I do know by her.

Dogb. Moreover, Sir, which indeed is not under white and black, this plaintiff here, the offender, did call me ass; I beseech you let it be remembred in his punishment; and also the watch heard them talk of one *Deformed*: they say he wears a key in his ear, and a lock hanging by it, and borrows money in God's name, the which he hath us'd so long, and never paid, that now men grow hard-hearted, and will lend nothing for God's sake. Pray you examine him upon that point.

Leon. I thank thee for thy care and honest pains.

Dogb. Your worship speaks like a most thankful and reverend youth; and I praise God for you.

Leon. There's for thy pains.

Dogb. God save the foundation.

Leon. Go, I discharge thee of thy prisoner; and I thank thee.

Dogb. I leave an errant knave with your worship, which I beseech your worship to correct your self, for the example of others. God keep your worship; I wish your worship well: God restore you to health; I humbly give you leave to depart; and if a merry meeting may be wish'd, God prohibit it. Come neighbour.

[*Exeunt.*]

Leon. Until to-morrow morning, Lords farewell.

Ant. Farewel my Lords, we look for you to-morrow.

Pedro. We will not fail.

Claud. To-night I'll mourn with *Hero*.

Leon. Bring you these fellows on, we'll talk with *Margaret*,

How her acquaintance grew with this lewd fellow.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, *Leonato's House.*

Enter Benedick and Margaret.

Bene. Pray thee, sweet mistress *Margaret*, deserve well at my hands, by helping me to the speech of *Beatrice*.

Marg. Will you then write me a sonnet in praise of my beauty?

Bene.

66 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Bene. In so high a style, *Margaret*, that no man living shall come over it; for in most comely truth thou deservest it.

Marg. To have no man come over me? why, shall I always keep below stairs?

Bene. Thy wit is as quick as the greyhound's mouth, it catches.

Marg. And yours as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit, but hurt not.

Bene. A most manly wit, *Margaret*, it will not hurt a woman; and so I pray thee call *Beatrice*: I give thee the bucklers.

Marg. Give us the swords, we have bucklers of our own.

Bene. If you use them, *Margaret*, you must put in the pikes with a vice, and they are dangerous weapons for maids.

Marg. Well, I will call *Beatrice* to you, who I think hath legs.

[Exit Margaret.]

Bene. And therefore will come. [Sings] *The God of love that sits above, and knows me, and knows me, how pitiful I deserve, I mean in singing; but in loving, Leander the good swimmer, Troilus the first employer of pandars, and a whole book full of these quondam carpet-mongers whose names yet run smoothly in the even road of a blank verse, why they were never so truly turn'd over and over, as my poor self in love; marry I cannot shew it in rhyme; I have try'd, I can find out no rhyme to lady but bady, an innocent's rhyme; for scorn, born, a hard rhyme; for school, fool, a babbling rhyme; very ominous endings; no, I was not born under a rhiming planet, for I cannot woo in festival terms.*

Enter Beatrice.

Sweet *Beatrice*, would'st thou come when I call thee?

Beat. Yea Signior, and depart when you bid me.

Bene. O stay but till then.

Beat. Then is spoken; fare you well now; and yet ere I go, let me go with that I came for, which is, with knowing what hath past between you and *Claudio*.

Bene. Only foul words, and thereupon I will kiss thee.

Beat.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 67

Beat. Foul words are but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome; therefore I will depart unkniss'd.

Bene. Thou hast frighted the word out of its right sense, so forcible is thy wit; but I must tell thee plainly, *Claudio* undergoes my challenge, and either I must shortly hear from him, or I will subscribe him a coward: and I pray thee now tell me, for which of my bad parts didst thou first fall in love with me?

Beat. For them all together, which maintain'd so politick a state of evil, that they will not admit any good part to intermingle with them: but for which of my good parts did you first suffer love for me?

Bene. Suffer love! a good epithet; I do suffer love indeed, for I love thee against my will.

Beat. In spite of your heart, I think; alas poor heart, if you spite it for my sake, I will spite it for yours; for I will never love that which my friend hates.

Bene. Thou and I are too wise to woo peaceably.

Beat. It appears not in this confession; there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.

Bene. An old, an old instance, *Beatrice*, that liv'd in the time of good neighbours; if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monuments, than the bells ring, and the widow weeps.

Beat. And how long is that, think you?

Bene. Question? why an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum; therefore it is most expedient for the wise, if Don worm (his conscience) find no impediment to the contrary, to be the trumpet of his own virtues, as I am to my self; so much for praising my self; who I my self will bear witness is praise-worthy; and now tell me how doth your cousin?

Beat. Very ill.

Bene. And how do you?

Beat. Very ill too.

Enter Ursula.

Bene. Serve God, love me and mend; there will I leave you too, for here comes one in haste.

Ursu.

68 MUCH ADO about NOTHING.

Ursu. Madam, you must come to your uncle; yonders's old coil at home; it is prov'd my Lady *Hero* hath been falsely accus'd, the Prince and *Claudio* mightily abus'd, and *Don John* is the author of all, who is fled and gone: will you come presently?

Beat. Will you go hear this news, Signior?

Bene. I will live in thy heart, die in thy lap, and be bury'd in thy eyes; and moreover I will go with thee to thy uncle. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a CHURCH.

Enter Don Pedro, Claudio, and Attendants with tapers.

Claud. Is this the monument of *Leonato*?

Atten. It is, my lord.

EPITAPH.

Done to death by slanderous tongues,

Was the Hero that here lies:

Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,

Gives her fame which never dies.

So the life that dy'd with shame,

Lives in death with glorious fame.

Hang thou there upon the tomb,

Praising her when I am dumb.

Claud. Now musick sound, and sing your solemn hymn.

S O N G.

Pardon, Goddess of the night,

Those that slew the virgin knight;

For the which with songs of woe,

Round about her tomb they go.

Midnight assist our moan,

Help us to sigh and groan.

Heavily, heavily,

Graves yawn and yield your dead,

'Till death be uttered,

Heavenly, heavenly.

Claud.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 69

Claud. Now unto thy bones good night;
Yearly will I do this rite.

Pedro. Good morrow masters, put your torches out,
The wolves have prey'd; and look the gentle day
Before the wheels of *Phaëbus*, round about
Dapples the drowsie east with spots of grey.
Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well.

Claud. Good morrow masters; each his several way.

Pedro. Come let us hence, and put on other weeds,
And then to *Leonato's* we will go.

Claud. And *Hymen* now with luckier issue speeds
Than this, for whom we render'd up this woe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *Leonato's House.*

*Enter Leonato, Benedick, Margaret, Ursula, Antonio,
Friar, and Hero.*

Friar. Did I not tell you she was innocent?

Leon. So are the Prince and *Claudio* who accus'd her,
Upon the error that you heard debated.
But *Margaret* was in some fault for this;
Although against her will as it appears,
In the true course of all the question.

Ant. Well, I am glad that all things sort so well.

Bene. And so am I, being else by faith enforc'd
To call you *Claudio* to a reckoning for it.

Leon. Well daughter, and you gentlewomen all,
Withdraw into a chamber by your selves,
And when I send for you, come hither mask'd:
The Prince and *Claudio* promis'd by this hour
To visit me; you know your office, brother,
You must be father to your brother's daughter,
And give her to young *Claudio*.

[*Exeunt Ladies.*

Ant. Which I will do with confirm'd countenance.

Bene. Friar, I must intreat your pains, I think.

Friar. To do what, Signior?

Bene. To bind me or undo me, one of them:
Signior *Leonato*, truth it is good Signior,
Your niece regards me with an eye of favour.

Ant. That eye my daughter lent her, 'tis most true.

Bene.

70 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Bene. And I do with an Eye of Love requite her.

Leon. The Sight whereof I think you had from me,
From *Claudio* and the Prince; but what's your will?

Bene. Your Answer, Sir, is enigmatical;
But for my will, my will is, your good will
May stand with ours, this day to be conjoin'd
I'th' state of honourable Marriage,
In which, good Friar, I shall desire your help.

Leon. My heart is with your liking.

Friar. And my help.

Enter Don Pedro and Claudio, with Attendants.

Pedro. Good morrow to this fair Assembly.

Leon. Good morrow Prince, good morrow *Claudio*,
We here attend you; are you yet determin'd
To-day to marry with my brother's daughter?

Claud. I'll hold my mind, were she an *Ethiope*.

Leon. Call her forth, brother, here's the Friar ready.

Pedro. Good morrow, *Benedick*; why what's the
matter,

That you have such a *February* face,
So full of frost, of storm, and cloudiness?

Claud. I think he thinks upon the savage bull;
Tush, fear not, man, we'll tip thy horns with gold,
And so all *Europe* shall rejoice at thee,
As once *Europa* did at lusty *Jove*,
When he would play the noble beast in love.

Bene. Bull *Jove*, Sir, had an amiable low,
And some such strange bull leap'd your father's cow,
And got a calf in that same noble feat,
Much like to you, for you have just his bleat.

Enter Hero, Beatrice, Margaret, and Ursula.

Claud. For this I owe you; here come other reckonings.
Which is the lady I must seize upon?

Leon. This same is she, and I do give you her.

Glaud. Why then she's mine; sweet, let me see your face.

Leon. No, that you shall not, 'till you take her hand
Before this Friar, and swear to marry her.

Claud. Give me your hand; before this holy Friar,
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero.

MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING. 71

Hero. And when I liv'd I was your other Wife.

[*Unmasking.*]

And when you lov'd you were my other husband.

Claud. Another *Hero*?

Hero. Nothing certainer.

One *Hero* dy'd, but I do live;

And surely as I live I am a maid.

Pedro. The former *Hero*! *Hero* that is dead!

Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.

Friar. All this Amazement can I qualify.

When after that the holy rites are ended,

I'll tell thee largely of fair *Hero*'s death:

Mean time let wonder seem familiar,

And to the chappel let us presently.

Bene. Soft and fair, friar. Which is *Beatrice*?

Beat. I answer to that name, what is your will?

Bene. Do not you love me?

Beat. Why no; no more than reason.

Bene. Why then your uncle, and the prince, and *Claudio*, have been deceiv'd, they swore you did.

Beat. Do not you love me?

Bene. Troth no, no more than reason.

Beat. Why, then my cousin, *Margaret*, and *Ursula*, are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.

Bene. They swore you were almost sick for me.

Beat. They swore you were well-nigh dead for me.

Bene. 'Tis no matter, then you do not love me?

Beat. No truly, but in friendly recompence.

Leon. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.

Claud. And I'll be sworn upon't that he loves her,
For here's a paper written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to *Beatrice*.

Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto *Benedick*.

Bene. A miracle! here's our own hands against our hearts; come, I will have thee, but by this light I take thee for pity.

Beat.

72 MUCH ADO *about* NOTHING.

Beat. I would not deny you, but by this good day I yield upon great persuation, and partly to save your life; for as I was told, you were in a consumption.

Leon. Peace, I will stop your mouth.

Pedro. How dost thou, *Benedick* the married man?

Bene. I'll tell thee what, Prince; a college of wit-crackers cannot flout me out of my humour: dost thou think I care for a satyr, or an epigram? no: if a man will be beaten with brains, he shall wear nothing handsome about him. In brief, since I do purpose to marry, I will think nothing to any purpose that the world can say against it; and therefore never flout at me, for what I have said against it; for man is a giddy thing, and this is my conclusion; for thy part, *Claudio*, I did think to have beaten thee, but in that thou art like to be my kinsman, live unbruised, and love my cousin.

Claud. I had well hoped thou wouldst have denied *Beatrice*, that I might have cudgell'd thee out of thy single life, to make thee a double dealer, which out of question thou wilt be, if my cousin do not look exceeding narrowly to thee.

Bene. Come, come, we are friends; let's have a dance e'er we are marry'd, that we may lighten our own hearts, and our wives heels.

Leon. We'll have dancing afterwards.

Bene. First, o' my word; therefore play musick. Prince, thou art sad, get thee a wife, get thee a wife; there is no staff more reverend than one tipt with horn.

Enter Messenger.

Mess. My Lord, your brother *John* is ta'en in flight, And brought with armed men back to *Messina*.

Bene. Think not on him 'till to-morrow, I'll devise thee brave punishments for him. Strike up pipers.

[*Dance.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

F I N I S.



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